

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. Francis Beaumont,

AND

Mr. John Fletcher.

VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

THE MAID IN THE MILL.

KNIGHT OF MALTHA.

LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE
MARTIAL MAID.

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-
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THE
WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

EDITED BY

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The Double Marriage vol. 5. p. 24-27.

THE DOUBLE
MARRIAGE.

A
TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711,

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Ferrand, *the libidinous Tyrant of Naples.*
Violet, *a noble Gentleman, studious of his Country's Freedom.*

Brissonet, } *Two honest Gentlemen, Confederates with Vi-*
Camillo, } *olet.*

Ronvere, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*

Villio, *a Court Fool.*

Castruccio, *a Court Parasite,*

Pandulpho, *a noble Gentleman of Naples, Father to Violet.*

The Duke of Sesse, an Enemy to Ferrand, proscribed and turn'd Pirate.

Ascanio, *Nephew and Successor to Ferrand.*

Boy, *Page to Violet.*

Master.

Gunner.

Boat-swain.

Chirurgion.

Sailors.

Doctor.

Citizens.

Guard.

Soldiers.

Servants.



W O M E N.

Juliana, *the matchless Wife of Violet,*
Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of Sesse.*

SCENE NAPLES.

T H E



T H E
Double Marriage.

A C T I S C E N E I.

Enter Virolet, and Boy.

V I R O L E T.



O Y.

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my Wife seek me, tell her that
Designs of Weight, too heavy for her
Knowledge,
Exact my Privacy.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

Vir. Do then,

And leave me to my self.

Boy. 'Tis a raw Morning,

And would you please to interpret that for Duty
Which you may construe Boldness, I could wish
To arm your self against it, you would use
More of my Service.

Vir. I have heat within here,
A noble heat (good Boy) to keep it off,
I shall not freeze; deliver my excuse,
And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented:
My Lady follows you.

Vir. Since I must be crost then,
Let her perform that Office.

Boy. I obey you.

Vir. Prethee to Bed; to be thus fond's more tedious

[*Exit.*

Than

Than if I were neglected.

Ful. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my Obedience.

Vir. I confess
This tenderness argues a loving Wife,
And more deserves my Heart's best Thanks, than Anger.
Yet I must tell ye, Sweet, you do exceed
In your Affection, if you would ingross me
To your Delights alone.

Ful. I am not Jealous,
If my Embraces have distasted you,
As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak Woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those Graces, some more Fortunate are stor'd with;
Seek any whom you please, and I will study
With my best Service to deserve those Favours,
That shall yield you contentment.

Vir. You are mistaken.

Ful. No, I am patient Sir, and so good Morrow;
I will not be offensive.

Vir. Hear my Reasons.

Ful. Though in your Life a Widow's Bed receives me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your Ardor
Last longer to her.

Vir. By the Love I bear,
First to my Country's peace, next to thy self,
To whom compar'd, my Life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice Abstract
Of all the Beauties Nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave Ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art Obedient and Loving,
I should contemn and loath her.

Ful. I do believe.
How I am blest
In my assur'd Belief? This is unfeign'd;
And why this Sadness then?

Vir.

Vir. Why *Juliana*,
Believe me, these my sad and dull Retirements,
My often, nay almost continued Fasts,
Sleep banisht from my Eyes, all Pleasures, Strangers,
Have neither root nor growth from any Cause
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldst thou be,
As Chastity forbid, false to my Bed,
I should lament my Fortune, perhaps punish
Thy Falshood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which like a never-emptied Spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling Grief,
Is what my Country suffers; there's a Ground
Where Sorrow may be planted, and spring up,
Through yielding Rage, and womanish Despair,
And yet not shame the Owner.

Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I should think my self a happy Woman,
If, in this general and timely Mourning,
I might or give to you, or else receive
A little lawful Comfort.

Vir. Thy Discretion
In this may answer for me; look on *Naples*,
The Country where we both were Born and Bred,
Naples, the Paradise of *Italy*,
As that is of the Earth; *Naples*, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest *Romans*,
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole World;
This flourishing Kingdom, whose Inhabitants
For Wealth and Bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made subject now to such a Tyranny,
As that fair City that receiv'd her Name
From *Constantine* the great, now in the Power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our Miseries;
So far in our Calamities we transcend her.
For since this *Arragonian* Tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the Government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our Afflictions.

Jul. And hardly those; the King's strange cruelty,
Equals

Cl. Equals all Presidents of Tyranny.

Vir. Equal, say you?

Cl. He has out-gone the worst, compar'd to him;
 Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionysius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
 They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal Power;
 This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
 He wholly does ingross unto himself:
 Our Oils he buys at his own Price, then sells them
 To us at dearer Rates; our Plate and Jewels,
 Under a feign'd Pretence of publick use,
 He borrows; which deny'd, his Instruments force.
 The Races of our Horses he takes from us,
 Yet keeps them in our Pastures; Rapes of Matrons,
 And Virgins, are too frequent; never Man
 Yet thank'd him for a Pardon; for Religion
 It is a thing he dreams not of.

Ful. I have heard,
 How true it is, I know not, that he sold
 The Bishoprick of *Tarent* to a *Jew*,
 For thirteen thousand Duckets.

Vir. I was present,
 And saw the Mony paid; the Day would leave me,
 E'er I could number out his impious Actions,
 Or what the miserable Subject suffers;
 And can you entertain, in such a time,
 A thought of Dalliance? Tears, and Sighs, and Groans,
 Would better now become you.

Ful. They indeed are
 The only Weapons our poor Sex can use,
 When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
 But for Men that were born free Men, of Rank,
 That would be registred Fathers of their Country,
 And to have on their Tombs in golden Letters,
 The noble Stile of Tyrant-killers, written;
 To weep like Fools and Women, and not like wise Men
 To practice a Redress, deserves a Name,
 Which fits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave Reproof,
 If what thou dost desire, were possible

To

To be effected, might well argue it,
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong Guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and Male-contents drawn from all Quarters;
That only know to serve his impious Will:
The Cittadels built by him in the Neck
Of this poor City; the invincible Strength,
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this Castle,
And above all his Fear; admitting no Man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being Death
For any to approach him with a Weapon.
You must confess, unless our Hands were Cannons,
To batter down these Walls, our weak Breath Mines
To blow his Forts up; or our Curses Lightning,
To force a Passage to him, and then blast him:
Our Power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our Misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of Brass resist not
A noble Undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any Bulwark, to make good the Place,
Where Virtue seeks to enter; then to fall
In such a brave Attempt, were such an Honour
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers,
Nay, all the Ancestors I am deriv'd from,
As you, in being what you are, are all these;
I had rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And should be more proud of my Widow-hood,
You dying for the Freedom of this Country,
Than if I were assur'd, I should enjoy
A Perpetuity of Life and Pleasure
With you, the Tyrant living.

Vir. 'Till this Minute,
I never heard thee speak. O more than Woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet to lock a Secret in,
Of equal Trust to thee? All Doubts and Fears,
That scandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest Councils,
And further them with thine.

Jul.

Jul. I will be faithful.

Vir. Know then this Day, stand Heav'n propitious to
Our Liberty begins. (us,

Jul. In *Ferrand's* Death?

Vir. 'Tis plotted Love, and strongly, and believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the Thought,
How to proceed in this Design and end it,
That made strange my Embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be she,
That's so indulgent to her own Delights,
That for their Satisfaction, would give
A Stop to such a glorious Enterprize:
For me, I would not for the World, I had been
Guilty of such a Crime; go on and prosper.
Go on my dearest Lord, I love your Honour
Above my Life; nay yours; my Prayers go with you;
Which I will strengthen with my Tears: The Wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your Sword; oh may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrant's Heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty Blood,
I'll wash you clean with Fountains of true Joy.
But who are your Assistants? Though I am
So covetous of your Glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it. [Knock.

Vir. Be not curious.

They come, however you command my Bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.

Jul. I am gone, Sir:
Be confident, and may my Resolution
Be present with you. [Exit.

Vir. Such a Masculine Spirit,
With more than Woman's Virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a King's Fortune.

Enter Brissonet, Camillo, and Ronvere.

Bris. Good Day to you.

Cam. You are an early Stirrer.

Vir. What new Face
Bring you along?

Ron. If I stand doubted, Sir,
As by your Looks I guess it, you much injure

A Man that loves, and truly loves this Country,
With as much as Zeal as you do; one that hates
The Prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my Freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a Sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more Comparisons.

Ron. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot; if this deserve then
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,
Pursue your own Intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you——

Bris. Be assur'd, Sir,
A Conscience like this can never be ally'd
To Treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is like us, a Sufferer,
And stands as we affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speaks Treason with like Licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many Years been train'd
In *Ferrand's* School, a Man in Trust and Favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A Man disgrac'd, and with Contempt thrown off;
Will spur him to Revenge, as swift as they,
That never were in Favour.

Vir. Poor and childish.

Bris. His Regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his Command in the Castle given away.

Cam. That on my Knowledge.

Vir. Grossier still; what Shepherd
Would yield the poor Remainder of his Flock
To a known Wolf; though he put on the Habit
Of a most faithful Dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.

Cam. Yes, he has Means too.

Vir

Vir. I know it to my Grief, weak Men, I know it;
To make his Peace, if there were any War
Between him and his Master, betraying
Our innocent Lives.

Ron. You are too suspicious,
And I have born too much, beyond my Temper:
Take your own ways, I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for:
But one word Gentlemen; have you discover'd
To him alone our Plot?

Bris. To him, and others that are at his Devotion.

Vir. Worse and worse:

For were he only conscious of our Purpose,
Though with the breach of Hospitable Laws,
In my own House, I'd silence him for ever:
But what is past my help, is past my care.
I have a Life to lose.

Cam. Have better hopes. (further'd

Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble Undertaking, you will swear me
Another Man; the Guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our noblest Youths,
Attir'd like Virgins, such as Hermits would
Welcome to their sad Cells, prepar'd a Mask;
As done for the King's Pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a Pageant to
Usher our Ruin.

Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on these; but with such Art and Cunning,
I have convey'd sharp Poniards in the Wax,
That we may pass, though search'd, through all his Guards
Without suspicion, and in all his Glory
Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange.

Vir. To be effected.

Ron. You are doubtful still.

Bris. But we resolv'd to follow him, and if you
Desist

Desist now *Violet*, we will say 'tis Fear,
Rather than Providence.

Cam. And so we leave you,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. To your wise Doubts, and to my better Counsels.
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and trust me too;
Let me not like *Cassandra* prophesy Truths,
And never be believ'd, before the Mischief:
I have heard all, know this *Ronvere* a Villain,
A Villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your Ruin, only to make way
To his hopes in my Embraces; at more leasure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last Minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark Cave
Within this House, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the Center,
Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is Air,
More than to keep in Life, *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his Fears are.

Vir. 'Tis better fall

Than hide my Head, now 'twas thine own Advice,
My Friends engag'd too.

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak Men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my Counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your Fancy hath been good, but not your Judgement,
In choice of such to side you; will you leap
From a steep Tower, because a desperate Fool
Do's it, and trusts the Wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all Mens Eyes are fixt
On *Violet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their Hopes and ours: You have sworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me Wise
Although a Woman; even Kings in great Actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,
Or lose your Understanding.

Vir. Thou art constant;

VOL. V.

M

I

I am uncertain Fool, a most blind Fool;
Be thou my Guide.

Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For Torment or Reward, when I am wretched,
May Constancy forsake me.

Vir. I've my safety.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Castruccio and Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?

Cast. Peace, thou art a Fool.

Vil. But if I were a Flatterer like your Worship,
I should be wise and rich too;
There are few else that prosper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.

Cast. A shrewd Knave;
But oh the King, the happy King!

Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great Burthen.

Cast. What bears he,
That's born on Princes Shoulders?

Vil. A Crown's weight,
Which sets more heavy on his Head, than the Oar
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.

Cast. Thou worthily art his Fool, to think that heavy
That carries him in the Air; the reverence due
To that most sacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Footsteps kist, his Smiles to raise a Beggar
To a Lord's Fortune; and when he but frowns,
The City quakes.

Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say. I am of a Fool,
Grown a Philosopher, to hear this Parasite.

Cast. The Delicates he is serv'd with, see and envy.

Vil. I had rather have an Onion with a Stomach,
Than these without one.

Cast. The Celestial Musick,
Such as the motion of the eternal Sphears [*Still Musick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks Nectar.

Vil. Here's a fine Knave, yet hath too many Fellows.

Cast. Then the Beauties,
That with variety of choice Embraces [*These pass o'er.*
Renew his Age. *Vil.*

Vir. Help him to crouch rather, (way.
And the *French* Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons that

Cast. Oh Majesty! Let others think of Heav'n,
While I contemplate thee.

Vil. This is not Atheism, but Court observance.

Cast. Now the God appears, usher'd with Earth-quakes.

Vil. Base Idolatry. [Flourish.

Enter Ferrand, Guard, Women, and Servants.

Fer. These Meats are poison'd, hang
The Cooks; no note more, on
Forfeit of your Fingers; do you
Envy me a minutes Slumber? what are these?

1 Guard. The Ladies appointed by your Majesty.

Fer. To the purpose, for what appointed?

1 Guard. For your Grace's Pleasure.

Fer. To suck away the little Blood is left me,
By my continual Cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them first, taste of my Diet once;
And your turns serv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.

Wom. Great Sir, Mercy.

Fer. I am deaf, why stare you? Is what we command
To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the Dead
T' upbraid me to my Face.

Cast. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightiest of Kings, I am thy Vassal,
Thy Foot-stool, that durst not presume to look
On thy offended Face?

Fer. *Castruccio*, rise.

Cast. Let not the lightning of thy Eye consume me,
Nor hear that musical Tongue, in dreadful Thunder,
That speaks all Mercy.

Vil. Here's no flattering Rogue.

Cast. *Ferrand*, that is the Father of his People,
The Glory of Mankind.

Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my Troubles to my self,
Be Statues without Motion or Voice,
Though to be flatter'd is an Itch to Greatness,
It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy Man;
But speak who dares.

Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could Eat and Sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible to others:
My Guards cannot keep Fear from me,
It still pursues me; Oh! my wounded Conscience,
The Bed I would rest in, is stuf with Thorns;
The Ground's strew'd o'er with Adders, and with Aspicks
Where-e'er I set my Foot: But I am in,
And what was got with Cruelty, with Blood
Must be defended, though this Life's a Hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere and Guard.

Ron. My Lord,

Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden Plummet,
With which I found mine Enemies Depths and Angers:
Hast thou discover'd?

Ron. All as you could wish, Sir,
The Plot, and the Contrivers; was made one
Of the Conspiracy.

Fer. Is *Violet* in?

Ron. The head of all, he only scented me:
And from his fear that I plaid false, is fled;
The rest I have in Fetters

Fer. Death and Hell.

Next to my mortal Foe the Pirate *Sesse*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wise,
A Lover of his Freedom and his Country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the Sword,
And so to me. No tract which way he went,
No means to overtake him?

Ron. There's some hope left;
But with a rough Hand, to be seiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his Wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.

Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd,

Go

Go fetch them in, and let my Executioners [Exit Ron.
Appear in horror with the Rack.

Vil. I take it, Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in. (near Jove

Cast. Thou art wise in this, let's off, it is unsafe to be
When he begins to Thunder.

Vil. Good Morality. [Exit.

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the Hearts of Men;
Forc'd them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whose least discovery was Death,
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the Fortress
Of a weak Woman's Faith.

*Enter Ronvere, Guard, and Executioners with a Rack,
Camillo, Briffonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.*

Cam. Whate'er we suffer,
The weight that loads a Traitor's
Heart, fits ever heavy on thine.

Bris. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others.

Ron. Pish, poor Fools, your Curses will
Never reach me.

Jul. Now by my *Violet's* Life,
Father, this is a glorious stage of Murther.
Here are fine Properties too, and such Spectators
As will expect good Action, to the life;
Let us perform our parts, and we shall live,
When these are rotten; would we might begin once;
Are you the Master of the Company?
Troth you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy Power; if one poor Syllable
Could win me an assurance of thy favour,
I would not speak it, I desire to be
The great Example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make discovery where my *Violet* is,
Whose Life I know thou aim'st at; but if Tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forsake me;
I dare thy worst.

Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Ministers, my Life is thine;
But in the death of Victory shall be mine.

Pand. We have such a Mistress here to teach us Courage,
That Cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are slow; [Put on the Rack.
Begin the Scene thou miserable Fool,
For so I'll make thee.

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my Sufferings, thou most wretched.

Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet; pluck hard, Villains;
Is she insensible? No Sigh nor Groan? Or is she dead?

Jul. No Tyrant, though I suffer
More than a Woman, beyond Flesh and Blood;
'Tis in a Cause so honourable, that I scorn
With any sign that may express a Sorrow
To shew I do repent.

Fer. Confess yet,
And thou shalt be safe.

Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my Soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.

Fer. I will be
Ten Days a killing thee.

Jul. Be twenty thousand,
My Glory lives the longer.

Ron. 'Tis a Miracle,
She tires th' Executioners,
And me.

Fer. Unloose her, I am conquer'd, I must take
Some other way; reach her my Chair, in honour
Of her invincible Fortitude.

Ron. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I seem merciful,
Assure thy self *Romvere*, I am most cruel.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That hast chang'd my Severity to Mercy,
Not to thy self alone, but to thy People,
In which I do include these Men, my Enemies:
Unbind them.

Pand.

Pand. This is strange.

Fer. For your Intent
Against my Life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one Service.

Cam. Above Hope.

Fer. There rides a Pyrate near, the Duke of *Sesse*,
My Enemy and this Country's, that in Bonds
Holds my dear Friend *Ascanio*; free this Friend,
Or bring the Pirat's Head; besides your Pardon,
And Honour of the Action, your Reward
Is forty thousand Ducates: And because
I know that *Violet* is as bold as wise,
Be he your General. As pledge of your Faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old Man
And this most constant Matron stay with me,
Of whom, as of my self, I will be careful.
She shall direct you where her Husband is.
Make Choice of any Ship you think most useful,
They are rigg'd for you.

[*Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pandulpho.*

Bris. We with Joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrand* merciful.

[*Exeunt.*

Ron. The Mystery of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your Nature?

Fer. I'll make thee private to it.

The Lives of these weak Men, and desperate Woman,
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them,
'Tis *Violet* I aim at; he has Pow'r,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Sesse*,
And he prove Conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no Mercy; if that they prove Victors,
I shall recover, with my Friend, his Head
I most desire of all Men.

Ron. Now I have it.

Fer. I'll make thee understand the Drift of all.
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Boatswain and Gunner. (vas,

Boatsf. **L**AY here before the wind; up with your Can-
 And let her Work, the Wind begins to whistle
 Clap all her Streamers on, and let her dance,
 As if she were the Minion of the Ocean.
 Let her bestride the Billows 'till they roar,
 And curl their wanton Heads. Ho, below there:
 Ho, ho, within.

Lay her North-East, and thrust her Mizen out,
 The Day grows fair and clear, and the Wind courts us.
 Oh for a lusty Sail now, to give chase to.

Gun. A stubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
 And change a Broadside bravely.

Boatsf. Where's the Duke?

Gun. I have not seen him stir to Day.

Boat. Oh Gunner,

What Bravery dwells in his Age, and what Valour?
 And to his Friends, what Gentleness and Bounty?
 How long have we been Inhabitants at Sea here?

Gun. Some fourteen Years.

Boatsf. By fourteen Lives I swear then,
 This Element never nourish'd such a Pirate,
 So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
 So patient in his Want, in Act so valiant.
 How many Sail of well mann'd Ships before us,
 As the *Bonito* does the flying Fish,
 Have we pursu'd and scour'd, that to out-strip us,
 They have been fain to hang their very Shirts on?
 What Gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken;
 Whose only Fraughts were Fire, and stern Defiance?
 And nothing spoke but Bullet in all these.
 How like old *Neptune* have I seen our General
 Standing i'th' Poop, and tossing his Steel Trident,
 Commanding both the Sea and Winds to serve him?

Gun.

The double Marriage.

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Gun. His Daughter too; which is the Honour, Boat-
Of all her Sex; that martial Maid. (fwain,

Boatsf. A brave Wench.

Gun. How oftentimes, a Fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my Linstock from me,
And crying, now fly right, and fir'd all my Chasers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddess,
Her Target brac'd upon her Arm, her Sword drawn,
And Anger in her Eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hall'd the Bark. I have wondred, Boat-
That in a Body made so delicate, (fwain,
So soft for sweet Embraces, so much Fire,
And manly Soul, not starting at a Danger.

Boatsf. Her noble Father got her in his Fury,
And so she proves a Soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many Strangers as he does,
He uses them with that Respect and Coolness,
Not making Prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his Want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly. Where, if he take
His Countryman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from Danger, he sure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the Men, ransacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his Fortune (try,

Boatsf. The Wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Coun-
That's all I know has purchas'd all his Cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly Boys,
The Ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a Sail Boy, and a right one. (stime.

Gun. That's my Hope too, I am ready for the Pa-

Boatsf. I th' mean time let's bestoy a Song upon him,
To shake him from his Dumps, and bid good Day to
Ho, in the Hold. (him.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.

Boatsf. To th' Main-Top, Boy,
And thou kenst a Ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold.

Boy.

Boy. I am gone.

[Exit Boy.]

Boatsf. Come, Sirs, a quaint *Levet* [Trump. & *Levet*.
To waken our brave General. Then to our Labour.

*Enter Duke of Sesse above, and his Daughter Martia
like an Amazon.*

Sesse. I thank you loving Mates, I thank you all;
There's to prolong your Mirth; and good morrow to you.

Mart. Take this from me, you're honest, valiant Friends,
And such we must make much of. Not a Sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boatsf. Without doubt Lady,
The Winding standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have Sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you still so sad? You take our Edge off;
You make us dull, and spiritless.

Sesse. I'll tell ye,
Because I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my Cause, 'twill double arm you.
This Woman ne'er knew it yet; my Daughter,
Some Discontents she has.

Mart. Pray Sir, go forward.

Sesse. These fourteen Years, I have stored it here at Sea,
Where the most curious Thought could never find it.

Boatsf. Call up the Master, and all the Mates.

Enter below the Master and Sailors.

Sesse. Good Morrow.

Mastr. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that noble Lady all good Wishes.

Mart. I thank you Master.

Sesse. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discovered,
'Till full Revenge had wooed me; but to satisfy
My faithful Friends, thus I cast off my Burthen,
In that short time I was a Courtier,
And followed that most hated of all Princes,
Ferrand, the full Example of all Mischiefs,
Compell'd to follow to my Soul a Stranger,
It was my Chance one Day to play at Chess
For some few Crowns, with a Minion of this King's,
A mean poor Man, that only serv'd his Pleasures;

Removin^g

Removing of a Rook, we grew to Words;
From this to hotter Anger: To be short,
I got a Blow.

Mart. How, how, my noble Father!

Sesse. A Blow, my Girl, which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the Slave for ever, had not odds
Thurst in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd —————

Mart. For Honours sake not so, Sir.

Sesse. For that time, Wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private Friends; knockt at his Valour,
Court'd his Honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my Thoughts made slight
And only worth the Fury of my Footman, (on,
Still I pursu'd him nobly.

Mart. Did he escape you?

My old brave Father, could you sit down so coldly?

Sesse. Have Patience, and know all. Pursu'd him fairly,
'Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my Wrongs made May-
By him unjustly wrong'd, should be all Justice, (games.
The Slave protect'd; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd, durst not be questioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor Life, like the Air,
Blown in an empty Bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble Wind of Memory to raise him.
But then began my Misery, I fled,
The King's Frowns following, and my Friends Despair:
No Hand that durst relieve; my Country fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a Tyrant,
Which made his bad Will worse, stood still and wondred,
Their Virtues bed-rid in 'em; then my Girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy Nurse,
The Model of thy Father's Miseries,
And some small Wealth was fit for present Carriage,
And got to Sea, where I profess my Anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful Country,
And that bad King, have Blood or Means to quench
Now ye know all.

(me.

Mast.

Mast. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate.

Mart. Had you done less, or lost this noble Anger,
You had been worthy then Mens empty Pities,
And not their Wonders. Go on, and use your Justice,
And use it still with that fell Violence,
It first appeared to you; if you go less,
Or take a dyating Mercy to Protection,
The Honour of a Father I disclaim in you,
Call back all Duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and base Name of a Whore,
Than Daughter to a great Duke and a Coward.

Sesse. Mine own sweet *Martia*, no; thou know'st my
It cannot, must not be. (Nature,

Mart. I hope it shall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive still young *Ascanio*,
Prince of *Rossana*, King *Ferrand's* most belov'd one,
You took two Months ago?

Why is not he flung over Board, or hang'd?

Sesse. I'll tell thee, Girl.
It were a Mercy in my Nature now,
So soon to break the Bed of his Afflictions;
I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a Benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a Bait and Diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King;
I look each Hour to hear of his *Armado's*,
And a hot Welcome they shall have.

Mart. But hark you?
If you were over-sway'd with Odds——

Sesse. I find you:
I would not yield; no Girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor sling my self one Hour into their Mercies,
And give the Tyrant Hope to gain his Kingdom.
No, I can sink Wench, and make shift to die;
A thousand Doors are open, I shall hit one.
I am no Niggard of my Life, so it go nobly;
All Ways are equal, and all Hours, I care not.

Mart. Now you speak like my Father.

Mast. Noble General,

If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the Main-yard light upon us.
No, we can sink too, Sir, and sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties to follow us:
And he that thinks of life, if the World go that way,
A thousand Cowards suck his Bones.

Gun. Let the worst come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel; and when she has split it,
Every Man knows his way, his own Prayers,
And so good Night I think.

Mast. We have liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, General.

Sesse. I thank you, Gentlemen.

Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.

Mast. A chearful sound.

Boy. A Sail.

Boatsf. Of whence? of whence, Boy?

Boy. A lusty Sail.

Mart. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i'th' Mouth.

Boatsf. Of whence?

Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.

Sesse. Oh may she prove of *Naples*.

Mast. Prove the Devil,
We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

Boy. Hoy.

Mast. Brave Boy.

Boy. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, I think of *Naples* Master,
Methinks I see the Arms.

Mast. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs.

[*Exit Sailor.*

Sesse. All to your business,
And stand but right and true.

Boatsf. Hang him that halts now.

Boy. Sh'as us in chase.

Mast. We'll spare her our main Top-sail,
She shall not look us long, we are no Starters.
Down with the Fore-sail too, we'll spoom before her.

Mast.

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my Honour
Load me but these two Minions in the chape there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye and Level as thy Heart is.

Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out, I'll piss 'em out else.

Sail. above. Ho.

Sesse. Of whence now?

Sail. Of *Naples, Naples, Naples.*

I see her Top-Flag, how she quarters *Naples.*

I hear her Trumpets.

Sesse. Down, she's welcome to us.

[*Exeunt Mast. Boats. Gun. Sail.*

Every Man to his Charge, Man her i'th' Bow well,
And place your Rakers right. Daughter, be sparing.

Mart. I swear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is, I'll seek for Honour.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons sing amongst us;
Hark how they fail; out of our Shells for shame, Sir.

Sesse. Now Fortune and my Cause.

Mart. Be bold and conquer.

[*Exe.*

[*Charge Trumpets and shot within.*

Enter Master and Boatswain.

(*ant.*

Mast. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and vali-

Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' Air like Fea-
And made 'em Dance.

(*thers,*

Mast. Good Boys, fight bravely, manly.

They come on yet, clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You should not need, I have Provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.

Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant:

I have a second course of Service for 'em,

Shall make the Bowels of their Bark ake, Boy.

The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Mast. Down with 'em, stow 'em in. (*into the Sea.*

Boats. Cut their Throats, 'tis Brotherhood to fling 'em
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely Daughter *Martia.*

We have the day yet.

Enter

The double Marriage.

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Enter Gunner.

(yet flew.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have smoak'd us, never such Plums

Boats. They have rent the Ship, and bor'd a hundred
She swims still lustily. (holes,

Mast. She made a brave fight, and she shall be cur'd,
And make a braver yet.

Gun. Bring us some Cans up, I am as hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three Cans.

Boats. I am sure I am none o'th' coolest.

Gun. My Cannons rung like Bells. Here's to my Mistress,
The dainty sweet brass Minion: split their Fore-mast,
She never fail'd.

Mast. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithful honest Men,

Boats. But is she rich, Master? [Trumpets flourish.

Enter Sesse, Martia, Virolet, and Sailors.

Mast. Rich for my Captain's purpose howsoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he shows,
Heated in Blood and Anger? how do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?

Sesse. No, Master, but only wear the Livery of fury.
I am hurt, and deep.

Mast. My Mistress too?

Mart. A scratch Man,

My Needle would ha' done as much good. Sir,
Be provident and careful.

Sesse. Prithee peace Girl,

This Wound is not the first Blood I have blusht in:
Ye fought all like tall Men, my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my Purse means, but my Tongue,
Soldiers.

Now, Sir, to you that fought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your Death.

Vir. I do expect it,

And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.

Sesse. Thou bor'st the Face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful Spirit, shewed and pointed,
Thy Country's Love; one that advanc'd her Honour,
Not

Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The Tyrant ties Mens Souls too. Tell me *Violet*,
If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit?

Vir. No more of these Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor Confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a Monster,
By making my Mind Prisoner; do your worst.
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it,
Only those base inflictions fit for Slaves,
Because I am a Gentleman——

Sesse. Thou art none.
Thou wast while thou stoodst good, thou'rt now a Villain,
And Agent for the Devil.

Vir. That Tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman.
A Man as fair in Honour, rate your Prisoners,
How poor and like a Pedagogue it shews?
How far from Nobleness? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your Victory with foul Language.

Sesse. Go fling him over-board; I'll teach you, Sirrah.

Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,
And make you choak with anger.

Sesse. Away I say.

Mart. Stay, Sir, h'as given you such bold Language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay, Sir.

Sesse. Do with him what thou wilt.

Mart. Carry him to th' Bilboes,
And clap him fast there, with the Prince.

Vir. Do, Lady,
For any Death you give, I am bound to bless you.

[*Exeunt Vir. and Sailers.*]

Mart. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your rest, the Surgeons wait all for you.

Sesse. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy Fortunes;
Why, sure I have no hurt, I have not fought sure?

Mast. You bleed apace, Sir.

Mart.

Mart. Ye grow cold too.

Sesse. I must be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepest Wounds scorn Crutches.

All. A brave General. [*Flourish Trumpets, Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. Will they not moore her?

2 Sail. Not 'till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,
And may hold out another fight. The Ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.

1 Sail. She made a brave fight.

2 Sail. She put us all in fear.

1 Sail. Beshrew my Heart did she.

Her Men are gone to *Candia*, they are pepper'd,
All but this Prisoner.

2 Sail. Sure he's a brave Fellow.

1 Sail. A stubborn Knave, but we have pul'd his bravery.

[*He discovers Violet and Ascanio in the Bilboes.*

Look how he looks now: come, let's go serve his Diet,
Which is but Bread and Water.

2 Sail. He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*

Asca. I must confess I have endur'd much misery,
Even almost to the ruin of my Spirit,
But ten times more grows my Affliction,
To find my Friend here.

Vir. Had we serv'd our Country,
Or Honesties, as we have serv'd our Follies,
We had not been here now.

Asca. 'Tis too true, *Violet.*

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your safety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrand's* Will, a base one;
Some service for mine own, some for my Nation,
Some for my Friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble Office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief;
You know him now?

Asca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witness with me,

(And if I lie my Miseries still load me)
 With what Tears I have wooed him, with what Prayers,
 What weight of Reasons I have laid, what dangers;
 Then, when the Peoples curses flew like storms,
 And every Tongue was whetted to defame him,
 To leave his Doubts, his Tyrannies, his Slaughters,
 His fell Oppressions: I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all Mankind that knew him; these Confessions
 Do no good to the World, to Heav'n they may.
 Let's study to die well, we have liv'd like Coxcombs.

Asca. That my misfortune, should lose you too.

Vir. Yes;

And not only me, but many more, and better:
 For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
 And some brave Friends I have engag'd, let me go;
 It were the meritorious Death I wish for,
 But we must hang or drown like Whelps.

Asca. No Remedy.

Vir. On my part I expect none. I know the Man,
 And know he has been nettled to the quick too,
 I know his Nature.

Asca. A most cruel Nature.

Vir. His Wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.

Asca. He has a Daughter too, the greatest scorner,
 And most insulter upon Misery. (Men:

Vir. For those, they are Toys to laugh at, not to lead
 A Woman's Mirth or Anger, like a Meteor,
 Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
 Our Miseries would seem like Masters to us,
 And shake our manly Spirits into Feavers,
 If we respected those; the more they glory,
 And raise insulting Trophies on our Ruins,
 The more our Virtues shine in patience.

Sweet Prince, the name of Death was never terrible
 To him that knew to live; nor the loud Torrent
 Of all Afflictions, singing as they swim,
 A Gall of Heart, but to a guilty Conscience:
 Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edg'd Storm,
 We find untimely falls, like early Roses,
 Bent to the Earth, we bear our Native Sweetness.

Asca.

Asca. Good Sir, go on.

Vir. When we are little Children,
And cry and fret for every Toy comes cross us;
How sweetly do we shew, when Sleep steals on us?
When we grow great, but our Affections greater,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet still we find a Giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep,
Our everlasting Sleep? he would make us Idiots;
The Memory and Monuments of good Men
Are more than lives, and tho' their Tombs want Tongues,
Yet have they Eyes that daily sweat their losses;
And such a Tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good, are Natures curses,
As the World says; ask Truth, they are bounteous Blessings:
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full Virtues,
And fix our selves new Stars, crown'd with our goodness.

Asca. You have double arm'd me.
Hark, what noise is this?

[*Strange Musick within, Hoboys.*

What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing.
A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance?

Vir. Stand fast now.

[*Within strange Cries, horrid Noise, Trumpets:*

Asca. I am fixt.

Vir. We fear ye not,
Let Death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

Enter Martia.

Asca. The Lady now.

Vir. The Face o'th' Mask is alter'd.

Asca. What will she do?

Vir. Do what she can, I care not.

Asca. She looks on you, Sir.

Vir. Rather she looks through me,
But yet she stirs me not.

Mart. Poor wretched Slaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for Mercy,
Why do not you houl out, and fill the Hold
With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,
Worthy our scorn?

Vir. Madam, you are mistaken,
 We are no Slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
 And if she had her Eyes, and durst be certain,
 Certain our Friend, I would not bow unto her;
 I would not cry, nor ask so base a Mercy:
 If you see any thing in our Appearance,
 Worthy your Sexes softness and your own glory,
 Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
 We cannot beg.

Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.

Vir. Madam, for what?

Mart. For Life; and when you hope it,
 Then will I laugh and triumph on your Baseness.

Asca. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour,
 And we may ask it too, ask it with Honour;
 And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
 Though it be Death; but when we beg a base Life,
 And beg it of your scorn——

Vir. You're cozen'd, Woman,
 Your handsomness may do much, but not this way;
 But for your glorious hate——

Mart. Are ye so stubborn?
 Death, I will make you bow.

Vir. It must be in your Bed then;
 There you may work me to humility.

Mart. Why, I can kill thee.

Vir. If you do it handsomly,
 It may be I can thank you, else——

Mart. So glorious?

Asca. Her Cruelty now works.

Mart. Yet woot thou?

Vir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for Life sake?

Vir. No, I know your subtilty.

Mart. For Honour sake?

Vir. I will not be a Pageant,
 My Mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it.

Vir. I'll starve my self, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries——

Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonness, you do your Bracelets.

Mart. I'll be a Month a killing thee.

Vir. Poor Lady,
I'll be a Month a dying then; what's that?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.

Mart. How might I do in killing of his Body,
To save his noble Mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sail. Madam.

Mart. Unbolt this Man, and leave those things behind
And so away: Now put 'em on. (you ;
[Exit Sailor.

Vir. To what end?

Mart. To my End, to my Will.

Vir. I will.

Mart. I thank you.

Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,
I am a Servant to your courtesie,
And so far will be woo'd; but if this Triumph
Be only aim'd to make your Mischief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer Shroud upon me,
Which my strong Mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,
And all thy Bravery put into thy Carriage,
For I will admire thee.

Vir. Whither will this Woman?

Asca. Take heed, my Friend.

Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my Cruelty,
I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No, if thou hadst, thou hadst died, and I had glo- (ried,
I suffer now, and thou which art my Prisoner,
Hast nobly won the free Power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleness;
And, for thy manly Sufferance, am thy Servant.

Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.

Mart. By Heav'n I love thee;
And by the Soul of Love, am one piece with thee:
Thy Mind, thy Mind; thy brave, thy manly Mind,
That like a Rock, stands all the storms of Fortune,

And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee:
 That lovely Mind I doat on, not the Body;
 That Mind has rob'd me of my Liberty;
 That Mind has darken'd all my Bravery,
 And into poor despis'd things turn'd my Angers.
 Receive me to your Love, Sir, and instruct me;
 Receive me to your Bed, and marry me;
 I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you.

Vir. Is this a new way?

Mart. If you doubt my Faith,
 First take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
 Or any thing within my power.

Vir. I love you,

But how to recompence your Love with Marriage?
 Alas, I have a Wife.

Mart. Dearer than I am?

That will adventure so much for your safety?
 Forget her Father's Wrongs, quit her own Honour,
 Pull on her, for a Stranger's sake, all curses?

Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
 Else all I love is gone, all my Friends perish.

Mart. He shall.

Vir. What shall I do?

Mart. If thou despise my courtesie,
 When I am dead, for grief I am forsaken,
 And no soft Hand left to assuage your Sorrows;
 Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties.

Asca. Be wise; if she be true, no thread is left else,
 To guide us from this Labyrinth of mischief;
 Nor no way for our Friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you,
 I bind ye to my Life, my Love.

Mart. I take you,
 And with the like Bond tye my Heart your Servant;
 We're now almost at Harbour, within this hour,
 In the dead Watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready,
 And when I give the word, be sure you enter,
 I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
 And like your self some trusty Man shall wait you,
 The watch I'll make my own; only my Love

Requires

Requires a stronger Vow, which I'll administer
Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.

Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his Fetters,
And arm ye nobly both; I'll be with you presently;
And so this loving Kifs.

Asca. Be constant, Lady.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke of Sesse by Torch-light, Master
and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry Sir, your Wound goes back-

Sesse. I am angry at the time, at none of you, (ward,
That sends but one poor Subject for Revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the Villany,
Was ever practis'd under that foul *Ferrand*
Tyrant, and all to quench my Wrath.

Mast. Be patient,
Your Grace may find occasion every Hour,
For certain they will seek you to satisfy,
And to the full, your Anger.

Sesse. 'Death, they dare not:
They know that I command Death, feed his Hunger,
And when I let him loose——

Surg. You'll never heal, Sir,
If these extreams dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your Spirits out with this wild Anger.

Sesse. Thou liest, I am not old, I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as ~~they~~, or thou art.

Mast. No more of that.

Sesse. And dare seek out a Danger;
And hold him at the Swords Point, when thou tremblest
And creepest into thy Box of Salves to save thee.
Oh Master, I have had a dreadful Dream to Night!
Methought the Ship was all on Fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To save her Life, leapt into the Sea; where suddenly
A Stranger snatcht her up, and swam away with her.

Mast. 'Twas but the heat o' th' Fight, Sir.

[*Boatsmain within, and Sailor.*

Boatsf. Look out, what's that?

Sail. The Long-boat, as I live.

Boatsf. Ho, there i' th' Long-boat.

Sesse. What Noise is that! [Hoy.
I hear Sir—— [Exit Master.

Boatsf. The Devil or his Dam; Hail her again Boys.

Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.

Sesse. Why, the Long-boat.

Where is the Long-boat?

Boatsf. She is stolen off.

Enter Master.

Sesse. Who stole her?

Oh my prophetick Soul!

Maft. Your Daughter's gone, Sir :

The Prisoners and fix Sailors, Rogues.

Sesse. Mischief, fix thousand Plagues sail with 'em ;
They're in her yet, make out.

Maft. We ha'ne'er a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this Trick?

Sesse. Weigh Anchors and away.

Boatsf. We ha no Wind, Sir,

They'll beat us with their Oars.

Sesse. Then sink 'em Gunner,

Oh sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em Gunner ;
As ever thou hast lov'd me.

Gun. I'll do reason,

But I'll be hang'd before I'll hurt the Lady. [Exit Gun.

Sesse. Who knew of this? [Trump. a piece or two go off.

Maft. We stand all clear.

Sesse. What Devil

Put this base trick into her Tail? My Daughter,
And run away with Rogues! I hope she's sunk,

[A Piece or two.

Or torn to Pieces with the Shot. Rots find her,
The Leaprosie of Whore stick ever to her,
Oh she has ruin'd my Revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, Sir.

I cannot reach her with my Shot.

Sesse. Rise Winds,

Blow till ye burst the Air, and swell the Seas,

That they may sink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her ;
She's

She's impudently Wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your Surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a Whore, cool her, cool her.
Oh now a shot to sink her, cut Cables,
I will away, and where she sets her Foot,
Although it be in *Ferrand's* Court, I'll follow her,
And such a Father's Vengeance shall she suffer——
Dare any Man stand by me?

Mast. All, all.

Boats. All, Sir.

Gun. And the same Cup you taste.

Sesse. Cut Cables then;

For I shall never sleep, nor know what Peace is,
Till I have pluckt her Heart out.

All within. Oh main there.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and Guard.

Ron. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flourish Cornets.*]
Fer. You are too careless:

The Creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why should I give you Names, Titles of Honour,
Rob Families to fill your private Houses;
For your Advancement draw all Curses on me,
Wake tedious Winter Nights, to make them happy
That for me break no slumber?

Ron. What we can,
We dare do.

Fer. Why is your Sovereign's Life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your Honours,
Your Wealth, your Pomp, your Pride, and all must suffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark me out a King, raising me on
This Pinnacle of Greatness, only to be
The nearer blasting!

Vil. What think you now, *Castruccio*?
Is not this a merry Life?

Cast.

Cast. Still thou art cozen'd;
It is a glorious royal Discontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made
The common Butt, for every Slave to shoot at;
No peace, no rest I take, but their Alarms
Beat at my Heart; why do I live, or seek then,
To add a Day more to these glorious Troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of Fears and Sorrows.
What Power has my Command, when from my Bosom
Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd *Ascanio*,
Was snatch'd, spite of my Will, spite of my Succour?
And by mine own proud Slave, retain'd most miserable?
And still that Villain lives to nip my Pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.

Ron. Time may restore all this; and would you hear
Whose Counsel never fail'd you.

Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my Cares;
And yield my self most wretched.

Ron. On my Knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Fer. Speak, speak, and I thus low, such is my Fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.

Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a Man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More Pleasure than this King?

Cast. A dull Fool still,
Make me a King, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me Rule,
Command, Obedience, Pleasure of a King,
And let the Devil roar: The greatest Corrosive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear Delight,
Than other Mens whole Lives, let 'em be safe too.

Vil. Think of the mutinous People.

Cast. Hang the People,
Give me the Pleasure, let me do all, awe all,

Enjoy

Enjoy their Wives and States at my Discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the Slaves mumble.

Vil. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the Bridle here,
And see if they can crack my Girths: Ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing so Voluptuous
As riding of this Monster, till he founder.

Fer. Who's that so loud?

Cast. I am Dumb: Is not this rare?
Kings Looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happiness, *Villio*?

Vil. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning Sycophant.

Fer. Thou speakest truth in all,
And Mercy is a Vice, when there needs Rigour,
Which I with all severity will practice;
And since, as Subjects they pay not Obedience,
They shall be forc'd as Slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Go you the fatal Executioners
Of my Commands, and in our Name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private Conferences in the City:
To feast a Neighbour shall be Death; to talk,
As they meet in the Streets, to hold Discourse
By Writing, nay by Signs; see this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true Service.

1 Guard. This makes for us.

2 Guard. Ay, now we have Employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be Beggars.

Fer. Ronvere.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Ron. My Lord.

Cast. Thou Enemy to Majesty,
What thinkest thou of a Kingdom?

Vil. As of a Man
That hath power to do ill.

Cast. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods;
Observe but with how little Breath he shakes

A populous City, which would stand unmov'd
Against a Whirlwind.

Vil. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the Winds.

Cast. For me I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand*.

Fer. Who names me?
Deliver thy Thoughts Slave, thy Thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more.

Cast. They rather will deserve
Your Favour than your Fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a Loyal Subject?)
Your Wisdom, Power, your perfect Happiness,
The most blest of Mankind.

Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty Sorrows that sit on a Crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the Streets, *Castruccio*,
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up;
But since thou art enamour'd of my Fortune,
Thou shalt e'er long taste of it.

Cast. But one Day,
And then let me expire.

Fer. Go to my Wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear, cull out
What thou think'st fit: Do you attend him, Sirrah.

Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his Elbow,
The Fool will never leave him. [*Ex. Vil. and Cast.*

Cast. Made for ever. [*A Shout within.*

Fer. What Shout is that, draw up our Guards.

Enter Violet, Ascanio, and a Servant.

Ron. Those rather
Speak Joy than Danger.
Bring her to my House,
I would not have her seen here.

Fer. My *Ascanio*!
The most desir'd of all Men, let me die
In these Embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?

Asca. Sir, this is my Preserver.

Fer. At more Leisure

I will enquire the Manner, and the Means,
I cannot spare so much time now from my
More strict Embraces : *Violet*, welcome too,
This Service weighs down your intended Treason.
You long have been mine Enemy ; learn now
To be my Friend, and loyal ; I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrand*. Let him have
The Forty thousand Crowns I gladly promis'd
For my *Ascanio*'s Freedom ; and deliver
His Father and his Wife to him in Safety.
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my *Ascanio*,
And reap the Harvest of my Winter-Travels.
My best *Ascanio*, my lov'd *Ascanio*.

[*Flourish Cornets. Exit Fer. Ascanio.*

Vir. My Lord, all former Passages forgot,
I am become a Suitor.

Ron. To me, *Violet* ?

Vir. To you, yet will not beg the Courtesie,
But largely pay you for it.

Ron. To the purpose.

Vir. The Forty thousand Crowns the King hath given
I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have Liberty for a Divorce
Between me and my Wife.

Ron. Your *Juliana* ?

That for you hath endur'd so much, so nobly ?

Vir. The more my Sorrow ; but it must be so.

Ron. I will not hinder it. Without a Bribe,
For mine own Ends, I would have further'd this.
I will use all my Power.

Ron. 'Tis all I ask.

Oh my curs'd Fate, that ever Man should hate
Himself for being lov'd, or be compell'd
To cast away a Jewel Kings would buy,
Tho' with the Loss of Crown and Monarchy ! [Exeunt.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner.

Sesse. How do I look ?

Maft. You are so strangely alter'd,
We scarce can know you ; so young again, and utterly
From

From that you were, Figure, or any Favour;
Your Friends cannot discern you.

Sesse. I have none,
None but my fair Revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.

Boatsf. To please your Humour,
But we may pass without Disguise, our Living
Was never in their Element.

Gun. This *Jew* sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad Knave :

Sesse. Oh! a most excellent Fellow. (Snow off,

Gun. How he has mew'd your Head, has rubb'd the
And run your Beard into a Peak of Twenty.

Boatsf. Stopt all the Crannies in your Face.

Mast. Most rarely. (sparkling,

Boatsf. And now you look as plump, your Eyes as
As if you were to leap into a Lady's Saddle.
Has he not set your Nose awry?

Sesse. The better.

Boatsf. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure ;
North and by East, ay, there's the Point it stands in ;
Now half a *Point to the Southward*.

Sesse. I could laugh,
But that my Business requires no Mirth now.
Thou art a merry Fellow.

Boatsf. I would the *Jew*, Sir, (in't,
Could steer my Head right ; for I have such a Swimming
Ever since I went to Sea first.

Mast. Take Wine and purge it.

Boatsf. I have had a thousand Pills of Sack, a thousand,
A thousand Pottle-Pills.

Gun. Take more.

Boatsf. Good Doctor,
Your Patient is easily perswaded.

Mast. The next fair open Weather.
Methinks this *Jew*,

If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies, that have lost their Fleeces
On every Bush, he might pick a pretty Living. (him:

Boatsf. The best of all our Gallants should be glad of
For

For if you mark their Marches, they are tender,
Soft, soft, and tender ; then but observe their Bodies,
And you shall find them cemented by a Surgeon,
Or some Physician, for a Year or two,
And then to th' Tub again, for a new Pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.

Enter two Citizens at both Doors, saluting afar off.

Sesse. Who are these?

Stand close and mark.

Boatsf. These are no Men, th'are Motions.

Sesse. What sad and ruthful Faces!

Boatsf. How they duck!

This senseless, silent Courtesie, methinks,
Shews like two *Turks* saluting one another,
Upon two *French* Porters Backs.

Sesse. They are my Country-men,
And this, some forc'd Infliction from the Tyrant ;
What are you, why is this? Why move thus silent,
As if you were wandring Shadows? Why so sad?
Your Tongues seal'd up: Are ye of several Countries?
You understand not one another?

Gun. That's an *Englishman*,
He looks as though he had lost his Dog.

Sesse. Your Habits

Shew ye all *Neapolitans* ; and your Faces
Deliver you oppress'd Things: Speak boldly.
Do you groan and labour under this stiff Yoak?

Mast. They shake their Heads and weep.

Sesse. Oh Misery!

Give plenteous Sorrow, and no Tongues to shew em !
This is a study'd Cruelty.

1 Cit. Begone, Sir,

It seems you are a Stranger, and save your self.

2 Cit. You wonder here at us ; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so openly and boldly,
The King's Command being publish'd to the contrary ;
'Tis Death here, above two to talk together ;
And that must be but common Salutation neither,
Short, and so part.

Boatsf. How should a Man buy Mustard,

If

If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

Within. Clear all the Streets before the King.

1 Cit. Get off, Sir,

And shift, as we must do.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sesse. I'll see his Glory.

Mast. Stand fast now, and like Men. [*Flourish Colours.*

Enter Castruccio, like the King, in the midst of a Guard; and Villio.

Cast. Begin the Game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row
Of Houses there,

They hide the View o' th'Hill; and sink those Merchants,
Their Ships are foul, and stink.

Mast. This is a sweet Youth.

Cast. All that are taken in Assemblies,
Their Houses and their Wives, their Wealths are forfeit,
Their Lives at your Devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake, I'll make you kneel, Rogues.
How brave 'tis to be a King?

Gun. Here's fine Tumbling.

Cast. No Man shall sit i' th'Temple near another.

Boatsf. Nor lye with his own Wife.

Cast. All upon Pain
Of present Death, forget to write.

Boatsf. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footposts will be arrant Rebels.

Cast. No Character, or Stamp, that may deliver
This Man's Intention, to that Man i' th'Country.

Gun. Nay, and you cut off, After my hearty Com-
Your Friend and *Oliver*. No more. (*mendations,*

Cast. No Man smile,
And wear Face of Mirth: That Fellow's cunning,
And hides a double Heart; he's your Prize, smoke him.

Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Ascanio, and Martia,
passing over.

Sesse. What base Abuse is this? Ha? 'tis her Face sure,
My Prisoners with her too? By Heav'n, wild Whore,
Now is my time.

Mast. Do what you will.

Sesse. Stay, hold yet,

My

My Country shall beserv'd first, let her go,
We'll have an Hour for her to make her tremble.
Now shew our selves, and bleis you with your Valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues.

[*Violet and they off again.*]

Sesse. Now for your Country.

Cast. Away with 'em and hang 'em; shew no Mercy,
I say no Mercy.

Sesse. Be it so upon 'em.

Guard. Treason, Treason, Treason.

Boatsf. Cut the Slaves to Giggets.

Gun. Down with the Bullbeefs.

Sesse. Hold, hold, I command you, — look here.

Cast. A miserable thing; I am no King, Sir.

Sesse. Sirrah, your Fool's Face has preserv'd your Life.
Wear no more King's Coats, you have scap'd a scouring.

Boatsf. Is't not the King.

Sesse. No, 'tis a prating Rascal,
The Puppy makes him Mirth.

Cast. Yes, Sir, I am a Puppy.

Boatsf. I beseech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt straight.

Cast. As you are honourable,
It is enough you may hang me.

Gun. I'll hang a Squib at's Tail
That shall blow both his Buttocks, like a Petard.

Cast. Do any thing.
But do not kill me, Gentlemen.

Enter Citizens.

Boatsf. Let's flea him, and have him Fly-blown.

Cit. Away, and save your Lives.

The King himself is coming on; if you stay,
You are lost for ever; let not so much Nobleness
Wilfully perish.

Sesse. How near?

2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.

Sesse. We thank you. Vanish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferand, and Ronvere. Flourish Cornets.

Fer. Double the Guards, and take in Men that dare,
V O L. V. O These

These Slaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels?
To what Protection fled? What Villain leads 'em?
Under our Nose disturb'd our Rest?

Ron. We shall hear,
For such a Search I have sent, to hunt the Traitors.

Fer. Yet better Men I say, we stand too open.
How now *Castruccio*? How do you like our Glory?

Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my.
This open Glory agrees not with my Body; (Match, Sir;
But if it were i'th' Castle, or some Strength,
Where I might have my swinge.

Vil. You have been swing'd, Brother;
How these Delights have tickled you? You itch yet?
Will you walk out again in Pomp?

Cast. Good Fool.

Vil. These Rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too sawcy,
These peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the Remnant of your Coronation?
The People stay to see it.

Fer. Do not vex him,
H'as Grief enough in's Bones; you shall to the Citadel,
And like my self command, there use your Pleasure;
But take heed to your Person.

Vil. The more Danger,
Still the more Honour, Brother.

Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou shalt know it, Fool,
And thou shalt feel it, Fool.

Vil. Fools still are Freemen,
I'll sue for a Protection, 'till thy Reign's out.

Fer. The People have abus'd the Liberty
I late allow'd, I now proclaim it straiter.
No Men shall walk together, nor salute;
For they that do shall die.

Ron. You hit the right, Sir;
That Liberty cut off, you are free from Practice.

Fer. Renew my Guards.

Ron. I shall.

Fer. And keep strict Watches;
One Hour of Joy I ask.

Ron.

The double Marriage.

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Ron. You shall have many. [*Exeunt. Flourish Coronets Pandulpho and Juliana, led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*]

1 Guard. You are now at Liberty, in your own House, And here our Charge takes end. (Lady,

Pan. 'Tis now a Custom,
We must even woe those Men deserve worst of us,
And so we thank your Labours; there's to drink,
For that and Mischief are your Occupations,
And to mean well to no Man, your chiefest Harvests.

2 Guard. You give liberally; we hope, Sir, er't be
To be oftner acquainted with your Bounty, (long,
And so we leave you.

Pan. Do, for I doat not on ye.

Jul. But where's my Husband? What should I do here
Or what Share have I in this Joy, call'd Liberty,
Without his Company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his Service honour'd?

1 Guard. He is so, and stands high in the King's Favour,
His Friends redeemed, and his own Liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his Service,
To his own Wish, rewarded: So farewell, Lady.

[*Exe. Guard.*]

Pan. Go persecute the Good, and hunt ye Hell-hounds,
Ye Leeches of the Time, suck 'till ye burst, Slaves;
How does my Girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of Comfort.

Pan. Sit down, and take some Rest.

Jul. My Heart's whole, Father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my *Violet*,
My Dear, my Life, has conquer'd his Afflictions.

Pan. Those rude Hands, and that bloody Will that
That durst upon thy tender Body print | (did this,
These Characters of Cruelty; hear me Heav'n.

Jul. O Sir, be sparing.

Pan. I'll speak it, tho' I burst;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
Out it should go: O hear me thou great Justice;
The Miseries that wait upon their Mischiefs,
Let them be numberless, and no Eye pity

O 2

Them,

Them, when their Souls are loaden, and in labour, (rour;
 And wounded through, and through, with guilt and hor-
 As mine is now with Grief; let Men laugh at 'em ('em,
 Then, when their monstrous Sins, like Earth-quakes, shake
 And those Eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
 The bloody 'larms of the Conscience beating,
 Let Mercy fly, and Day struck into Darknefs,
 Leave their blind Souls, to hunt out their own Horrors.

Ful. Enough, enough, we must forget dear Father;
 For then we are glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,
 When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.
 But where's my Lord? Methinks I have seen this House,
 And have been in't before.

Pand. Thine own House, Jewel.

Ful. Mine, without him? Or his, without my Company?
 I think it cannot be, it was not wont, Father. (Heav'n)

Pand. Some business with the King, (let it be good,
 Retains him sure.

Enter Boy.

Ful. It must be good and noble,
 For all Men that he treats with taste of Virtue;
 His Words and Actions are his own, and Honour's
 Not brought, nor compell'd from him.

Pand. Here's the Boy.

He can confirm us more; how sad the Child looks?
 Come hither *Lucio*, how, and where's thy Master?

Ful. Speak, gentle Boy.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety?

Ful. If not, and that thou knowest is miserable,
 Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever;
 Study a Sorrow excellent as thy Master,
 Then if thou canst live, leave us.

Luc. Noble Madam,
 My Lord is safe return'd, safe to his Friends, and Fortune,
 Safe to his Country, entertain'd with Honour,
 Is here within the House.

Ful. Do not mock me.

Luc. But such a Melancholly hangs on his Mind,
 And in his Eyes inhabit such sad Shadows;
 But what the cause is —————

Pand.

Pand. Go tell him we are here, Boy,
There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me?

Luc. No, noblest Lady.

Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his Wife is here, sound my Name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labours through a Tempest,
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness?

Pand. Go I command thee instantly,
And charge him on his Duty.

Jul. On his Love, Boy:
I would fain go to him.

Pand. Away, away, you are foolish.

Jul. Bear all my Service, sweet Boy.

Pand. Art thou here still? (thee.

Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become

Pand. I'th' House, and know we are here. [*Exit Boy.*

Jul. No, no, he did not;

I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His Love had less than Wings, had he but seen me,
His strong Affection any thing but Fire
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my Flame, and made one Body?
If ever Heav'n's high Blessings met in one Man,
And there erected to their holy Uses
A sacred Mind fit for their Services,
Built all of polish'd Honour, 'twas in this Man:
Misdoubt him not.

Pand. I know he's truly Noble;
But why this sadness, when the general Cause
Requires a Jubile of Joy?

Jul. I know not.

Enter Violet and Boy.

Pand. Pray Heav'n you find it not.

Jul. I hope I shall not:

O here he comes, and with him all my Happiness;
He stays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They stand off.*

Pand. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. O hard Condition of my Misery!
 Unheard of Plagues! When to behold that Woman,
 That chaste and virtuous Woman, that preserv'd me,
 That pious Wife, wedded to my Afflictions,
 Must be more terrible than all my Dangers.
 O Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,
 The noble Building of a Man demolish'd,
 And flung me headlong, on a Sin so base
 Man and Mankind contemn, even Beasts abhor it;
 A Sin more dull than Drink, a Shame beyond it;
 So foul, and far from Faith, I dare not name it,
 But it will cry it self out, loud Ingratitude.
 Your Blessing, Sir.

Pan. You have it in abundance;
 So is our Joy, to see you safe.

Vir. My Dear one.

Ful. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you, Sir.

Vir. Must this be added to encrease my Misery,
 That she must weep for Joy, and lose that Goodness?
 My *Juliana*, even the best of Women,
 Of Wives the perfectest; let me speak this,
 And with a Modesty declare thy Virtues,
 Chaster than Chrystal, on the *Scythian* Clifts,
 The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer.
 Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice;
 And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living
 Producest Miracles, and Women daily,
 With crooked and lame Souls creep to thy Goodness,
 Which having toucht at, they become Examples.
 The Fortitude of all their Sex is fable,
 Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up Glory,
 And Admiration, in the Age behind us,
 Out of their celebrated Urns are started,
 To stare upon the Greatness of thy Spirit;
 Wondring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
 To fill the Times with Truth, and ease their Stories;
 Being all these, and excellent in Beauty,
 (For noble things dwell in the noblest Buildings)
 Thou hast undone thy Husband, made him wretched,
 A miserable Man, my *Juliana*,

Thou

Thou hast made thy *Violet*.

Ful. Now Goodness keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.

Pan. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on Obedience;
Your Father charges you; she make you miserable?
That you your self confess.

Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far less I have spoke her than her Merit.

Ful. It is some sin of Weakness, or of Ignorance?
For sure my Will——

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of Excellence:
Forgive me Heav'n, that I prophane thy Blessings:
Sit still, I'll shew you all. [Exit *Vir.*

Pan. What means this Madness?
For sure there is no taste of right Man in it;
Grieves he our liberty, our Preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, scorn the benefit?
Well *Violet*, if thou beest proud, or treacherous.

Ful. He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will shew us,
And with that reason ground his Words.

Enter Violet, Martia, and Ronvere.

Pan. He comes.
What Masque is this? what admirable Beauty?
Pray Heav'n his Heart be true.

Ful. A goodly Woman.

Vir. Tell me, my Dear, and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honest, speak the Truth;
What think you of this Lady?

Ful. She is most excellent.

Vir. Might not this Beauty tell me it's a sweet one,
Without more setting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Mistress than meer Nature,
Stagger a constant Heart?

Pan. She is full of wonder!
But yet; yet *Violet*.

Vir. Pray by your leave Sir!

Ful. She would amaze.

Vir. O! would she so? I thank you.
Say to this Beauty, she have all Additions,
Wealth, noble Birth.

Pand. O hold there.

Vir. All Virtues,
A Mind as full of Candor as the Truth is,
Ay, and a loving Lady.

Ful. She must needs
(I am bound in Conscience to confess) deserve much.

Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That even on Slaves condemn'd she shower her Benefits,
And melt their stubborn Bolts with her soft Pity,
What think you then?

Pand. For such a noble Office,
At these Years I should dote my self. Take heed, Boy.

Ful. If you be he that have receiv'd these Blessings,
And this the Lady, love her, honour her:
You cannot do too much to shew your Gratitude,
Your greatest Service will shew off too slender.

Vir. This is the Lady, Lady of that Bounty,
That Wealth, that noble Name, that all I spoke of:
The Prince of *Ascanio*, and my self, the Slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her Goodness,
And of our Liberties you taste the Sweetness.
Even you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd your Lives.

Ful. And what Reward do you purpose? It must be a
main one,
If Love will do it, we'll all so love her, serve her.

Vir. It must be my Love.

Ful. Ha!

Vir. Mine, my only Love,
My everlasting Love.

Pand. How?

Vir. Pray have Patience.
The Recompence she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her Husband. Then I vow'd it,
And since I have made it good.

Pand. Thou durst not.

Vir. Done, Sir.

Ful. Be what you please, his Happiness yet stays
You have been mine: Oh, my unhappy Fortune!

Pand. Nay, break and die.

Ful. It cannot yet: I must live,
'Till I see this Man blest in his new Love,
And then.

Pand. What hast thou done, thou base one, tell me,
Thou barren thing of Honesty, and Honour;
What hast thou wrought? Is not this she, look on her,
Look on her, with the Eyes of Gratitude,
And wipe thy false Tears off: Is not this she,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy Safety,
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that shames to know thee,
Ingag'd i'th' Jaws of Danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her Body to the Torture?
That tender Body, that the Wind sings through;
And three times, when her Sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The Beauties of her Body turn'd to Ruins;
Even then, within her patient Heart she lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preserv'd thee;
And canst thou be that Slave?

Mart. This was but Duty,
She did it for her Husband, and she ought it;
She has had the Pleasure of him, many an Hour,
And if one Minute's Pain cannot be suffered;
Mine was above all these, a nobler Venture,
I speak it boldly, for I lost a Father,
He has one still; I left my Friends, he has many;
Expos'd my Life and Honour to a Cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me, racks and tortures,
Alas, they are Triumphs to it; and had it hit,
For this Man's Love, it should have shew'd a Triumph,
Twice lost, I freed him; *Rossana* lost before him,
His Fortunes with him, and his Friends behind him:
Twice was I rack'd my self for his Deliverance,
In Honour first and Name, which was a Torture
The Hangman never heard of; next at Sea,
In our Escape, where the proud Waves took Pleasure
To toss my little Boat up like a Bubble,
Then like a Meteor in the Air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of Darkness;
The

The Cannon from my incens'd Father's Ship,
 Ringing our Knell, and still as we peep'd upward,
 Beating the raging Surge, with Fire and Bullet,
 And I stood fix'd for this Man's sake, and scorn'd it;
 Compare but this.

Vir. 'Tis too true; O my Fortune!
 That I must equally be bound to either.

Ful. You have the better and the nobler, Lady,
 And now I am forc'd, a lover of her Goodness:
 And so far have you wrought for his deliverance,
 That is my Lord, so lovingly and nobly,
 That now methinks I stagger in my Title.
 But how with honesty? for I am a poor Lady,
 In all my dutious service but your shadow,
 Yet would be just; how with fair Fame and Credit,
 I may go off; I would not be a Strumpet;
 O my dear Sir, you know.

Vir. O Truth, thou knowest too.

Ful. Nor have the World suspect, I fell to mischief.

Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
 A fair Divorce, 'tis honest too.

Pan. The Devil,
 Honest? to put her off?

Law. Most honest, Sir,
 And in this point most strong.

Pan. The cause, the cause, Sir?

Law. A just cause too.

Pan. As any is in Hell, Lawyer.

Law. For Barrenness, she never brought him Children.

Pan. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canst not get 'em,
 Thy Neighbours, thy rank Neighbours: O base jugling,
 Is she not young?

Ful. Women at more Years, Sir,
 Have met that Blessing; 'tis in Heav'ns high Power.

Law. You never can have any.

Pan. Why, quick Lawyer?
 My Philosophical Lawyer.

Law. The Rack has spoil'd her,
 The distentions of those parts hath stopt all Fruitfulness.

Pan. O I could curse.

Ful.

Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That mine own Pity must make me wretched?
No Cause against me, but my Love and Duty?
Farewel, Sir, like Obedience, thus I leave you,
My long Farewel. I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
And if that be offensive, I can die,
And then you are fairly free. Good Lady, love him.
You have a noble and an honest Gentleman;
I ever found him so, the World has spoke him,
And let it be your part still to deserve him,
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
And Heav'n shall bless you: You shall bless my Ashes,
I give you up the House, the Name of Wife,
Honour, and all Respect I borrow'd from him,
And to my Grave I turn: One Farewel more,
Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful:
Grow like two equal Flames, rise high and glorious,
And in your honour'd Age burn out together.
To all I know, Farewel.

Ron. Be not so griev'd, Lady,
A nobler Fortune.

Jul. Away, thou Parasite.
Disturb not my sad Thoughts; I hate thy Greatness.

Ron. I hate not you, I am glad she's off these Hinges,
Come, let's pursue. [*Ex. Ronvere and Law.*]

Pand. If I had Breath to curse thee,
Or could my great Heart utter, Farewel, Villain,
Thy House nor Face again. [*Exit Pand.*]

Mart. Let'em go.
And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
And now embrace me, *Violet*; give the Rites
Of a brave Husband to his Love.

Vir. I'll take my Leave too.

Mart. How? take your Leave too?

Vir. The House is furnish'd for you;
You are Mistress, may command.

Mart. Will you to bed, Sir?

Vir. As soon to Hell, to any thing I hate most:
You must excuse me, I have kept my Word.

You

You are my Wife, you now enjoy my Fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your Bounty :
But to yield up those chaste Delights and Pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first Vows.

Mart. You jest.

Vir. You will not find it so, to give you those
I have Divorc'd, and lost with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that Nature——

Mart. Are you a Husband ?

Vir. To question hers, and satisfy your Flames,
That held an equal Beauty, equal Bounty——
Good Heav'n forgive ; no, no, the strict forbearance
Of all those Joys, like a full Sacrifice,
I offer to the Sufferings of my first Love.
Honour, and Wealth, Attendance, State, all Duty,
Shall wait upon your Will, to make you happy ;
But my afflicted Mind, you must give leave, Lady,
My weary Trunk must wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me ?
Go from me too ?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you ;
And howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy. [*Exit Vir.*

Mart. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts
Thou miserable Fool, thou Fool to pity, (too,
And such a rude, demolish'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my Revenge ; for foolish Love, farewell now,
And Anger, and the spite of Woman enter,
That all the World shall say, that read this Story,
My Hate, and not my Love, begot my Glory.

[*Exit Martia.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sesse, Boatswain, Master and Gunner.

Sesse. **H**E that fears Death, or Tortures, let him leave
me.

The stops that we have met with, crown our Conquest.
Common Attempts are fit for common Men ;
The rare, the rarest Spirits. Can we be daunted ?

We

We that have smil'd at Sea at certain Ruins,
Which Men on Shore but hazarded would shake at:
We that have liv'd free, in despite of Fortune,
Laught at the out-stretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No my brave Mates, I know your fiery Temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as Men;
Calamity, that severs worldly Friendships,
Could ne'er divide us, you are still the same;
The constant followers of my banisht Fortunes;
The Instruments of my Revenge, the Hands
By which I work, and fashion all my Projects.

Mast. And such we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight Sir, cram me
Into a Cannon's Mouth, and shoot me at
Proud *Ferrand's* Head; may only he fall with me,
My Life I rate at nothing.

Boatsf. Could I but get
Within my Sword's length of him, and if then
He scape me, may th' account of all his Sins
Be added unto mine.

Mast. 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that staggers me:
For were your ends serv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing Sacrifices.

Sesse. To rise up
Most glorious Martyrs.

Boatsf. But the reason why
We were these Shapes?

Sesse. Only to get access;
Like honest Men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And fashioning our Language to our Habits;
Bold, bloody, desperate, we may be admitted
Among his Guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thousand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various Shapes, but I will reach his Heart.
And seal my Anger on't.

Enter Ronvere and the Guard.

Mast. The Lord *Ronvere*.

Boatsf.

Boatsf. Shall we begin with him?

Sesse. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.

Gun. We are instructed.

Boatsf. Would we were at it once.

Ron. Keep a strict Watch,
And let the Guards be doubled, this last Night
The King had fearful Dreams.

Sesse. 'Tis a good Omen
To our Attempts.

Ron. What Men are these? what seek you?

Sesse. Imployment.

Ron. Of what nature?

Sesse. We are Soldiers;
We have seen Towns and Churches set on fire;
The Kennels running Blood, coy Virgins ravish'd;
The Altars ransack'd, and the Holy Relicks,
Yea, and the Saints themselves, made lawful Spoils
Unto the Conquerors; but these good days are past,
And we made Beggars, by this idle Peace,
For want of Action. I am, Sir, no Stranger
To the Government of this State, I know the King
Needs Men, that only do what he Commands,
And search no farther: 'tis the Profession
Of all our Nation, to serve faithfully,
Where they're best payed; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.

Ron. A goodly Personage.

Mast. And if you have an Enemy, or so,
That you would have dispatch'd.

Gun. They are here can fit you.

Boatsf. Or if there be an Itch, though to a Man.

Sesse. You shall tye
Our Consciences in your Purse-strings.

Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom; I am now in haste,
But wait for my return. I like the Rascals,
They may be useful.

Sesse.

The double Marriage.

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Sesse. We'll attend you, Sir.

Ron. Do, and be confident of Entertainment;
I hope you will deserve it. [*Exe. Ron. and Guard.*]

Sesse. O, no doubt, Sir:

Thus far we are prosperous; we'll be his Guard;
'Till Tyranny and Pride find full Reward. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana.

Pan. My Blessing? no, a Father's heavy curse,
Pursue and overtake him.

Ful. Gentle Sir.

Pan. My Name, and Family, end in my self,
Rather than live in him.

Ful. Dear Sir, forbear;
A Father's curses hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murdering piece aims not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some Bullet may return upon your self too,
Though against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.

Pan. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other Women are:
Thy Injuries would teach Patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove.

Ful. I know not Malice, but like an Innocent, suffer.

Pan. More miraculous!
I'll have a Woman Chronicled, and for Goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no Son to inherit after me;
Him I disclaim.
What then? I'll make thy Virtues my sole Heir;
Thy Story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In Prose and Verse, and by the ablest Doers:
A word or two of a kind Step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens shall buy it.
And if the Actions of ill great Women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their Husbands and their Families,
What will our Story do? It shall be so,
And I will freight about it. [*Exit Pan.*]

Enter

Enter Boy.

Ful. Such as love
 Goodness for Glory, have it for Reward;
 I love mine for it self: let Innocence
 Be written on my Tomb, though ne'er so humble,
 'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
 Forget my Vows.

Boy. 'Fore me you are not modest,
 Nor is this Court-like. Would you take it well,
 If she should rudely press into your Closet,
 When from your several Boxes you chuse Paint,
 To make a this days Face with?

Ful. What's the matter?

Boy. Pray know her Pleasure first.

Ful. To whom speak you, Boy?

Boy. Your Ladiship's Pardon. That proud Lady Thief,
 That stole away my Lord from your Embraces,
 (Wrinkles at two and twenty on her Cheeks for't,
 Or *Mercury* unallayed, make Blisters on it)
 Would force a Visit.

Ful. And dare you deny her,
 Or any else that I call mine? No more.
 Attend her with all Reverence and Respect;
 The want in you of Manners, my Lord may
 Construe in me for Malice. I will teach you
 How to esteem and love the Beauty he doats on;
 Prepare a Banquet.

Enter Martia and Boy.

Madam, thus my Duty
 Stoops to the favour you vouchsafe your Servant,
 In honouring her House.

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Ful. No, by the Life of *Violet*: Give me leave
 To swear by him, as by a Saint I worship,
 But am to know no farther, my Heart speaks that
 My Servants have been rude, and this Boy, doating
 Upon my Sorrows, hath forgot his Duty;
 In which, that you may think I have no snare,
 Sirrah, upon your Knees, desire her Pardon.

Boy. I dare not disobey you.

Mart.

Mart. Prethee rise,
My Anger never looks so low: I thank you,
And will deserve it, if we may be private.
I came to see and speak with you.

Ful. Be gone.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Good Madam sit.

Mart. I rob you of your place then.

Ful. You have deserv'd a better, in my Bed;
Make use of this too: Now your pleasure, Lady.
If in your Breast there be a worthy Pity,
That brings you for my Comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your Conquest,
Or tread on my Calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other Excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of Men,
And that I am forsaken.

Mart. He the best?

The scum and shame of Mankind.

Ful. *Violet*, Lady?

Mart. Blest in him? I would my Youth had chosen
Consuming Feavers, Bed-rid Age,
For my Companions, rather than a thing
To lay whose Baseness open, would even poison
The Tongue that speaks it.

Ful. Certainly from you

At no part he deserves this; and I tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least tittle to him,
I should not hear this.

Mart. He's an impudent Villain,
Or a malicious Wretch; to you ungrateful;
To me beyond Expression barbarous.
I more than hate him; from you he deserves
A Death most horrid: From me, to die for ever,
And know no end of Torments. Would you have Comfort?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your Fame,
Shipwrack'd in his base Wrongs? If you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a noble Anger, making way

To a most brave Revenge, we may call Justice;
Our Injuries are equal; join with me then,
And share the Honour.

Jul. I scarce understand you,
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the Man, I still must love and honour.

Mart. This foolish Dotage in soft-hearted Women,
Makes proud Men insolent; but take your way,
I'll run another Course.

Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his Offence.

Mart. He has denied
The Rites due to a Wife.

Jul. O me most happy,
How largely am I paid for all my Sufferings?
Most honest *Violet*, thou just Performer
Of all thy Promises: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those Joys you speak of,
In a chaste Bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wisht not) never Woman
Should tast of his Embraces; this one act
Makes me again his Debtor.

Mart. And was this
The cause my Youth and Beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here! well——

Jul. I dare thy worst,
Plot what thou canst, my Piety shall guard him
Against my Malice. Leave my House and quickly,
Thou wilt infect these innocent Walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed Head;
Believe't I will. [*Exit Juliana.*]

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set my self to Sale, and live a Strumpet;
Forget my Birth, my Father, and his Honour,
Rather than want an Instrument to help me
In my Revenge. The Captain of the Guard;
Blest Opportunity courts me.

Enter

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?

How brave her Anger shews? How it sets off
Her natural Beauty? Under what happy Star
Was *Violet* born, to be belov'd and fought to,
By two incomparable Women? Noblest Lady,
I have heard your Wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my Life could give me hope
To gain your Favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad Servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not Preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtship.
He that desires to reap the Harvest of
My Youth and Beauty, must begin in Blood,
And right my Wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you Madam,
And rest assur'd 'tis done; I am provided
Of Instruments to fit you: To the King
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than Man,
That to atchieve your Favour, would not do
Deeds, Fiends would fear to put their Agents to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Violet Reading.

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an Axiome.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her Life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy Husband,
Was full of Children; her Afflictions,
That I begot, that when our Age must perish,
And all our painted Frailties turn'd to Ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our Honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange Beauty, it was a useful one:
How, to my Lust? If it be so, I am sinful;
And guilty of that Crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair course of Virtue?
This pious Course, to save my Friends, my Country,
That even then had put on a mourning Garment,

And wept the desolation of her Children?
 Her noblest Children? Did not she thrust me on,
 And to my Duty clapt the spur of Honour?
 Was there a way, without this Woman, left me
 To bring 'em off? The marrying of this Woman?
 If not, why am I stung thus? Why tormented?
 Or had there been a wild Desire join'd with it?
 How easily, both these, and all their Beauties
 Might I have made my mine own? Why am I toucht
 Having perform'd the great Redemption, (thus,
 Both of my Friends and Family? Fairly done it?
 Without base and lascivious ends; O Heav'n,
 Why am I still at War thus? Why this a Mischief,
 That Honesty and Honour had propounded,
 Ay, and absolv'd my tender Will, and chid me,
 Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana and the Boy.

Boy. He's here, Madam;
 This is the melancholly Walk he lives in,
 And chuses ever to increase his sadness.

Jul. Stand by.

Vir. 'Tis she; how I shake now and tremble?
 The Virtues of that Mind are Torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated Face shall stir your Anger,
 Or this forbidden Path I tread in vex you;
 My Love and fair Obedience left behind me,
 Your Pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.

Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
 May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
 And set an envious stop between our Pleasures,
 Look thus one at another? Sigh and weep thus?
 And read in one anothers Eyes, the Legends,
 And Wonders of our old Loves? Be not fearful,
 Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
 May I not take this Hand, and on it sacrifice
 The sorrows of my Heart? White seal of Virtue.

Jul. My Lord, you wrong your Wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,
 And with her all severe Eyes to behold us,
 We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,

And

And to the reverence of that Name, bow thus:
I might sigh *Juliana* she was mine once;
But I too weak a Guard for that great Treasure——
And whilst she has a Name, believe me Lady,
This broken Heart shall never want a Sorrow.

Jul. Forget her Sir, your Honour now commands you,
You are anothers, keep those Grievs for her,
Sherichly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.

Vir. What is your Will? For nothing you can ask,
So full of Goodness are your Words and Meanings,
Must be denied: Speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd,
That I desire: For I shall tell a Story,
So far from seeming Truth, yet a most true one;
So horrible in Nature, and so horrid;
So beyond Wickedness, that when you hear it,
It must appear the practice of another,
The Cast and Malice of some one you have wrong'd much,
And me you may imagine, me accuse too,
Unless you call to Mind my daily Sufferings;
The infinite Obedience I have born you,
That hates all Name and Nature of Revenge.
My Love, that nothing but my Death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. *Juliana*,
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your Virtues,
Were to distrust a Providence; to think you can lie,
Or being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings,
To forge a Creed against my Faith.

Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your Life, Sir;
And if that word may stir you, hear and prosper:
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

Vir. What few Friends have I found, that dare deliver
This laden Trunk from his Afflictions?
What pitying Hand, of all that feels my Miseries,
Brings such a benefit?

Jul. Be wise and Manly,

P 3

And

And with your Honour fall, when Heav'n shall call you
Not by a hellish Mischief.

Vir. Speak, my blest one.

How weak and poor I am, now she is from me ?

Jul. Your Wife.

Vir. How's that ?

Jul. Your Wife.

Vir. Be tender of her, I shall believe else——

Jul. I must be true ; your Ear, Sir,
For 'tis so horrible, if the Air catch it,
Into a thousand Plagues, a thousand Monsters,
It will disperse it self, and fright Resistance. [*Whisper*

Vir. She seek my Life with you ? Make you her Agent
Another Love ? O speak but Truth.

Jul. Be patient,
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

Vir. Forward, 'tis well, it shall be welcome to me ;
I have liv'd too long, numbred too many Days,
Yet never found the benefit of living ;
Now when I come to reap it with my Service,
And hunt for that my Youth and Honour aims at,
The Sun sets on my Fortune red and bloody,
And everlasting Night begins to close me.
'Tis time to Die.

Enter Martia and Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her self.

Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel Hand your Servant seals it,
You shall be Mistress of your whole Desires,
And what ye shall command.

Mart. Ha Minion,
My precious Dame, are you there ? Nay go forward,
Make your Complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,
Slave, like to him you serve : I am the same still,
And what I purpose, let the World take witness,
Shall be so finish'd, and to such Example,
Spite of your poor preventions ; my dear Gentleman,
My honourable Man, are you there too ?
You and your hot Desire ? Your mercy, Sir,
I had forgot your Greatness.

Jul.

Jul. 'Tis not well, Lady.

(rately

Mart. Lord, how I hate this Fellow now; how despicable
My Stomach stands against him; this base Fellow,
This gelded Fool!

Jul. Did you never hear of Modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so believ'd it,
Thou bloodless, brainless Fool.

Vir. How?

Mart. Thou despised Fool,
Thou only Sign of Man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven Worthy in a Piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a Wall; thou Beast
Beaten to use: Have I preserv'd a Beauty,
A Youth, a Love, to have my Wishes blasted?
My Dotings, and the Joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and flighted by a Dormouse?

Jul. Use more Respect, and Woman 'twill become
At least, less Tongue.

(you;

Mart. I'll use all Violence,
Let him look for't.

Jul. Dare you stain those Beauties,
Those heav'nly Stamps, that raise up Men to Wonder,
With harsh and crooked Motions? Are you she
That overdid all Ages, with your Honour;
And in a little Hour dare lose this Triumph?
Is not this Man your Husband?

Mart. He's my Halter;
Which (having sued my Pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my Anger,
Which I will nourish to the Desolation,
Not only of his Folly, but his Friends,
And his whole Name.

Vir. 'Tis well, I have deserv'd it.
And if I were a Woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature ne'er promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your Love, your Vow, I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please:
That that the dulness of thy Soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, *Violet*,
Thou Image of a Man, observe my Words well.

At such a bloody rate I'll sell this Beauty,
 This Handsomness thou scorn'st and fling'st away,
 Thy proud ungrateful Life shall shake at ; take your House,
 The petty things you left me give another;
 And last, take home your Trinket : Fare you well, Sir.

Ron. You have spoke like your self;
 Y'are a brave Lady. [*Exeunt Ronvere and Martia.*]

Ful. Why do you smile, Sir?

Vir. O my *Juliana*,
 The Happiness this Woman's Scorn has given me,
 Makes me a Man again ; proclaims it self,
 In such a general Joy, through all my Miseries,
 That now methinks——

Ful. Look to your self, dear Sir,
 And trifle not with Danger that attends you ;
 Be joyful when y'are free.

Vir. Did you not hear her?
 She gave me back my Vow, my Love, my Freedom ;
 I am free, free as Air ; and though to morrow
 Her bloody Will meet with my Life, and sink it,
 And in her Execution tear me piecemeal :
 Yet have I time once more to meet my Wishes,
 Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest
 And Time that's warranted.

Ful. Good Sir, forbear it ;
 Though I confess, equal with your Desires
 My Wishes rise, as covetous of your Love,
 And to as warm Alarms spur my Will to :
 Yet pardon me, the Seal o'th' Church dividing us,
 And hanging like a threatening Flame between us,
 We must not meet, I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjointing,
 That only strong Necessity thrust on you,
 Not Crime, nor studied Cause of mine ; how sweetly,
 And nobly I will bind again and cherish ;
 How I will recompence one dear Embrace now,
 One free Affection ! How I burn to meet it !
 Look now upon me.

Ful. I behold you willingly,
 And willingly would yield, but for my Credit

The Love you first had was preserv'd with Honour,
The last shall not cry Whore; you shall not purchase
From me a Pleasure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair Fame as you, at such a Rate:
Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt,
If I had lov'd your Lust, and not your Lustre;
The glorious Lustre of your matchless Goodness,
I would compel you now to be!—forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir, how fondly still I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way straight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax upon the Rack again,
Even in the Bed of all Afflictions,
Where nothing sings our Nuptials but dire Sorrows,
With all my Youth and Pleasure I'll embrace you,
Make Tyrrany and Death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting Souls amaze our Mischiefs;
'Till when, high Heav'n defend you, and Peace guide you.
Be wise and manly, make your Fate your own,
By being Master of a Providence,
That may controul it.

Vir. Stay a little with me.

My Thoughts have chid themselves: May I not kiss you?
Upon my truth I am an honest.

Jul. I believe ye;

But yet what that may raise in both our Fancies,
What Issues such warm Parents breed.

Vir. I obey you,

And take my Leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable Love.

Jul. I'll pray for ye,

And when you fall I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, at one Door;
Martia and Ronvere, at another.

Sesse. Now we have got free Credit with the Captain.

Mast. Soft, soft, he's here again: Is not that Lady---
Or have I lost mine Eyes? a salt Rhume seizes 'em;
But I should know that Face.

Boatsf.

Boats. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the Woman; steer a Lar-Board.

Mast. He will not kill her.

Boats. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but Blood and Horror.

Mast. I would save the Lady,
For such another Lady.

Boats. There's the Point;
And you know there want Women of her Mettle.

Mast. 'Tis true, they bring such Children now,
Such Demilances.

Their Father's Socks will make them christning Cloaths.

Gun. No more, they view us.

Sesse. You shall play a while,
And sun your self in this Felicity,
You shall you glorious Whore, I know you still.
But I shall pick an Hour when most securely ———
I say no more.

Ron. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your Will; come hither my good Fellows.
You are now the King's. Are they not goodly Fellows?

Mart. They have Bone enough, if they have stout

Mast. Still the old Wench. (Heart to it.)

Sesse. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What noble Lady's that? 'Tis a rude Question,
But I desire to know.

Ron. She is for the King, Sir;
Let that suffice for Answer.

Sesse. Is she so, Sir?
In good time may she curse it.
Must I breed Hacknies for his Grace?

Ron. What wouldst thou do
To merit such a Lady's Favour?

Sesse. Any thing. (tunes?)

Ron. That can supply thy Wants, and raise thy For-

Sesse. Let her command, and see what I dare execute.
I keep my Conscience here; if any Man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole Families between her and her Wishes ———

Mast.

Maft. We have ſeen bleeding Throats, Sir, Cities ſack'd,
And Infants ſtuck upon their Pikes.

Boatf. Houſes a fire, and handſom Mothers weeping.

Seſſe. Which we have heaped upon the Pile like Sacri-
Churches and Altars, Priests and all Devotions, (ſices.
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos*.

Gun. We know no Fear, Sir, but want of Imployment.

Seſſe. Nor other Faith but what our Purſes preach.
To gain our Ends we can do any thing,
And turn our Souls into a thouſand Figures;
But when we come to do——

Mart. I like theſe Fellows.

Ron. Be ready and wait here, within this Hour
I'll ſhew you to the King, and he ſhall like ye:
And if you can deviſe ſome Entertainment
To fill his Mirth, ſuch as your Country uſes,
Preſent it, and I'll ſee it grac'd.
After this *Comick Scene* we ſhall employ you,
For one muſt die.

Seſſe. What is he, Sir? ſpeak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.

Ron. This Lady's Husband;
His Name is *Violet*.

Seſſe. We ſhall diſpatch it. [*Exe. Martia and Ronvere.*
O damned, damned thing: A baſe Whore firſt,
And then a Murtherer. I'll look to you.

Boatf. Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange?

Seſſe. She has an itch;
I'll ſcratch you my dear Daughter, I'll ſo claw you;
I'll curry your hot Hide; married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy Bleſſings into Brothels?
Your Beauty into Blood? I'll hunt your Hotneſs.
I'll hunt you like a Train.

Maft. We did all pity her.

Seſſe. Hang her, ſhe is not worth Man's Memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all Stories.
Well, though thou be'ſt mine Enemy I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.

Boatf. Faith, Sir, ſince ſhe muſt go,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.

Seſſe.

Seffe. We'll take all,
And like a Torrent sweep the Slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst?

Mast. You know our Hearts, Sir,
And they shall bleed the last, e'er we start from ye.

Gun. We can but die, and e'er we come to that,
We shall pick out some few Examples for us.

Seffe. Then wait the first Occasion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the Gulph before you, fearless leap it:
Then follow me like Men, and if our Virtues
May buoy our Country up, and set her shining
In her first State; our fair Revenges taken,
We have our noble Ends, or else our Ashes. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ascanio, and Martia above.

Mart. **A**S you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a Stranger's Fortune:
For when the King shall find I am his Daughter
He ever holds most Ominous, and hates most;
With what Eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his Fears and Cruelties?

Asca. I have found you;
Suspect not, I am bound to what you like best,
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now, and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand and Ronvere above.

The King comes, make your Fortune, I shall joy in't.

Ron. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And such a King, you shall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of Mirth.

Ron. The Lady, Sir.

Fer. Now as I am a King, a sprightly Beauty,
A goodly sweet Aspect! My Thanks *Ronvere*,
My best Thanks, on your Lips I seal your Wishes,

Be

Be what you can, imagine mine, and happy.
And now sit down and smile ; come, my *Ascanio*,
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.

Ron. These are the *Switzers*,
I told your Grace of.

Fer. Goodly promising Fellows,
With Faces to keep Fools in awe, I like 'em ;
Go guard the Presence well, and do your Duties,
To Morrow I shall take a farther View.

Sesse. You shall, Sir,
Or I shall lose my Will ; how the Whore's mounted?
How she sits thron'd ? thou blazing muddy Meteor,
That frightest the under World with lustful Flashes,
How I shall dash thy Flames ? Away, no Word more.

[*Exe. Sesse and his Company. Flourish Cornets.*]

Enter Villio, Castruccio, Doctor, and a Guard.

Fer. Now, here he comes in Glory ; be merry Masters,
A Banquet too ? [Meat conveyed away.]

Ron. O, he must sit in State, Sir !

Asca. How rarely he is usher'd ? Can he think now
He is a King indeed ?

Ron. Mark but his Countenance.

Cast. Let me have Pleasures infinite, and to the Height,
And Women in abundance, many Women :

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my Grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here ? Is this a Feast
Fit for a Prince ? a mighty Prince ? Are these things,
These Preparations, ha ?

Doct. May it please your Grace ? (Marchpanes,

Cast. It does not please my Grace : Where are the
The Custards double Royal, and the Subtilties ?
Why, what weak things are you to serve a Prince thus ?
Where be the delicates o'th' Earth and Air ?
The hidden Secrets of the Sea ? Am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with Porridge ? Hang the Cooks.

Fer. O most Kingly :
What a Majestick anger ?

Cast.

Cast. Give me some Wine.

Asca. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool, where are my Players?

Let me have all in Pomp; let 'em play some Love matter,
To make the Ladies itch. I'll be with you anon, Ladies;
You black Eyes, I'll be with you :

Give me some Wine I say,

And let me have a Mask of Cuckolds enter,

Of mine own Cuckolds,

And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,

Just as I kiss their Wives, and somewhat glorying.

Some Wine I say, then for an excellent Night-piece,

To shew my Glory to my Loves, and Minions,

I will have some great Castle burnt.

Vil. Hark you, Brother;

If that be to please these Ladies, ten to one

The Fire first takes upon your own, look to that;

Then you may shew a Night-piece.

Cast. Where's this Wine?

Why shall I choak? do ye long all to be tortur'd?

Doct. Here, Sir.

Cast. What is this? why, Doctor.

Doct. Wine and Water, Sir.

'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you must endure it.

Vil. Most excellent to cool your Night-piece, Sir.

Doct. You are of a high and cholerick Complexion,
And you must have allays.

Cast. Shall I have no sheer Wine then?

Doct. Not for a World: I tender your dear Life, Sir;
And he is no faithful Subject——

Vil. No, by no means;

Of this you may drink, and never hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the Fool, this Liquor's merciful.

Cast. I will sit down and eat then: Kings, when they're
May eat, I hope? (hungry,

Doct. Yes, but they eat discreetly.

Cast. Come, taste this Dish, and cut me liberally;
like Sauce well.

Doct. Fie, 'tis too hot, Sir;

'oo deeply season'd with the Spice, away with't,

You

You must acquaint your Stomach with those Diets
Are temperately nourishing.

Cast. But pray stay, Doctor,
And let me have my Meat again.

Doct. By no means;
I have a charge concerns my Life.

Cast. No Meat neither;
Do Kings never eat, Doctor?

Doct. Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.

Vil. Your King never sleeps, Brother,
He must not sleep, his Cares still keep him waking.
Now he that Eats and Drinks much is a Dormouse;
The third part of a Wafer is a Weeks Diet.

Cast. Appoint me something then.

Doct. There.

Cast. This I feel good,
But it melts too suddenly; yet, how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [Take away.]

Doct. For your Health, Sir,
A little quickens Nature, much depresses.

Cast. Eat nothing for my Health? that's a new Diet.
Let me have something, something has some savour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang thee?

Doct. 'Tis better, Sir, than I should let you surfeit:
My Death were nothing.

Vil. To lose a King, were terrible.

Cast. Nay, then I'll carve my self, I'll stay no Ceremonies.
This is a Partridge Pye, I am sure that's nourishing,
Or *Galen* is an Ass: 'tis rarely season'd:
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?

Vil. What ails thy Grace? [Take away.]

Cast. Retrieve those Partridges.
Or as I am a King——

Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They are flown too far.

Vil. These are breath'd Pies an't please you,
And your Hawks are such Buzards.

Cast. A King, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!

Vil.

Vil. What think you of Pudding?

A Pudding Royal?

Cast. To be royally starv'd,
Whip me this Fool to Death; he is a Blockhead.

Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a
'Twill be enough. (King:

Cast. As for you dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my Wits, being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy Treason? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earnest, and in Anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.

Vil. A hungry Grace is fittest to no Meal, Sir. (Sir,

Doct. Some two hours hence, you shall see more: but still,
You must retain an excellent and strict Diet.

Vil. It sharpens you, and makes your Wit so poynant, Sir,
Your very words will kill.

Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Pease.

Vil. And that well butter'd,
The Air thrice purified, and three times spirited,
Becomes a King: your rare Conserve of nothing
Breeds no Offence.

Cast. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court i'th' Air?

Fer. They vex him cruelly.

Asca. In two days more they'll starve him.

Fer. Now the Women, there's no Food left but they.

Asca. They'll prove small Nourishment;
Yet h'as another Stomach and a great one,
I see by his Eye.

Cast. I'll have mine own Power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no Tutor.
Doctor, this is no Diet.

Doct. It may be, Sir.

Vil. By'r Lady, it may turn to a dry Diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that ———

Cast. Stand off, Doctor;
And talk to those that want Faith.

Fer. Hot and mighty.

Asca.

Asca. He will cool apace, no doubt.

Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
A Forehead high, an Eye revives the dead;
A Lip like ripest Fruit, inviting still.

Vil. But O, the rushy Well, below the Hill,
Take heed of that, for though it never fail,
Take heed I say, for thereby hangs a Tail.

Cast. I'll get ye all with Child.

Vil. With one Child, Brother,
So many Men in a Blue Coat.

Cast. Had I fed well,
And drunk good store of Wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double Births; come kiss me greedily,
And think no more upon your foolish Husbands,
They are transitory things; a King's Fame meets you.

Doct. Vanish away. [*Ex. Women.*]

Cast. How, they gone too? my Guard there;
Take me this Devil Doctor, and that Fool there,
And sow 'em in a Sack; bring back the Women,
The lovely Women; drown these Rogues, or hang 'em.

Asca. He is in earnest, Sir,
I must needs take him off.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner and Sailors.

Fer. In serious earnest.

Sesse. Now, now be free.
Now Liberty, now Country-men shake from ye
The Tyrant's Yoke.

All. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!

Guard. Treason, Treason, Treason.

Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry Treason,
And raise our faithful Friends; O my *Ascanio*.

Asca. Make haste, we have way enough.

Guard. Treason, Treason. [*Ex. Fer. Asca. and Guard.*]

Sesse. Spare none, put all to th'Sword: A vengeance shake
Art thou turn'd King again? (thee,

Cast. I am a Rascal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I see King more,
Or once believe in King.

Sesse. The Ports are ours,
The Treasure and the Port, fight bravely Gentlemen;

Cry to the Town, cry Liberty and Honour;

[*Crying Liberty and Freedom within.*]

Waken their persecuted Souls, cry loudly,

We'll share the Wealth among ye.

Cast. Do you hear, Captain?

If ever you hear me name a King.

Sesse. You shall not.

Cast. Or though I live under one, obey him.

Gun. This Rogue again.

Sesse. Away with him, good Gunner.

Cast. Why look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a course, you shall not;
Come, no more words.

Enter Boatswain.

Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Sesse. He's taken to the Tower's strength;
Now stand sure Gentlemen,
We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us,
The rest o'th' Castle's ours; Liberty, Liberty!
What, is this City up?

Boats. They are up and glorious,
And rousing like a storm they come; their Tents
Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.
The Women are in Arms too.

Sesse. Let 'em come all;
Honour and Liberty.

All. Honour and Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This Woman threatens, her Eyes, even red with fury,
Which like prodigious Meteors foretold
Assur'd Destruction, are still before me.
Besides, I know such Natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their Love, or Hatred;
And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly profess'd 'em; that in me
Was but a cold Affection; Charity

Com-

The double Marriage.

2503

Commands so much to all; for *Violet*,
Methinks I should forget my Sexes weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a Woman's strength;
Then do not counsel: He is too secure,
And in my judgment, 'twere a greater Service
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Than to get him a Friend. I undertook too,
To cross her Plots, oppos'd my Piety,
Against her Malice; and shall Virtue suffer?
No, *Martia*, wert thou here equally armed,
I have cause, spite of thy masculine Breeding,
That would assure the Victory: My Angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Violet like Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combustion,
Part of the Cittadel forc'd, the Treasure seiz'd on;
The Guards corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected Master; *Ferrand* fled too,
And with small strength, into the Castle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him?
And yet the Undertakers, nay, Performers,
Of such a brave and glorious Enterprize,
Are yet unknown; they did proceed like Men,
I like a Child; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow Fools,
Besides my Soul's peace, in my *Juliana*,
The Honour of this Action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Ful. *Ronvere*! 'tis he, a thing, next to the Devil
I most detest, and like him terrible;
Martia's right Hand, the Instrument I fear too,
That is to put her bloody Will into act.
Have I not Will enough, and Cause too mighty?
Weak Womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this Habit,
This Likeness to *Ronvere*, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my Glory;

Q²

Or

Or sinks me and my Miseries together;
Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing,
Some Mischief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his Wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed Soul: Guide my Hand, Heav'n,
And to my tender Arm give Strength and Fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all Ages
Shall bless my Name for; all remembrance crown me.

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not; take that Token,
And bear it to the lustful Arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Violet*'s dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. O I am happy, let me see thee,
That I may bless the hand that gave me Liberty;
O courteous Hand, nay thou hast done most nobly,
And Heav'n has guided thee, 'twas their great Justice;
O blessed Wound that I could come to kiss thee!
How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st!

Jul. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, Dear, shed not those sovereign Balsams
Into my Blood, which must recover me;
Then I shall live again to do a mischief,
Against the mightiness of Love and Virtue,
Some base unhallowed Hand shall rob thy right of.
Help me, I faint: so.

Jul. O unhappy Wench!
How has my Zeal abus'd me; you that guard Virtue,
Were ye asleep? or do you laugh at Innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake? O my dear *Violet*!
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in, his Name be ever blasted;
For his accursed shadow has betray'd
The sweetness of all Youth, the Nobleness,
The Honour, and the Valour; wither'd for ever
The Beauty and the Bravery of all Mankind:
O my dull Devil's Eyes.

Vir. I do forgive you,
By this, and this, I do: I know you were cozen'd;

The

The Shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas most necessary
I should be struck, some Hand above directed you;
For *Juliana* could not shew her Justice,
Without depriving high Heav'n of his Glory,
Or any Subject fit for her, but *Violet*:
Forgive me too, and take my last Breath, sweet one,
This the new Marriage of our Souls together;
Think of me *Juliana*, but not often,
For fear my Faults should burthen your Affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.

Ful. O stay a little,
A little, little, Sir.

[Offers to kill her self.]

Vir. Fie, *Juliana*.

Ful. Shall I out-live the Virtue, I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my Peace; give me the Dag-
On your Obedience, and your Love, deliver it. (ger,
If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heav'n, Sweet;
No guilty Blood comes there; kill your Intentions,
And then you conquer; there where I am going,
Would you not meet me, Dear?

Ful. Yes.

Vir. And still love me?

Ful. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then 'till Heav'n calls you.

Then ripe and full of Sweetness you rise fainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With Hymns of holy Love——I go out:
Give me your Hand, farewell, in Peace farewell,
Remember me, farewell.

[Dies.]

Ful. Sleep you sweet Glasses,
An everlasting Slumber crown those Crystals,
All my Delight adieu, farewell, dear *Violet*,
Dear, dear, most dear; O I can weep no more,
My Body now is Fire, and all consuming.
Here will I sit, forget the World and all things,
And only wait what Heav'n shall turn me to,
For now methinks I should not live.

[She sits down.]

Enter

Enter Pandulpho.

Pand. O my sweet Daughter,
The Work is finish'd now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy Virtues shewed, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.

Fal. Blot it, burn it,
I have no Virtue, hateful I am as Hell is.

Pand. Is not this *Violet*?

Ful. Ask no more Questions;
Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. O my Son,
Nature turns to my Heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my Age, would'st thou go out so quickly?
So poorly take thy Leave, and never see me?
Was this a kind Strok, Daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his Father, and so deadly strike him?
O wither'd timeless Youth, are all thy Promises,
Thy goodly Growth of Honours, come to this?
Do I halt still i'th' World, and trouble Nature,
When her main Pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy. He does weep certain: What Body's that lyes
How do you do, Sir? (by him?)

Pand. O look there, *Lucio*,
Thy Master, thy best Master.

Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, slain him basely; O my Master!

Pand. Well Daughter, well; what Heart had you to
do this?

I know he did you Wrong; but 'twas his Fortune,
And not his Fault, for my sake that have lov'd you,
But I see now you scorn me too.

Boy. O Mistress?
Can you sit there, and his cold Body breathless?
Basely upon the Earth?

Pan. Let her alone, Boy,
She glories in his end.

Boy. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved,---ha! Good Sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O Heav'n, Sir,
O God, my Heart, she's cold, cold and stiff too,
stiff as a Stake, she's dead.

Pand.

Pand. She's gone, ne'er bend her.

I know her Heart, she could not want his Company:
Blessing go with thy Soul, sweet Angels shadow it.
O, that I were the third now, what a Happiness?
But I must live, to see you laid in Earth both,
Then build a Chappel to your Memories,
Where all my Wealth shall fashion out your Stories.
Then dig a little Grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks, her Eyes are open smiling,
I thought she had been alive. You are my Charge, Sir,
And amongst you, I'll see his Goods distributed.
Take up the Bodies, mourn in Heart my Friends,
You have lost two noble Succours; follow me,
And thou, sad Country, weep this Misery. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sesse, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, and
Soldiers; as many as may be.

Sesse. Keep the Ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter
But such as are known Patriots.

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Sesse. 'Tis a substantial Thing, and not a Word,
You Men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other Blessings leave us; 'tis a Jewel
Worth purchasing, at the dear rate of Life,
And so to be defended. O remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be Slaves,
And Properties to *Ferrand's* Pride and Lust,
Take noble Courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great Preserver,
You have enfranchis'd us, from wretched Bondage.

2 *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our Free-
We to the Death would follow him. (dom,

3 *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.

Sesse. That's not my end.
'Twas not Ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful Friends, nor hope of Spoil
For when we did possess the Tyrant's Treasure,
By Force extorted from you, and employed,

To load you with most miserable Thralldom,
 We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
 The help of these, to get you Liberty,
 That for the same Price kept you in Subjection.
 Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Country Men,
 But *Necropolitans*: Now eye me well;
 And tho' the reverend Emblems of mine Age,
 My silver Locks are shorne, my Beard cut off,
 Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
 Tho' fourteen Years you have not seen this Face,
 You may remember it, and call to Mind
 There was a Duke of *Sesse*, a much wrong'd Prince,
 Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Sesse*.

Sesse. I thank you.

The Injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
 Made me forget the Love I owed this Country,
 For which I hope, I have given Satisfaction,
 In being the first that stir'd, to give it Freedom;
 And with your Loves and furtherance, will call back
 Long banisht Peace, and Plenty, to this People.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all Dangers.

*Enter Pandulpho, the Bodies of Virolet and Juliana
 upon a Hearse.*

Sesse. What solemn Funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,

And if't be possible there can be added
 Wings to your swift desire of just Revenge,
 Hear (if my Tears will give way to my Words)
 In brief a most sad Story.

Sesse. Speak, what are they?

I know thee well, *Pandulpho*.

Pand. My best Lord?

As far as Sorrow will give Leave, most welcome;
 This *Virolet* was, and but a Son of mine,
 I might say, the most hopeful of our Gentry;
 And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
 But I'll speak him no farther. Look on this,

This

This Face, that in a Savage would move Pity,
The Wonder of her Sex, and having said
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want Words
To set out her deservings; this blest Lady,
That did endure the Rack to save her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thousand Tortures; by what Practice,
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad Examples
Of *Ferrand's* Tyranny. Convey the Bodies hence.

Sesse. Express your Sorrow
In your Revenge, not Tears, my worthy Soldiers:
That fertile Earth that teem'd so many Children,
To feed his Cruelty, in her wounded Womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boats. We are cold,
Cold Walls shall not keep him from us. (for a

Gun. Were he covered with Mountains, and room only
Bullet to be sent level at him, I would speed him.

Mast. Let's scale this petty Tower; at Sea we are Fal-
And fly unto the Main-Top in a Moment. (con's
What then can stop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.

2 *Cit.* Or eat a Passage to him.

Sesse. Let Discretion
Direct your Anger; that's a Victory,
Which is got with least Loss, let us make ours such:
And therefore Friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your Scalado on the other side,
But enter'd wreak your Suff'rings.

[*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*

1 *Cit.* In our Wrongs
There was no Mean.

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full Revenge
Will we know any.

Sesse. Be appeas'd, good Man,
No Sorrow can redeem them from Death's Prison;
What his inevitable Hand hath seiz'd on,
The World cannot recover. All the Comfort
That I can give to you, is to see Vengeance

Pour'd

Pour'd dreadfully upon the Author's Head,
Of which their Ashes may be sensible,
That have faln by him.

[*Sound a Parley.*

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Ascanio, and Ronvere, above.
Pand. They appear.

Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious Traitors
Worthy an Answer to their proudest Summons,
That we vouchsafe our Presence, or to exchange
One Syllable with 'em; but to let such know,
Though circled round with Treason, all points bent
As to their Center at my Heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, Villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as absolute, as when
He trod upon your Necks, and as much scorns you.
And when the Sun of Majesty shall break through
The Clouds of your Rebellion, every Beam,
Instead of comfortable Heat, shall send
Consuming Plagues among you, and you call
That Government which you term'd Tyrannous,
Hereafter, gentle.

Sesse. Flatter not thy self
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel Beast,
Thou art i'th' toil, and the glad Huntsman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his Prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his Forest.

Fer. What art thou?

Sesse. To thy horror, Duke of *Sesse*.

Fer. The Devil.

Sesse. Reserv'd for thy Damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my Love?

Mart. O I am lost for ever;
Mountains divide me from him, some kind Hand
Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the steep Rock, whose rugged Brows are bent
Upon the swelling Main; there let me hide me:
And as our Bodies then shall be divided,
May our Souls never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweetest?

Mart. There are a thousand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud Horrour,

Than

Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my Father.

Sesse. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my Revenge. It is my Daughter, *Ferrand*;
My Daughter thou hast whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in it:
To know she's thine, affords me more true Pleasure,
Than the Act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin Zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy Family; may they never know
A female Issue, but a Whore; *Ascanio*,
Ronvere, look cheerful; be thou a Man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our Ruins swallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole World, and make a second *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new Beginning rise,
Be it Recorded this did end with us;
And from our Dust hath Embryon.

Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your Example makes me
Equally bold.

Asca. And I resolv'd to bear
Whate'er my Fate appoints me.

Sesse. They are ours,
Now to the Spoil.

Boatsf. Pity the Lady, to all else be deaf. [Exeunt.
Within. Kill, kill, kill.

[Alarum, Flo. Trumpets, Retreat.

Enter *Sesse* with *Ferrand's* Head, the Citizens, Master,
Boatswain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in *Ascanio* and
Martia.

Sesse. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the best Sacrifice to Heav'n for Peace,
Is Tyrants Blood, and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd Instruments in his commands to Mischief,
With him dispatch'd.

Boatsf. They are cut off.

Sesse. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of *Sesse*.

Sesse.

Sesse. Pay that to Heav'n,
 And for a general Joy, give general Thanks:
 For Blessings ne'er descend from Heav'n, but when
 A grateful Sacrifice ascends from Men.
 To your Devotion, leave me, there's a Scene
 Which I would act alone; yet you may stay,
 For wanting just Spectators, 'twill be nothing.
 The rest forbear me.

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
 As now I stand above it; how I tremble!
 Thrice happy they that died, I dying live
 To stand the Whirlwind of a Father's Fury.
 Now it moves toward me.

Sesse. Thou, I want a Name
 By which to stile thee: All articulate sounds
 That do express the mischief of vile Woman,
 That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
 To speak thee to the height. Witch, Parricide,
 For thou, in taking leave of Modesty,
 Hast kill'd thy Father, and his Honour lost;
 He's but a walking Shadow to torment thee.
 To leave, and rob thy Father; then set free
 His Foes, whose Slavery he did prefer
 Above all Treasure, was a strong defeazance
 To cut off even the surest bonds of Mercy.
 After all this, having given up thy self,
 Like to a sensual Beast, a slave to Lust,
 To play the Whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me)
 To find out none to quench thy Appetite,
 But the most cruel King, whom next to Hell
 Thy Father hated, and whose black Embraces
 Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of Furies;
 What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, and the Bodies burn on the Herse.

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
 To hurt me farther; my old Resolution,
 Take now the place of Fear; in this I liv'd,
 In this I'll die, your Daughter.

Pand.

Pand. Look but here ;
You had, I know, a guilty Hand in this ;
Repent it, Lady.

Mart. *Juliana* dead ?
And *Violet* ?

Pand. By her unwilling Hand.

Mart. Fates, you are equal. What can now fall on me,
That I will shrink at ? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your Anger, and not bend a Knee
To ask your Pardon ; let your Rage run higher
Than Billows rais'd up by a violent Tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties ;
They are dead, and I prepar'd ; for in their fall
All my desires are sum'd up.

Sesse. Impudent too ?
Die in it, Wretch.

Boatsf. Stay, Sir.

[*Boatswain kills her.*]

Sesse. How darest thou, Villain,
Snatch from my Sword the honour of my Justice ?

Boatsf. I never did you better Service, Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserv'd to die, but by whose Hand ?
Not by a Father's. Double all her Guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis Murder, in you 'twere a Crime
Heav'n could not pardon. Witness that I love you,
And in that Love I did it.

Sesse. Thou art noble,
I thank thee for't, the thought of her die with her.

Asca. My turn is next ; since she could find no Mercy,
What am I to expect ?

Cit. With one Voice, Sir,
The Citizens salute you with the Stile
Of King of *Naples*.

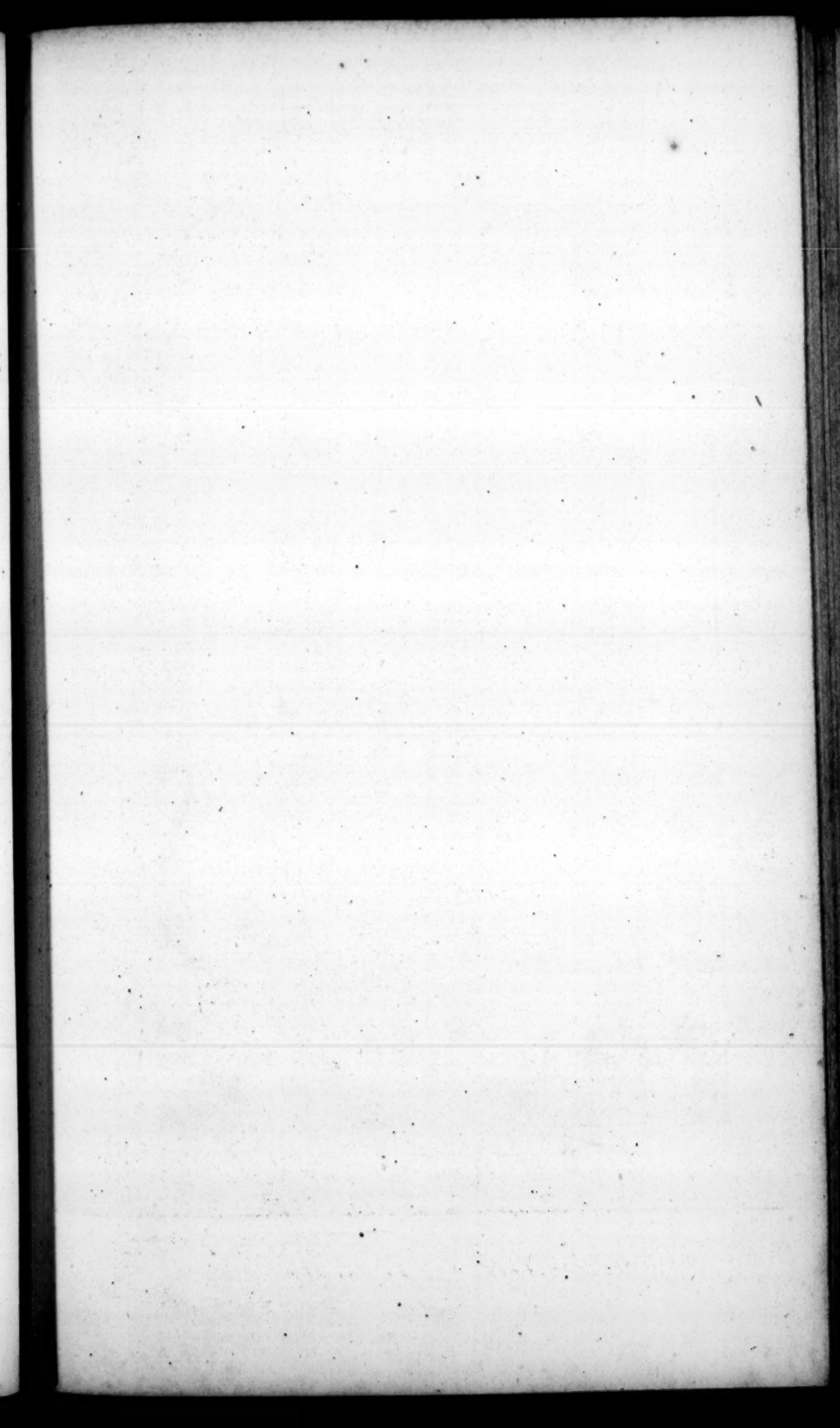
Sesse. I must be excus'd,
The Burden is too heavy for my Shoulder,
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Ascanio*,
It does belong to you ; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the Example of your Uncle,

Learn

Learn that you are to govern Men, not Beasts :
And that it is a most improvident Head,
That strives to hurt the Limbs that do support it.
Give burial to the Dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The Place, which in my Birth first gave me Woe.

[*Flourish Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]







The Maid in y^e Mill

Vol. 5. p. 2515.

THE
MAID
IN THE
MILL.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

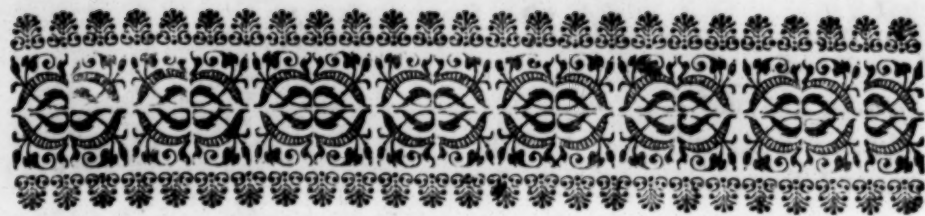
DON Philippo, *King of Spain.*
Otrante, *a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel.*
Julio, *A Nobleman, Uncle to Antonio.*
Bellides, *Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio.*
Lisauo, *Brother to Ismenia, Bellides Son.*
Terzo, *Kinsman to Lisauo, and Friend to Bellides.*
Antonio, *in love with Ismenia, an Enemy to Bellides.*
Martino, *Friend to Antonio, and his secret Rival.*
Geraſto, *Friend to Otrante.*
Pedro, } *Two Courtiers.*
Moncado, }
Goſtanzo, }
Giraldo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to Julio.*
Philippo, }
Vertigo, *A French Taylor.*
Lords, attending the King in Progreſs.
Franio, *a Miller, ſuppoſed Father to Florimel.*
Buſtopha, *Franio his Son, a Clown.*
Pedro, *a Songſter.*
Conſtable.
Officers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Ismenia, *Daughter to Bellides, Miſtreſs of Antonio.*
Aminta, *Couſin to Ismenia, and her private Competrix in Antonio's Love.*
Florimel, *ſuppoſed Daughter to Franio, Daughter to Julio, ſtolen from him a Child.*
Gillian, *Franio the Miller's Wife.*
Country Maids.

S C E N E S P A I N.

THE



THE MAID in the MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lifauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

LISAURO.



ET the Coach go round, we'll walk along
these Meadows, (Sister,
And meet at Port again: Come my fair
These cool Shades will delight ye.

Amin. Pray be merry, (ye,
The Birds sing as they meant to entertain

Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he steals by, curls up his Head, to view ye:
Every thing is in Love.

Ism. You would have it so.

You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cousin,
The theam slides from your Tongue.

Amin. I fair? I thank ye,
Mine's but Shadow when your Sun shines by me.

Ism. No more of this, you know your worth, *Aminta.*
Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the Town, *Ismenia.*

Ter. Close by the Gates.

Ism. 'Tis a fine Air.

Lif. A delicate;

The way so sweet and even, that the Coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleasures:
Methinks I am very merry.

VOL. V.

R

Ism.

Ism. I am sad.

Amin. You are ever so when we entreat ye, Cousin.

Ism. I have no reason; such a trembling here
Over my Heart methinks.

Amin. Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to Night; some Dream, *Ismenia?* (cent,

Ism. My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honest and inno-
Yours are unhappy; who are these that coast us?
You told me the Walk was private.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ter. 'Tis most commonly. (nefs,

Ism. Two proper Men: It seems they have some busi-
With me none sure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company.

Ter. No, Cousin:

Lisaura, we are dog'd.

Lis. I find it, Cousin.

Ant. What handsome Lady?

Mar. Yes, she's very handsome;
They are handsome both.

Ant. *Martine*, stay we are cozen'd.

Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.

Ant. Now by my Life she is sweet: Stay good *Martine*,
They are of our Enemies, the House of *Belides*;
Our mortal Enemies.

Mar. Let 'em be Devils,
They appear so handsomely, I will go forward;
If these be Enemies, I'll ne'er seek Friends more.

Ant. Prithee forbear, the Gentlewomen.

Mar. That's it, Man,
That moves me like a Gin.
'Pray ye stand off, Ladies.

Lis. They are both our Enemies, both hate usequally;
By this fair Day our mortal Foes.

Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They shall have gaping work.

Ism. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?

Ter. Pray ye stand you off, Cousin,
And good now leave your whistling, we are abus'd all:
Back, back, I say. *Lis.*

Lif. Go back.

Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,
To run back on Command.

Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.

Ant. Having a civil Charge of handsome Ladies,
We are your Servants; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,
There's way enough for both.

Lif. We'll make it wider. (have at ye.

Ant. If you will fight; arm'd from this Saint,

Ism. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen?
Discreet, and civil, and in open View thus?

Amin. What will Men think of us; nay you may kill us.
Mercy o'me, through my Petticoat; what bloody Gentle-
men! (nocent,

Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an In-
Brother, why Cousin, by this Light I'll die too:
This Gentleman is temperate; be you merciful:
Alas, the Swords.

Amin. You had best run me through,
'Twill be a valiant Thrust.

Ism. I faint amongst ye.

Ant. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done, sweet Lady,
My Sword's already aw'd, and shall obey ye:
I come not here to violate sweet Beauty,
I bow to that.

Ism. Brother, you see this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman.

Lif. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.

Ant. The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.

Ism. What a sweet Nature this Man has? dear Bro-
Put up your Sword. (ther,

Ter. Let them put up, and walk, then. (us:

Ant. No more loud Words, there's time enough before
For shame put up, do Honour to these Beauties.

Mar. Our way is this,
We will not be deny'd it.

Ter. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.

Ant. What e'er your way is, Lady, 'tis a fair one;

And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [*Exeunt.*]

Ism. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy,
Here's a sweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother,
This Gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monsters.
What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on't;
We have ne'er a Friend in all our House so honourable:
I had rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy distances and modest difference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I am hurt between ye.

Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Cousin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?

Ism. I know not,
But here methinks.

Lis. Unlace her, gentle Cousin.

Ism. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bless the hurter.

Amin. Is it so dangerous?

Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.

Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, sure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.

Lis. The Coach there.

Amin. May be a fright.

Ism. *Aminta*, 'twas a sweet one,
And yet a cruel.

Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handsome Gentleman.

Ism. Oh no deeper:
Prithee be silent, Wench, it may be thy case.

Amin. You must be searched; the Wound will rangle,
And of so sweet a Nature. (*Cousin,*

Ism. Dear *Aminta*,
Make it not forer.

Amin. And on my Life admires ye.

Ism. Call the Coach, Cousin.

Amin. The Coach, the Coach.

Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.

Lis.

Lis. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
And our old Hate shall testify.

Ter. It shall, Cousin.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the House affrights not me,
It spends it self in Words: Oh me, *Martine*,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aside.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrapt in a Cloud of Fire; that Point, *Martine*,
Dazled my Sense, and was too subtle for me,
Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded,
To my Eternal Ruin, my Heart's Valour.

Mar. Methinks she was no such Piece.

Ant. Blaspheme not, Sir,
She is so far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mar. I see it not, and yet I have both Eyes open,
And I could judge, I know there is no Beauty
'Till our Eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome;
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green Face else; and methinks such another.

Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou hast an excellent Sense for a Sign-Post, Friend,
Dost thou not see? I'll swear thou art soon blind else,
As blind as Ignorance; when she appear'd first
Aurora breaking in the East, and through her Face,
As if the Hours and Graces had strew'd Roses,
A Blush of Wonder flying; when he was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The soft Wind drives whiteness of Innocence,
Or any thing that bears celestial Paleness,
She appear'd o'th' sudden? Didst thou not see her Tears
When she entreated? O thou Reprobate!

R 3

Didst

Didst thou not see those orient Tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set, *Martine*,
Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I could live ever a religious Hermit.

Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was of the lowest Stature.

Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature's chief Art, *Martine*,
Is to reserve her Models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one
For fear she should exceed, upon her Matter
Has she fram'd this; oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention spoils 'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great Bodies are like Countries,
Discovering still, Toil and no Pleasure finds 'em.

Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island,
Now I believe she is handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, save thee.

Mar. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But hark ye, Friend *Martine*,
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
Do you show me Meat, and stitch my Lips, *Antonio*?
Is that fair Play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me,
And yet I know thee for an errant Wencher,
A most immoderate thing, thou canst not love long.

Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe.

Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our Enemy.

Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive she hates our whole House.

Ant. Yet, good *Martine*.

Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:

You

You shall enjoy her in your Dream, *Antonio*,
And I'll not hinder; though now I persuade my self.

Enter Aminta with a Letter.

Ant. Sit with Persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her.

Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?

Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?

Mar. Yes, a Letter.

She brings no Challenge sure; if she do, *Antonio*,
I hope she'll be a Second too; I am for her.

Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.

Ant. You are welcome, Lady;
'Tis like our late rude Passage has pour'd on us
Some Reprehension.

Amin. No, I bring no Anger,
Though some deserv'd it.

Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons,
Indeed I wear no Sword to fright sweet Beauties.

Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir,
And my Commission's done. (view it,

Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I am glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exer-
You may chance meet with one ill written. (cise,

Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a Womans, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they have but one end.

Amin. You say true, Sir. [Exit.

Ant. *Martine*, my Wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave Return; most happy, happy,
I am a blessed Man; where's the Gentlewoman?

Mar. Gone, the Spirit's gone, what News?

Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we saw; from that same Miracle,
I know her Name now; read but these three Lines;
Read with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martine reads.

*I dare not chide ye in my Letter, Sir,
 'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
 In the West-street, and find a fair Stone Window
 Carved with white Cupid; there I'll entertain ye:
 Night and Discretion guide ye.* *! Call me Ismenia.*

Ant. Give it me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I am all

Mar. There may be Danger. *(Fire.*

Ant. So there is to drink,

When Men are thirsty, to eat hastily
 When we are hungry: So there is in Sleep, Friend,
 Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
 We may die laughing, choak'd even at Devotions:
 An Apoplexy, or a sudden Palsie,
 May strike us down.

Mar. May be a Train to catch ye.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love answer for it,
 'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.
 And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things.——

Mar. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
 A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell
 Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.
 'Tis almost Night; away Friend.

Mar. I am ready,
 I think I know the House too.

Ant. Then are we happy.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. Did you meet him?

Amin. Yes.

Ism. And did you give my Letter?

Amin. To what end went I?

Ism. Are ye sure it was he?

Was it that Gentleman?

Amin. Do you think I was blind?

I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife. *(Friend.*

Ism. What kind of Man was he? Thou may'st be deciv'd,
Amin.

Amin. A Man with a Nose on's Face: I think he had
And Hands, for sure he took it. (Eyes too,

Ism. What an Answer? (troubled?

Amin. What Questions are these to one that's hot and
Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Cousin,
At my Years and Discretion, to deliver
A Letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempster's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife will not miss it:
A Puritan Hostess, Cousin, would scorn these Questions.
My Legs are weary.

Ism. I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at Supper?

Ism. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor desire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkish.

Amin. I see nothing yet; assure your self, *Ismenia*,
If he be a Man, he will not miss.

Ism. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild Construction of my Easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.

Amin. What should ye blush at?
Blush when you act your Thoughts, not when you write
Blush soft between a Pair of Sheets, sweet Cousin. (em;
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's so unnatural to leave a Woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,
Leave her in her Desires: Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they are sent for.
Hark, I hear something: Up to th' Chamber, Cousin,
You may spoil all else.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ism. Let me see, they are Gentlemen;
It may be they.

Amin. They are they; get ye up,
And like a Land-star draw him.

Ism. I am shame-fac'd.

[*Exit.*

Ant. This is the Street.

Mart. I am looking for the House:
Close, close, pray ye close here.

Ant.

Ant. No, this is a Merchant's;
I know the Man well:

Mar. And this a Potheccary's: I have lain here many
For a looseness in my Hilts. (times,

Ant. Have ye not past it?

Mar. No sure:

There is no House of mark that we have scaped yet.

Ant. What place is this?

Mar. Speak softer, 'may be Spies;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
Carv'd far above, that I perceive; 'tis dark,
But she has such a Lustre.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes *Martine*,
So radiant she appears.

Mar. Else we may miss, Sir:
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n she shine
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too. (clear:

Ant. Step close, 'tis she; I see the Cloud disperse,
And now the beauteous Planet.

Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the soul of Love a Divine Creature.

Ism. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Most blessed Lady.

Ism. 'Pray ye stand out.

Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now stirring.

Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken.

Amin. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body:
I love him heartily.

Ism. 'Tis the right Gentleman;
But what to say to him. Sir.

Amin. Speak.

Ant. I wait still,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this House, so it please you.

Ism. Speak softly,
And 'pray ye speak truly too.

Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.

Ism.

Ism. And don't think me impudent to ask ye,
I know ye are an Enemy, speak low,
But I would make ye a Friend.

Ant. I am Friend to Beauty;
There's no Handsomness, I dare be Foe to:

Ism. Are ye married?

Ant. No.

Ism. Are ye betrothed?

Ant. No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair Sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.
Most beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. That may be, Sir, then ye are miserable,
For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your self for Pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than Liberty:
There is no blessedness but in such Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beseech ye,
(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to; he must be certain
More than Human, that bounds in such a Beauty:
Happy that happy Chain, such Links are Heav'nly.

Ism. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.

Ism. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not scorn what I speak?

Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you say, I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set the Candle by, for I shall blush now;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth? It must out,
'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Speak that work again.
I understand ye not.

Ism. 'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Here is another Gentleman.

Ism. 'Tis you, Sir.

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mar. Not by thee, first curse me.

Ism. And if I knew your Name.

Ant.

Ant. Antonio, Madam,

Ism. Antonio, take this Kiss, 'tis you I am bound to.

Ant. And when I set ye free, may Heav'n forsake me,
Ismenia.

Ism. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You have learn'd my Name.

Ant. Hear but some Vows I make to ye:
Hear but the Protestations of a true Love.

Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful things;
Done in the clearest Light, and noblest Testimony:
No Vow, dear Sir, tie not my fair Belief
To such strict Terms; those Men have broken Credits,
Loose and dismembred Faiths, my dear Antonio,
That splinter 'em with Vows: Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.

Ant. I had rather hear ye,
For so sweet Musick never struck mine Ears yet:
Will you believe now?

Ism. Yes.

Ant. I am yours.

Ism. Speak louder,
If ye answer the Priest so low, you will lose your Wedding.

Mar. Would I might speak, I would hollow.

Ant. Take my Heart,
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heav'n——

Ism. Peace, no more: I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
Keep you your word; when will you come again, Friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
I would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why any Night; only, dear noble Mistress,
Pardon three Days, my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon Promise,
Upon expectation too; we have rare Sports there,
Rare Country Sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honour me?

Ism. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not, Friend,
Where I may come with honourable Freedom.
Alas, I am ill too, we in Love.

Ant

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in Love, but you must be Physician.

Ant. I'll make a Plaster of my best Affection.

Ism. Be gone, we have supp'd, I hear the People stir,
Take my best Wishes; give me no cause, *Antonio*,
To curse this happy Night.

Ant. I'll lose my Life first:
A thousand Kisses.

Ism. Take ten thousand back again.

Mar. I am dumb with Admiration; shall we go, Sir?

[*Exeunt.*

Ism. Dost thou know his Uncle?

Amin. No, but I can ask, Cousin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to Bed both,
And give me handsome Dreams, Love, I beseech thee.

Amin. 'Has given ye a handsome Subject.

Ism. Pluck to the Windows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. **T**HE thundering Seas, whose watry Fire washes
The whiting Mops:
The gentle Whale whose Feet so fell
Flies o'er the Mountains tops.

Fra. within. Boy.

Bust. The thundring.

Fra. Why Boy *Bustopha*.

Bust. Here I am; the gentle Whale.

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Sister?

Bust. The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountain tops.

Fra. Where's your Sister, Man?

Bust. Washes the whiting-Mops.

Fra. Thou ly'st, she has none to wash Mops?
The Boy is half way out of his Wits, sure:

Sirrah,

Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thundring Seas. .

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Bust. Will you not give a Man leave to Con? (Sirrah,

Fra. Yes, and fesse too, e'er I have done with you
Am I your Father? (thing

Bust. The Question is too hard for Child, ask me any
That I have learn'd, and I'll answer you. (Father?

Fra. Is that a hard Question? Sirrah, am not I your

Bust. If I had my Mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a Thief?

Bust. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Bust. Let it go by Eldership. The gentle Whale—

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish Study there,
And beat your Brains about your own Affairs: or-----

Bust. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails,
And beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural
Father you are.——

Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day;
Last Night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Bust. Is the Wind turn'd since last Night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;
There's my Command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will see your Millgelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks,
E'r I deceive the Country so; have I not my part to
How shall the Sports go forward, if I be not there? (study?

Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if you be'st not

Bust. Consider that, and go your self. (there.

Fra. I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter,
You go not, nor your Sister; there's my Charge.

Bust. The price of your golden Thumb cannot hold

Fra. I, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd, (me.
I could have kept Company with the Hounds.

Bust. You are fit for no other Company yet. (i'faith:

Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's tail

Bust. That was before I was born,
I did ever mistrust I was a Bastard,
Because *Lapis* is in the singular number with me.

Enter

Enter Otrante and Geraſto.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, *Geraſto*, and chafe here ;
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I am prepar'd,
My Lord, with Advantages ; and ſee
Yonder's the Subject I muſt work upon.

Otr. Her Brother 'tis: Methinks it ſhould be eaſie
That groſs Compound cannot but diſſuſe
The Soul in ſuch a Latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie:
What Wit above the leaſt can be in him,
That Reason ties together ?

Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it : I have the way
To make him follow me a Hackney-pace,
With all that Fleſh about him ; yes, and dragg
His Siſter after him: This baits the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [Exit.

Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good Day to you ;
You were not wont to hear this Muſick ſtanding ;
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the firſt rank of Huntſmen.

Buſt. The Dogs cry out of him now.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you elſe:

Buſt. Curr, Curr.

Fra. Slave, do'ſt call me Dog?

Otr. Oh fie, Sir, he ſpeaks *Latine* to you,
He would know why you'll bite him. (my Lord.

Buſt. *Reſponde cur* ; You ſee his Underſtanding,

Fra. I ſhall have a time to curry you for this:
But, my Lord, to anſwer you, the Days have been
I muſt have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the Stones grind empty : But thoſe Dancings
Are done with me ; I have good will to it ſtill,
And that's the beſt I can do,

Otr. Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd ;
Your Company deſerves him, though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Buſt.

Bust. He'll do't o'th' purpose, my Lord, to bring him up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord. (now:

Otr. There's a foot i'th' Stirrop; I'll not leave you You shall see the Game fall once again. (you,

Fra. Well, my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for And try 'em once a Horseback. Sirrah, my Charge, keep it. [Exit.

Bust. Yes, when you pare down your dish for Conscience When your Thumb's coin'd into *bone & legalis*, (fate, When you are a true Man-Miller.

Otr. What's the matter *Bustopha*? (has the Staggers,

Bust. My Lord; if you have e'er a drunken Jade that That will fall twice the height of our Mill with him, set him (out o'the

O'th' back on him, a galled *Jennet* that will winch him Saddle, and break one on's Necks, or a shank of him; (there was

A Fool going that way, but the As's had better luck;) Or one of your brave *Barbaries*, that would pass the Straits, and run (would

Into his own Country with him; the first *Moor* he met, Cut his Throat for Complexions sake, there's as deadly feud between

A *Moor* and a Miller, as between Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, *Bustopha*, Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be Judge, my Lord, (Country I am studied in my Part; the *Julian* Feast is to Day, the Expects me, I speak all the dumb shews; my Sister chosen for (mercy,

A Nymph. The gentle Whale whose feet so fell: Cry That was some of my part; but his Charge is to keep And disappoint the Revels. (the Mill,

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the Coun-

Bust. I, and for mine own Grace too. (try expecting.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main Speaker too.

Bust. The main? Why all my Speech lies in the Main, And the dry Ground together: The thundering Seas, whose, &c.

Otr. Nay

Otr. Nay, then thou must go, thou'lt be much con-
But then o'th' other side, Obedience. (demn'd else.

Bust. Obedience?

But speak you Conscience now, my Lord,
Am not I past asking Blessing at these Years?
Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your
Father.

Otr. I must yield to you, *Bustopha*; your Reasons
Are so strong, I cannot contradict: This I think,
If you go, your Sister ought to go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now: She is not at Age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age; as full as thou art
At one and twenty: She's manable, is she not?

Bust. I think not; poor Heart, she was never try'd, in
my Conscience.

'Tis a coy thing; she will not kiss you a Clown, not if he
Would kiss her.

Otr. What, Man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected; well, Sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but Opinion is,
You may take her along: This is half way:
The rest, *Geraſto*, and I hunt my Prey.—— [Exit.

Bust. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill
Strikes sail presently.

Enter Pedro, with *Geraſto* blind, singing.

S O N G.

Ger. Come follow me, you Country Lasses,
And you shall see such Sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the String:
Each shall have a loose-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down.

Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Bust. O sweet Diego, the sweetest Diego; stay, Sister
Florimel.

Flo. What's that, Brother?

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Bust.

Bust. Didst not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.

Flo. I have heard him sing, yet unravish'd, Brother.

Bust. You had the better Luck, Sister. I was ravish'd By my own Consent; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Bust. Out; the Thief is as safe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our

Great Landlord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up, *Diego*.

Flo. But say he return before us, where's our Excuse?

Bust. Strike up, *Diego*. Hast no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well, the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Bust. My Faults never mount so high, Girl, they rise but to My Middle at most. Strike up, *Diego*.

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, *Bustopha*, and Pretty *Florimel* thy Sister; oh that I could see her.

Bust. Oh *Diego*, there's two Pities upon thee; great Pity thou art blind;

And as great a Pity, thou canst not see.

S O N G.

Ger. You shall have Crowns of Roses, Daiesies,

Buds, where the Hony-maker gazes;

You shall taste the golden Thighs,

Such as in Wax-Chamber lyes.

What Fruit please you, taste, freely pull,

'Till you have all your Bellies full.

Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not so sweet when he perfum'd the Steeple. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not lost again?

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the World's a Wilderness; Some Places peopled more by braver Beasts Than others are; but Faces, Faces, Man, May a Man be caught with Faces?

Mar. Without Wonder,

'Tis Odds against him: May not a good Face

Lead

Lead a Man about by th'Nose? 'las,
The Nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two Faces
Should be so twin'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aspect? that neither Wen, nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eyes Lustre,
The Lips cherry; neither the Blush nor Smile
Should give the one Distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?

Mar. Altogether.
We are all one Mold, one Dust.

Ant. Thy Reason's mouldy.
I speak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongst
So many Millions Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Distinction, to cull out
The one from th'other; yet all one Name, the Face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part
Of the Body, if the Face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her Name?

Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, besides a Spoon,
And what Apostles Picture: She is christened too,
In Token wherefore she is called *Isabella*,
The Daughter of a Country plow Swain by:
If this be not true, she lyes.

Ant. She cannot;
It would be seen a Blister on her Lip,
Should Falshood touch it, it is so tender:
Had her Name held, 'thad been *Ismenia*,
And not another of her Name.

Mar. Shall I speak? !(like?

Ant. Yes, if thou'lt speak truth: Is she not wondrous

Mar. As two Garments of the same Fashion,
Cut from the same Piece; yet if any excel,
This has the first; and in my Judgment 'tis so.

Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.

Mar. Were it the Face

Where mine Eye should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.

Ant. And yet the other is the Case of this.
Had I not look'd upon *Ismenia*,
I ne'er had staid beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this.

Mar. Would I could leave him here,
'Twere a free Passage to *Ismenia*:
I must now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not consider, Sir,
The great Disparity is in their Bloods,
Estates and Fortunes: There's the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.

Ant. The least of all.
Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar:
That sole Unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry Blood: We are free Disposers,
And have the Power to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us.

Mar. Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your Pleasure;
But as it is.

Ant. As it is; 'tis nothing:
Their Powers will come too late, to give me back
The Yesterday I lost.

Mar. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your Opposition from the other part
Is of more Force; there you run the hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply;
You meet your dearest Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Ismenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country *Isabel*.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush, 'tis not Fear removes me.

Mar. No more; your Uncle.

Ful. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen:
Welcome Nephew; speak it to your Friend, Sir, It

It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance.

Ant. I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.

Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.

Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you must look on with a loving Eye,
And without Censure, 'less it be giving
My Country Neighbours Loves their yearly Offerings,
That must not be refus'd; though't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor;
'Twill abide no more Test than the Tinsel
We clad our Masks in for an Hour's wearing,
Or the Livery Lace sometimes on the Cloaks
Of a great Don's Followers: I speak no further
Than our own Country, Sir.

Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.

Jul. You'll find the Guest you look for: I heard, Cousin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other Day.

Ant. Not late, Sir.

Jul. Oh fie! Must I be plainer? You chang'd the Point
With *Tirso* and *Lisauro*, two of the Stock
Of our Antagonists, the *Belides*.

Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention
Was quick with us: We had done somewhat else;
This Gentleman was engag'd in't.

Jul. I am
The Enemy to his Foe for it: That wild-fire
Will crave more than fair Water to quench it,
I suspect: Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconcilement,
But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us;
Nay, I have more Guests to grace it: Welcome
Don *Gostanco*, *Girald*, *Philippo*; Seat, seat all. [*Musick*].

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a Fire, therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

Jul. He's not without those Members, fear him not.

Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.

And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out. (before.

Mar. I never heard Love give Reason for what he did

Enter Bustopha, for Paris.

Cup. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: Behold,
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold:

*And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful Youth of Troy,
Queen Hecub's darling Son, King Priam's only Joy. (ther.*

Mar. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector* ra-

Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. *Paris* can be angry.

Jul. Oh at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar. — Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.

Bust. The thundring Seas whose watry Fire washes the
Whiting Mops. (tain Tops.

The gentle Whale, whose Feet so fell, flies o'er the Moun-
No Roars so fierce, no Throats so deep, no Howls can bring
such Fears,

As *Paris* can, if Garden from he call his Dogs and Bears.

Mar. Ay, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Bust. Yes *Jack-an-Apes*.

Mar. I thank you, good *Paris*. (o'th' way then:

Bust. You may hold your Peace, and stand further out
The Lines will fall where they light, (Mirth,

Yes *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath to Sports, and Faces make like
Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts, do toss from
Blind Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind. (Ground to Earth:

Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for losing of his Eyes.

Bust. Be-whipped Man may see,

But we present no such Content, but Nymphs such as they

Ant. These are long Lines. (be.

Mar. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em.

*Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel,
(as Juno, Pallas, Venus) and three Nymphs attending.*

Bust. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must
not speak here. (fick break here.

Let Shepherds sing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Mu-

S O N G.

S O N G.

(must fall,

Now Ladies fight, with Heels so light, by Lot your Luck
Where *Paris* please, to do you Ease, and give the golden
Ball.

[Dance.

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now, *Antonio*, where would you

Ant. I prithee, Friend, (bestow it ?

Take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. 'Protest there's a third, which by her Habit
Should personate *Venus*, and by Consequence
Of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize:

And were I a *Paris*, there it should be.

Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine Eye is so fixed,
I cannot move it.

Cup. The Dance is ended; now to Judgment, *Paris*.

Bust. Here *Juno*, here; but stay, I do espy
A pretty Gleek coming from *Pallas*'s Eye:
Here *Pallas*, here; yet stay again, methinks
I see the Eye of lovely *Venus* winks:
Oh close them both; shut in those golden Eyn,
And I will kiss those sweet blind Cheeks of thine.

Juno is angry, yes and *Pallas* frowns,
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida*'s Downs.

They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,
The fairest Hair, and sweetest dimple Hole:

To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one Man please three Ladies altogether?

No; take it *Venus*, toss it at thy Pleasure,
Thou art the Lovers Friend beyond his Measure.

Jul. *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Person.

Enter *Gerasto*, as *Mars*.

Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Sphere.

Bust. How now, what's he?

Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly thorough *Apollo*'s Beam:

I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with *Mars* a sweet Conjunction. [Exit.

Bust. Hal! What Fellow's this? h'as carry'd away my
He never rehears'd his Part with me before. (Sister *Venus*:

Jul. What follows now, Prince *Paris*?

[Flo. within—Help, help, help.

Bust. Heu and Cry, I think Sir, this is *Venus*'s Voice,
Mine own Sister *Florimel*'s.

Mar. What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Bust. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*
Are in the old Conjunction, it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cries out when she conjoins with *Mars*. (sure,

Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts
It may be 'tis the Book-holders Fault, I'll go see.---[Ex.

Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?

All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now

Juno and *Minerva* should take Revenge on *Paris*,
It cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect,
Instead of *Mars*, the Storm-Goaler *Eolus*,
And *Juno* proff'ring her *Deiopeia*
As satisfaction to the blustering God,
To send his Tossers forth.

Jul. It may so follow,
Let's not prejudicate the History.

Enter *Bustopha*.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So here's a Passion towards.

Bust. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
My *Venus*, she's stolen away.

Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation. (*Mars*

Bust. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me else. God
Is a bawdy Villain; he said she should ride upon Doves:
She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's serious. (horse in the Breech

Bust. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-
Of her; the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none
Of you will help.

Jul.

Jul. Speak, it is the Show, or dost thou bawl?

Bust. A pox on the Ball: My Sister bawls, and I bawl;
Either bridle Horse and follow, or give me a Halter
To hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a Hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with pursuit,
But I will find the Thief; my House thus abus'd?

Bust. 'Tis my House that's abus'd, the Sister of my
Flesh and Blood; oh, oh. [Exeunt.

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all sh:ft for our selves, if this

2 *Wench.* However I'll be gone. (be serious.

3 *Wench.* And I. [Exeunt.

Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls,
With the least pale Complexion of a Fear. (screet.

Mar. *Juno* has better Courage, and *Minerva*'s more di-

Ism. Alas, my Courage was so counterfeit
It might have been struck from me with a Feather.

Juno ne'er had so weak a Presenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.

Ism. My Dwelling, Sir?

'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, scarce a League off,
That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle Pardon:

I vow my erring Eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal Enemies
That our Family has.

Ism. I'm sorry, Sir,
I am so like your Foe: 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended Sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not,
It was my Error, and I do confess it:
You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I speak it,
But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.

Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employ-

Ant. A Kinswoman to that Beauty. (ment.

Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her Beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.

Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mar.

Mar. Let me but kiss you with his Ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh forbear;
'Tis not the Fashion with us; but would you
Persuade me that he loves me?

Mar. I'll warrant you
He dies in't, and that were Witness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reason?

Mar. Fie, will you ask me that which you have about

Ism. I know nothing, Sir. (you?)

Mar. Let him find it then;
He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely Beauty.

Ism. So Sir; pray you
Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his Bosome Counsellor.)
Nay then I see your Answer is not ready:
I'll not believe you, if you study farther.

Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady
Whose Deserts might buy him trebble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it,
In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her Name?

Mar. In your Ear you may,
With vow of Silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, Sir.
If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that's not the Answer to my Question.

Amin. You are the first in my Virgin-Conscience
That e'er spoke Love to her: Oh, my Heart!

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, Sir; but would I had a better Face.
How well your Pulse beats.

Ant. Healthfully, does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.

Ism. Alack, I hear it
With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?

Mar.

Mar. You forget
The difficult Passage he has to her,
A Hell of Feud's between the Families.

Ism. And that has often Love wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconcilement.

Mar. There impossible.

Ism. This way 'tis worser; 't may Seed again in her
Unto another Generation:

For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?

Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
I'll go no farther for Comparifon,
As dear as he loves you.

Ism. How if she love not?

Mar. Tush, be that my Pains: You know not what
I have those ways. (Art

Ism. Beshrow you, you have practis'd upon me;
Well, speed me here, and you with your *Ismenia*.

Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, ready dated,
There wants but your Hand to't.

Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.

Mar. A friendly part, no more, sweet Beauty.

Amin. They are happy, Sir, have such Friends as you
But do you know you have done well in this? (are.
How will his Allies receive it? She, though I say't,
Is of no better Blood than I am.

Mar. There I leave it, I'm at farthest that way.

Ism. You shall extend your Vows no larger now.
My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unsaluted long
Either by Pen or Person.

Ant. You may discourse
With me, when you think y'are alone, I shall
Be present with you.

Ism. Come, Cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long since: In Conscience
You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.

Mar. You'll answer this, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Ant.

Ant. If e'er't be spoke on :
I purpose not to propound the Question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor Knave said ; some Ravisher,
Some of Lust's Blood-Hounds have seiz'd upon her :
The Girl is hurry'd, as the Devil were with 'em,
And help'd their Speed.

Mar. It may be not so ill, Sir.
A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot Blood as this, and perform'd honestly.

Jul. What ? steal away a Virgin against her Will?

Mar. It may be any Man's Case ; despise nothing :
And that's a Thief of a good Quality,
Most commonly he brings his Theft home again,
Though with a little Shame.

Jul. There's a Charge by't
Fall'n upon me : *Paris* (the Miller's Son)
Her Brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better Tidings follow of his Sister.

Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the Mischance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I should as soon
Have stoll'n him as his Sister : Marry then,
To render him back in the same Plight he is
May be costly ; his Flesh is not maintain'd with litte.

Jul. I think the poor Knave will pine away,
He cries all to be pitied yonder.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go see him : I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.

Jul. Well, you are merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this Charge ; I have Fears
Move me to lay it on you : Pray forbear
The ways of your Enemies, the *Belides*.
I have Reason for my Injunction, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Aminta as a Page, with a Letter.

Ant. To me, Sir ? From whom ?

Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir.
Though on the Enemies part : The Lady *Ismenia*.

Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep ; let me advise
In your Answer, 't must be done heedfully.

(you
Ant.

Ant. I should not see a Masculine in peace
Out of that House.

Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir,
Your Hates cannot last 'till I wear a Sword.

Ant. Await me for your Answer.

Mar. He must see her,
To manifest his Shame ; 'tis my Advantage ;
While our Blood's under us, we keep above,
But then we fall, when we do fall in Love. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. **M**Y Lord, my Lord, your House hath injur'd me,
Rob'd of all the Joys I had on Earth.

Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow ?

Fra. In a Mill.

You may perceive it by my loud Excláims,
Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstreperous Carle,
If thy Throat's Tempest could o'er-turn my House,
What Satisfaction were it for thy Child ?

Turn thee the right way to thy Journeys end.
Wilt have her where she is not ?

Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after ;
From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to punish,
I will not rest : You are not quick to Grief.
Your hearing's a dead Sense. Were yours the Loss,
Had you a Daughter, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end should come the Thief ?)
You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high.
But being not a Sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.

Jul. Oh, thou hast op'd a Sluce was long shut up,
And let a Flood of Grief in ; a buried Griet
Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old

4

As likely 'tis thy Child is; Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a Daughter.

Fra. Did you, Sir?

Beseech you then, how did you bear her Loss?

Ful. With thy Grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stolen from you?

Ful. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a Satisfaction:

The wild Beasts had her in her swathing Cloaths.

Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.

Ful. Away tough Churl.

Fra. Why, she was better eaten than my Child,
Better by Beasts, than beastly Men devoured:
They took away a Life, no Honour from her:
Those Beasts might make a Saint of her; but these
Will make my Child a Devil. But was she, Sir,
Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Ful. I ne'er had other, Friend.

Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Business lyes not (here,
Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill cost you dear, her Freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down,
And free her without pay:
Horse-Locks nor Chains shall hold her from me.

Ful. I'll take this Relief.

I now have time to speak alone with Grief: [Exit.

Fra. How? My Landlord? He's Lord of my Lands,
But not my Cattel: I'll have her again, *Gil.*

Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.

Fra. No *Gil.* I have been mad these five Hours:
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a roaring.

I'll batter down his House, and make a Stews on't.

Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
And hear me? The King's near by in Progress,
Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

Fra. Give it me, *Gil.*

I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own Hands, God blefs him, will I give it,

And

And he shall set the Law upon their Shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.

Gil. Where's your Son?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in Flitches:
The Dogs shall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats Meat
And Dog's Meat enough about him. (time.

Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this

Fra. If she be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count
Shall pay for it. He shall pay for a new Maiden-Head.

Gil. You are so violous: This I'm resolv'd,
If she be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right,
She's none of our Child, but a meer Foundling,
(And I can guess the Owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.

Fra. *Gil.* no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell those Tales.
Hark, hark, these *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [Exeunt.

Enter Lifauro, Terfa, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lif. Does the King remove to Day?

Ter. So says the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the Progress.

Ped. He hunts this Moring, Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' Fields: The Court is all in Readiness.

Lif. *Pedro*, did you send for this Tailor? or you *Mon-*
This light *French* Demi-Lance that follows us. (cado?

Ped. No, I assure ye on my Word, I am guiltless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Mon. I am not quit I am sure: There is a Reckoning
Of some four scarlet Cloaks, and two lac'd Suits
Hangs on the File still, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off.

Lif. I am in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.

Ter. And I for two: What a devil makes he this Way?
I do not love to see my Sins before me.

Ped. 'Tis the Vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their Debtors.

Ter.

Ter. What do you call him for? I never love
To remember their Names that I owe Mony to,
'Tis not gentile; I shun 'em like the Plague ever.

Lif. His Name's *Vertigo*; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A *Frenchman*, and a Founder of new Fashions:
'The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Mon. He is very brave.

Lif. The Shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Makes him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.

Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking——

Ter. Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time.

Ver. Pardon me, sweet Signior, (Gentlemen,
Good Faith the least Thought in my Heart; your Love,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preserve your Love.

Lif. Yes marry shall ye,
And we our Credit; you would see the Court?

Mon. He shall see every Place.

Ver. Shall I i'faith, Gentlemen?

Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttery, and the Kitchen,
The Pastry, and the Pantry.

Ter. Ay, and taste too
Of every Office, and be free of all too;
That he may say when he comes home in Glory.

Ver. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too: Shall I see the King also?

Lif. Shalt see him every Day: Shalt see the Ladies
In their *French* Cloaths, shalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Mistress too. We must fool handsomely,
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us else.

Ped. A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own House for salt Butter.

Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit.

Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And dissect his Doublets, that thou may'st be perfect,

Ver.

Ver. The Wardrobe I would fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.

Lif. Thou shalt see it,
And see the Secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of Fashions five Years hence.

Ver. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me.

Ter. Any thing i'th'Court, Sir,
Or within the Compass of a Courtier.

Ver. My Wife shall give ye Thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.
The privatest place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your Bounties, Gentle-
In such abundance. (men,

Lif. I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'st tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou hast seen something,
Nay, thou shalt present the King for this time.

Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir. (belong to it;

Lif. That thou may'st know what State there does
Stand there I say, and put on a sad Countenance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the Sun, by soft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd,
The King appears; we'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I am sure you are merry with us all the Year long, Tailor,
Move softer still, keep in that fencing Leg, *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio out of Breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?

Lif. 'Has a Petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we are made.

Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.

Lif. Now bear your self, that you may say hereafter.

Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll speak unto him present-
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider (ly.
A poor Man's Case?

Ver. What's your Will, Sir?

Lif. You must accept, and read it.

Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my Life for't.

Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He will ne'er cut

Ver. And what's your Grief? (Clothes again.

Mon. He speaks i'th' Nose like his Goose. (Sir,

Fra. I pray you read there; I am abus'd and frumpt,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honest Men are hang'd for doing less, Sir:
My Child is stoll'n, the Count *Otrante* stole her;
A pretty Child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A filken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beastly Offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it, Sir;

Enter King Philipppo, and Lords.

Phil. What Pageant's this?

Lif. The King:

Tailor, stand off, here ends your Apparition:
Miller, turn round, and there address your Paper
There, there's the King indeed.

Fra. May it please your Majesty.

Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that Fellow?

Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought he had been a King, he was so gallant,
There's none here wears such Gold.

Phil. So foolishly,
You have golden Business sure; because I am homely
Clad, in no glittering Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preserve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings;
Unto your Bodies minister warm Raiments,
Whollome and good; glitter within, and spare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took such State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince?

Lif. The Prince of Tailors, Sir:

We owe some Mony to him, and't like your Majesty.
Phil.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modefter,
And you less saucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Pressing-Iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show such another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worse Clothes, these but proclaim your Fellony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I beseech you read it.

Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a base
For stealing of a Maid? (Villany;

Lord. The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the Fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I am in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have seldom Leisure to run mad;
We have other Business to employ our Heads in,
We have little Wit to lose too: If we complain,
And if a heavy Load lye on our Shoulders,
Worse than a Sack of Meal, and oppress our Poverties,
We are mad straight, and whop'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horse mad, as you use us;
You are mad for nothing, and no Man dare proclaim it,
In you a Wildness is a noble Trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all Men must love it:
Oppressions of all sorts, fit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handsomely upon your Lordships;
And if we kick when your Honours spur us,
We are Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice;
I am a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a Wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the Man reputed for a good Man,
An honest and substantial Fellow.

Phil. He speaks Sense,
And to the Point: Greatness begets much Rudeness.
How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainst so main a Person,
A Man of so much noble Note and Honour,
Put up this base Complaint? Must every Peasant
Upon a saucy Will affront great Lords!
All Fellows, Miller?

Fra. I have my Reward, Sir.
 I was told one Greatness, would protect another,
 As Beams support their Fellows; now I find it:
 If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
 'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispatch'd:
 Though I steal Bread, I steal no Flesh to tempt me.
 I have a Wife, and't please him to have her too,
 With all my Heart; 'twill make my Charge the less, Sir,
 She'll hold him play awhile: I have a Boy too,
 He's able to instruct his Honour's Hogs,
 Or rub his Horse-Heels; when it please his Lordship
 He may have him his Slave too, or his Bawd:
 The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister:
 For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,
 To lose my Goods, and have mine Ears cropt off;
 Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper stuck before me,
 For abominable Honesty to his own Daughter,
 I can endure, Sir; the Miller has a stout Heart,
 Tough as his Toal-Pin.

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly,
 Is it his Daughter that the People call
 The Miller's fair Maid?

2 *Lord.* It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
 Be sure you hang me, I will ask no Courtesie:
 Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.
 She may be fair, and she may be abused too:
 A King is not exempted from these Cases,
 Stolen from your loving Care.

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid she should be in that Venture
 That mine is in at this Hour: I'll assure your Grace
 The Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
 Would I had his Stones to set, I would fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye far-
 And keep this private all upon your Loyalties: (ther,
 To Morrow Morning, though I am now beyond him,
 And the less lookt for, I'll break my Fast with the good Count:
 No more, away, all to our Sports, be silent.

[*Exeunt.*
Ver.

Ver. What Grace shall I have now?

Lif. Chuse thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, *Vertign*,
We must needs follow the King.

Ter. You heard the Sentence.

Mon. If you stay here
I'll send thee a shoulder of Venison;
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs.

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the King's
'Tis a fine place; we cannot stay. (Monkey,

Ver. No Mony,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?

Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor,
The King has not broke his Fast yet.

Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou shalt not miss us:
Prethee provide some Cloaths, and dost thou hear *Vertigo*.
Commend me to thy Wife: I want some Shirts too,

Ver. I have Chambers for ye all.

Lif. They are too musty,
When they are clear we'll come,

Ver. I must be patient
And provident, I shall never get home else. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Pretheebe wiser Wench, thou canst not scape me,
Let me with Love and Gentleness enjoy that
That may be still preserv'd with Love, and long'd for:
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee,
And after I have enjoy'd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me
I shall despise thee, cast thee off.

Flor. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your Doors to me,
I do confess I am ugly; let me go, Sir:
A Gipsy-girl: Why would your Lordship touch me?

T 3

Fie,

Fie, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred,
 Course, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
 There be young Ladies, many that will love ye,
 That will dote on ye: You a handsome Gentleman,
 What will they say when once they know your Quality?
 A Lord, a Miller? Take your Toal Dish with ye,
 You that can deal with Gudgeons, and course Flower,
 'Tis pity you should taste what Manchet means;
 Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flo. You cannot, there's no Sympathy
 Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions;
 And where these are at Difference, there's no liking:
 This Hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
 And you are taken with Variety (enjoy'd me,
 More than with Beauty; to Morrow when you have
 Your Heat and Lust asswag'd, and come to examine
 Out of a cold and penitent Condition. (with,
 What you have done, whom you have shar'd you Love
 Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,
 How you will curse the Devil that betray'd ye,
 And what shall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,
 As precious as this Beauty shew'd unto ye,
 You'll kick me out of Doors, you will Whore, and ban me;
 And if I prove with Child with your fair Issue,
 Give me a Pension of five Pound a Year
 To breed your Heir withal, and so good speed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo. I'll keep my self, Sir,
 Keep my self honest, Sir, there's the brave keeping:
 If you will marry me.

Otr. Alas, poor *Florimel*.

Flo. I do confess I am too course and base, Sir,
 To be your Wife, and it is fit you scorn me,
 Yet such as I have crown'd the Lives of great ones:
 To be your Whore I am sure I am too worthy,
 (For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honest)
 And that's an Honour equal to your Greatness.

Otr.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flo. Tempt me no more then:

Give me that Peace, and then you give abundance.

I know you do but try me, ye are noble,

All these are but to try my Modesty,

If you should find me easie, and once coming,

I see your Eyes already how they would fright me;

I see your honest Heart how it would swell

And burst it self into a Grief against me.

Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, even now, Sir,

Ready to rip my loose Thoughts to the Bottom,

And lay my Shame unto my self, wide open:

You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maids,

The People are mistaken in your Courses:

You, like a Father, try 'em to the uttermost,

As they do Gold, you purge the Dross from them,

And make them shine.

Otr. This Cunning cannot help ye:

I love ye to enjoy: I have stollen ye

To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with Circumstance.

Yield willingly, or else——

Flo. What?

Otr. I will force ye.

I will not be delay'd; a poor base Wench

That I, in curtesie, make offer to,

Argue with me?

Flo. Do not, you will lose your Labour,

Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly:

Your Courtesie may do much on my Nature,

For I am kind as you are, and as tender:

If you compel, I have my Strengths to flye to,

My honest Thoughts, and those are Guards about me:

I can cry too, and Noise enough I dare make,

And I have Curses, that will call down Thunder,

For all I am a poor Wench, Heav'n will hear me:

My Body you may force, but my Will never;

And be sure I do not live if you do force me,

Or have no Tongue to tell your beastly Story,

For if I have, and if there be a Justice.

Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll caln my self for this time,
And be your Friend again.

Flor. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*

Otr. You cannot scape me, yet I must enjoy ye,
I'll lye with thy Wit, though I miss thy Honesty;
Is this a Wench for a Boor's hungry Bosome?
A morsel for a Peasant's base Embraces?
And must I starve, and the Meat in my Mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter Geraſto.

Ger. How now my Lord, how speed ye?
Have ye done the Deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she is honest.

Ger. Honest, what's that? You take her bare denial.
Was there ever Wench brought up in a Mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle.

Is your Belief so large? What did she say to ye?

Otr. She said her Honesty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how dishonourable it would seem in me
To act my Will, popt me i'th' Mouth with Modesty.

Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That
their trick ever.

Otr. And then discours'd to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife she touch'd at

Ger. Out upon her Varlet.

Was she so bold? These home-spun things are Evils,
They'll tell ye a thousand Lies, if you'll believe 'em;
And stand upon their Honours like great Ladies,
They'll speak unhappily too: Good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly seem Saints, they'll cry down-right also,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with Child?

Otr. She touch'd at it,

(ship;

Ger. The trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lord-
And then a Pension nam'd?

Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it:

I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.

Ger.

Ger. You thought so,
You should have taken her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' strength of all her Resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak'd her stubborn Will; she would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They must seem mo-
It is their Parts; if you had plaid your part, Sir, (dest,
And handl'd her as Men do unman'd Hawks,
Cast her, and made her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-strings.
These tough Virginities they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempests.

Otr. She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, she longs to be ra-
Some have no pleasure but in Violence; (vish'd;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our Country, Sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unless they be put to it, and terribly,
And then they swear they'll hang the Man comes near'em,
And swear it on his Lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another Course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your Fellows,
That when you see her next, disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o'th' Doors o'th' sudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then seize on her.
Away, be ready straight.

Ger. We shall not fail, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Otr. *Florimel.*

Enter Florimel.

Flor. My Lord.

Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd,
And like a wise Wench weigh'd a Friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and cast your Scorn off.

Flor. My Lord, I am not proud, I was never beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindness would far compel ye: I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that way.

Flor.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
 As far as it agreed with Modesty,
 With Honour, and with Honesty I would yield to ye:
 Good my Lord, take some other Theme; for Love,
 Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
 And on the sudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
 Of his most mystick Art, 'tis most impossible;
 Nay, to begin with Lust, which is an Heresie,
 A foul one too; to learn that in my Childhood:
 O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this Song,
 Your Modesty, and Honesty, is that all?
 I will not force ye.

Flo. Ye are too noble, Sir.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
 It may be you expect.

Flo. I expect your Pardon,
 And a Discharge, my Lord, that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for Love.

Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o'doors, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.

Otr. A proud flight Peat I found ye,
 A Fool, it may be too.

Flo. An honest Woman,
 Good my Lord think me.

Otr. And a base I leave ye,
 So fare ye well.

[Exit.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

(way,

Ger. What doſt thou ſtay for? doſt thou not know the
 Thou baſe unprovident Whore?

Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 Ser. Has my Lord ſmoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
 Is your Mill broken, that you ſtand ſo uſeleſs? (ſome,

2 Ser. An impudent Quean, upon my life ſhe is unwhole-
 Some baſe diſcarded thing my Lord has found her,
 He would not have turn'd her off o'th' ſudden elſe.

Ger. Now againſt every Sack, my honeſt Sweet-heart,
 With every *Smig* and *Smug*.

Flo. I muſt be patient.

Ger.

Ger. And every greasie Guest, and sweaty Rascal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 Ser. I fear thou hast given my Lord the——thou damn'd
thing.

2 Ser. I have seen her in the Stews.

Ger. The Knave her Father
Was Bawd to her there, and kept a Tipling House,
You must even to it again: a modest Function.

Flo. If ye had Honesty, ye would not use me
Thus basely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye;
But he that knows.

Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man: A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes ye appear so proud.

Flo. This is inhuman. Let these Tears persuade you,
If ye be Men, to use a poor Girl better;
I wrong not you, I am sure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? away, are not you gone yet?

Flo. My Lord, this is not well: altho' you hate me,
For what I know not, to let your People wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me——

Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we say advisedly;
Mark, as you love that that you call your Credit?
Yield now, or you are undone; your good Name's perish'd,
Not all the World can buy your Reputation; (ye,
'Tis sunk for ever else, these Peoples Tongues will poison
Though you be white as Innocence they'll taint ye,
They will speak terrible and hideous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll save ye.

Flo. How?

Otr. I'll show ye;
Their Mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honourable and honest of ye,
And Saintlike they shall worship ye: They are mine,
And what I charge them, *Florimel.*

Flo.

Flor. I am ruin'd,
Heav'n will regard me yet, they are barbarous Wretches;
Let me not fall, my Lord.

Otr. You shall not, *Florimel*:
Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, Sir.

Otr. Who dare ſay this ſweet Beauty is not heav'nly?
This Virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing?

Ger. We know it, my dear Lord,
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares diſparage her, this Sword, my Lord. (men,
1 Ser. They are Rascals, baſe, the Sons of common Wo-
That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in Pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.

2 Ser. Brand us for Villains.

Flor. Why ſure I dream; theſe are all Saints.

Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.

Ger. We are proud to do it. [*Exeunt.*

Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, *Florimel*,
Yet to preſerve ye?

Flor. I am bound to your Lordſhip,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Until to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleaſing,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisſie ye.

Otr. Take your good time; this Kiſs, till then farewel,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martine, and Bustopha.

Mar. BY all means discharge your Follower.

Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, *Bustopha*,
Thou must needs run back.

Bust. But I must not, unless you send
A Bier, or a Lictor at my Back, I do not use to run
From my Friends.

Ant. Well, go will serve turn; I have forgot.

Bust. What, Sir?

Ant. See if I can think on't now.

Bust. I know what 'tis now.

Ant. A Pistolet of that.

Bust. Done, you have forgot a Device to send me away,
You are going a smocking perhaps.

Mar. His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*,
The Pistolet's his own.

Ant. I confess it,
There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable Excuse to mine Uncle.

Bust. Yes, I can,
But an Excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a Lye,
A full Lye, 'twill do no good else; if you'll go to
The price of that?

Ant. Is a Lye dearer than an Excuse?

Bust. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuse; but
a Lye is two more;
Look how many Foils go to a fair Fall, so many Excuses to
A full Lye, and less cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor
I'th' Town make it.

Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his Price:
Let it be large enough now.

Bust. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now. (Pardon

Bust. What? scale my Invention before hand? you shall
Me

Me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and Tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.

Bust. I know that too, you do not know a Lye when you

Mar. Remember it must stretch for all Night. (see it.

Bust. I shall want stuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Pistolet*.

Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Bust. It must be faced, you know, there will be a yard of Diffimulation (lined

At least, City-measure, and cut upon an Untroth or two: With Fables, that must needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had

A Gallon of Hypocrisie, 'twould do well; and hooked Together with a Couple of Conceits,

That's necessity; well, I'll bring in my (done Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have With it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can swear to, if he Would betray his Lord and Master. [*Exit.*

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an Excuse of him Before he went; you'll want one for *Ismenia*.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no Suspicion yet, And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter, In a fast tye with my fair *Isabel*.

Enter Buitopha.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.

Bust. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves; ye are Men of another World else; your Enemies are upon you; The old House of the *Bellides* will fall upon your Heads: Signior *Lisauero*.

Ant. *Lisauero*?

Bust. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: Yet he has but a Yeoman's Name, *Don Tarso*, *Tarso*, and a dozen at their Heels.

Ant. *Lisauero*, *Tarso*, nor a dozen more Shall fright me from my Ground, nor shun my Path, Let 'em come on in their ablest fury.

Mar. 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by you, Sir; This way, I am thy true Friend. (become of you.

Bust. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell what's Put

Put up, put up; will you never learn to know a Lye
From an *Esop's* Fables?

There's a Taste for you now.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Mar. Look; Sir, what time of Day is it? (now;

Ant. I know not, my Eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em
I prethee tell me, *Martin*, if thou can'st,
Is that *Ismenia* or *Isabella*?

Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Isabella*.

Ant. If this Face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can shift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it.

Ism. Be sudden.

[*Exit Aminta.*

I cannot hold out long.

Mar. Believe't, she frowns.

Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it woos me to come nearer?
How do you do, Lady, since yesterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith——

Ism. I think you were.

Ant. What, Lady?

Ism. Weary of your Faith; 'tis a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it.

Mar. So, this is to the purpose.

Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope?

Enter Aminta.

Ism. From whence, Sir?

Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desires to
speak with you. (sence

Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Pre-
Made them illustrious.

Ism. My Cousin speaks to you.

Am. A Gentlewoman, Sir, *Isabella*
She names her self.

Mar. So, so, it hits finely now.

Ant. Name your self how you please; speak what
I'll hear you cheerfully (you please,

Ism. You are not well,
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
With his Passions, and better cure for 'em.

Am.

Am. She's nice in that, Madam ; poor Soul, it seems
She's fearful of your Displeasure.

Ism. I'll quit her

From that presently, and bring her in my self. [Exit.

Mar. How carelessly do you behave your self,
When you should call all your best Faculties
To counsel in you ? how will you answer
The breach you made with fair *Ismenia* ?
Have you forgot the retrograde Vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence ?
You'll die upon your shame, you need no more
Enemies of the House, but the Lady now :
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that Face,
And I am satisfied, upon whose Shoulders
So e'er it grows ; *Juno*, deliver us
Out of this amazement ; Beseech you Goddess
Tell us of our Friends, how does *Ismenia* ?
And how does *Isabella* ? both in good Health
I hope, as you your self are.

Ism. I am at farthest
In my counterfeite ; my *Antonio*,
I have matter against you may need Pardon,
As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, Sir,
What Evidence is come against me ? What think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will say to't ?

Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.
'Tis labour for the House of *Bellides* ;
I must not seem so yet ; but in sooth, Lady,
Did you imagine your changeable Face
Hid you from me ? By this Hand I knew you.

Ant. I went by the Face : and by these Eyes I
Might have been deceived.

Ism. You might indeed, *Antonio*,
For this Gentleman did vow to *Isabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Ismenia*,
And not *Antonio* ?

Mar.

Mar. Good, was not that
A manifest Confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my Friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,
And speak your Conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio*
Wedded *Isabella*, *Ismenia*
Had not been lost, there had been her Lover.

Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;
I crave but one, here have I my Wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near Neighbours.

Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boot; three Parts in one,
St. *Hilarie* blefs you, now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falshood, if thou canst
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.

Ism. Might I not justly accuse *Antonio*
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confess Troth now?

Ant. Here was my Guide, where-e'er I find this Face,
I am a Lover, marry, I must not miss
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me:
If Nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.

Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love must now
Come to our Enemies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Consent to't.

Ant. Most certain:
For which Reason it must not be put to 'em:
Have we not Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, desire the Fruit,
Yet be so nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
Of the churlish Gard'ner, that will deny me?

Ism. O *Antonio*!

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is said.

Ism. That holy Act's to come.

Mar. You may open an Oyfter or two before Grace.

Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Friar utters?
Heav'n has heard all.

Ism. Yes; but stays the Blessing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n is not serv'd by halves.
We shall have ne'er a Father's Blessing here,
Let us not lose the better from above.

Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It shows you cowardly; hark in your Ear.

Amin. Have I lost all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it
With a reasonable Penance.

Mar. Have I past
All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll stretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; do but look back
Over thy Shoulder, and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th'acustom'd Place
Of our Night-parley; if you can ascend,
The Window shall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

Ant. I would meet no other Man.

Ism. *Aminta*, you hear this.

Amin. With Joy, Madam, 'cause it pleases you.
It may be mine own Case another time:
Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,
Put it past Father, or Friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you; the Window shall show you
The way to *Sestos*.

Ant. I'll venture drowning.

Mar. The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder;
To the Foot I'll bring you.

Ant. Leave me to climb it.

Mar. If I do turn you off?

Ant. 'Till Night farewell:
Then better.

Ism.

Ism. Best it should be;
But peevish Hatred keeps back that Degree. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then beware: Knave is at worst of Knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My Mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart is not at home,
Only my Fears stay with me; bad Company,
But I cannot shift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the House of *Belides* and us,
Is not fair War; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were of Love as near,
'Till a cross Misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if Grace might moderate:
Man should not lose so many Days of Peace,
To satisfy the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. No, I must not.

Jul. Ha, he's come.

Bust. I must not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it.

Jul. How? there's bad Tidings: I must obscure and hear
He will not tell me for breaking of my Heart, (it;
'Tis half split already.

Bust. I have spy'd him: Now to knock down a Don
with a Lie, a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done,
and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. O the bloody Days that we live in; the envious;
malicious, deadly Days that we draw Breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

U 2

Bust.

Bust. The Children that ever shall be born may rue it; for Men that are slain now, might have liv'd to have got Children, that might have curs'd their Fathers.

Ful. Oh, my Posterity is ruin'd.

Bust. Oh sweet *Antonio*.

Ful. O dear *Antonio*.

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When he and *Lisauro* met.

Ful. Oh, Death has parted 'em.

Bust. Welcome my mortal Foe, says one; Welcome my deadly Enemy, says the other; off go their Doublets, they in their Shirts, and their Swords stark naked; here lyes *Antonio*, here lyes *Lisauro*; he comes upon him with an *Embroidado*, that he puts by with a *puncta reversa*; *Lisauro* recoils me two Paces and some six Inches back, takes his Carrere, and then on.

Ful. Oh.

Bust. Runs *Antonio* quite through.

Ful. Oh Villain,

Bust. Quite through between the Arm and the Body, so yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Ful. Goodness be prais'd.

Bust. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauro*; *Lisauro* makes out a long at him, which he thinking to be a *Passado*, *Antonio's* Foot slipping, down, oh down.

Ful. O now thou art lost.

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both *Spanish* Christians, yet one Man to shed.

Ful. Say his Enemies Blood.

Bust. His Hair, may come by divers Casualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to lose nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scruple at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood; yet the Surgeon, that cur'd him, said if *P.a mater* had not been perish'd, he had been a live Man 'till this Day.

Ful. There he concludes he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the Point.

Ful. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half so deep. *Bust.*

Bust. Yet Pity bids me keeps in my Charity ; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be silent Tale. Farthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-Plums and Sweet-Breads; yet I say, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Ful. What motly Stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth, What hath befallen my dear *Antonio*?
 Restrain your Pity in concealing it:
 Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
 Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
 I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'st back from Truth
 Thou shalt speak in Pain; do not look to find
 A Limb in his right Place, a Bone unbroke,
 Nor so much Flesh unbroid'd of all that Mountain,
 As a Worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two since I left him so.

Ful. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same Cloaths he had on when he went

Ful. Does he live? (from you.

Bust. I saw him drink.

Ful. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have Cut i'th' Leg by this time; for a Don *Martin* and he were at whole slashes.

Ful. Met he not with *Lisauero*?

Bust. I do not know her.

Ful. Her? *Lisauero* is a Man, as he is.

Bust. I saw ne'er a Man like him.

Ful. Didst thou not discourse a Fight betwixt *Antonio* and *Lisander*?

Bust. Ay, to my self; I hope a Man may give himself the Lie if it please him.

Ful. Didst thou lye then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Ful. I live the happier by it: When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten Days at farthest.

Jul. Ten Days? he's not wont to be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not, he said he would be at home to Morrow, but I love to speak within my Compass.

Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Custody, keep him safe, I charge you.

Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Stake o'me, look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in his Health to Morrow, Thou goest to th' Rack.

Bust. Let me go to th' Manger first; I had rather eat Oats than Hay. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Bellides with a Letter.

Bel. By your Leave, Sir.

Jul. For ought I know yet, you are welcome, Sir.

Bel. Read that, and tell me so; or if thy Spectacles be not Keep thy Nose unsadl'd, and ope thine Ears; (easie, I can speak thee the Contents, I made 'em; 'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't: I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't, I bring't my self: Dost know me, *Julio*?

Jul. *Bellides*?

Bel. Yes; is not thy Hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash Hardiness; How durst thou come so near thine Enemy?

Bel. Durst?

I dare come nearer; thou'rt a Fool, *Julio*.

Jul. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit: Give me not a Fool more than I give thee, Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an Encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:

My Hand is to my Words, thou hast it there, There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st be Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul.

Jul. Be Friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:

A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of Discretion,
The rules of Grammar to unwilling Youth
To take out Lessons by; we that should check
And quench the raging fire in others Bloods,
We strike the Battel to Destruction?
Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy Conscience, how hast thou slept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?

Jul. Sure some good Angel
Was with us both last Night: speak thou Truth now,
Was it not last Night's motion?

Bel. Dost not think
I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?
Should I ne'er sleep again?

Jul. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the Doctrine of my Vision.
Say that *Lisauo*, best of thy Blood,
Or any one, the least allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Antonio's* Sword,
Or any of the House of *Bellides*?

Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on. (row,

Jul. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sor-
And left the Conduit of Nature dry?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls,
And broke the Glasses, with thine own curses
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Posterity.

Bel. Yes, and thou causer: so it said to me, (Friends,
They fight but your mischiefs; the young Men were
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And curded in one Body; but this is yours,
An Inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not so?

Jul. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.

Ful. 'Tis far enough ; let us attone it here ;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendship new again.

Bel. The Sign's in *Gemini*,
An auspicious House, 'thas join'd both ours again.

Ful. You cannot proclaim me Coward now, *Don Bellides*.

Bel. No ; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, so am I :
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the last Leg
I have to stand on, or Breath or Life left.

Ful. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love ! oh Life stinks without it.
I can tell you News.

Ful. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some Proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
'That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Ismenia are very good Friends before us.

Ful. That were a double Wall about our Houses,
Which I could wish were built.

Bel. I had it
From *Antonio's* Intimate, *Don Martin* :
And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To show it me.

Ful. Perhaps 'twas his Consent :
Lovers have Policies as well as Statesmen :
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one bout with 'em,
They shall know nothing of this Union,
And 'till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'em.

Ful. I'll take your part, Sir.

Bel. It grows late ; there's a happy Day past us.

Ful. The Example I hope to all behind it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Aminta above, with a Taper.

Amin. Stand fair, light of Love, which Epithete and
Adds to thee Honour, to me it would be Shame, (Place
We

We must be weight in Love, no Grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his Darknes?
Love is a Jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say Love's but a Toy, and with a but.
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse,
A Toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldome goes without his adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we say, 'tis meeter to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet for all this,
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cousin; I my self;
Which is nearest then? My Desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser cause,
I must go question with my Conscience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou stand,
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [Exit.

Enter Antonio and Martin.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'st thou, Friend?

Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.

Ant. There are that bite

And bark not, Man; methought I spy'd two Fellows
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their Eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like business? but for your fears sake,
I'll advise and intreat one courtesie.

Ant. What's that, Friend?

Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.

Ant

Ant. It needs not.

Mar. I think so too, but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better, Sir.

Ant. Nay then.

Mar. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me.

Mar. Tush, the General
Must be safe, how-e'er the Battel goes :
See you the Beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes, we are near shore.

*Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they set upon
Martin: Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Martin.*

Mar. Come, land, land, you must clamber by the Cliff,
Here are no Stairs to rise by.

Ant. Ay, are you there? *[Fight and Exeunt.]*

Enter Aminta above, and Martin return'd again ascends.

Amin. Antonio?

Mar. Yes, *Ismenia*.

Amin. Thine own.

Mar. Quench the light, thine Eyes are guides illustrious.

Amin. 'Tis necessary. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Antonio.

Mar. Your Legs have sav'd your lives, whoe'er you are.
Friend? *Martin?* where art thou? not hurt I hope:
Sure I was farthest in the pursuit of 'em:
My Pleasures are forgotten through my Fears.
The Light's extinct, it was discreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the Broil,
And fearing that might call up Company,
Have carefully prevented, and closed up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my Friend,
I fear his hurt: Friend? Friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, Friend?
A groan, any thing that may discover thee:
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend, Don *Martin*, I must answer for thee,
'Twas in my cause thou fell'st, if thou be'st down.
Such Dangers stand betwixt us and our Joys,

That

That should we forethink e'er we undertake,
We'd sit at home, and save. What a Night's here?
Purpos'd for so much Joy, and now dispos'd
To so much Wretchedness? I shall not rest in't:
If I had all my Pleasures there within,
I should not entertain 'em with a Smile.
Good night to you: Mine will be black and sad,
A Friend cannot, a Woman may be bad. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. O Thou false.
Amin. Do your daring'st, he's mine own,
Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
Totally mine.

Ism. Dar'st thou face thy Falshood?

Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my Wishes
Come home so sweetly? Farewel your Company
'Till you be calmer, Woman. [Exit.

Ism. Oh what a heap
Of Misery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
You're a blind Adulterers, you know you are.

Ism. How's that, *Antonio*?

Ant. 'Till I have Vengeance,
Your Sin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
If Hell hide him not; you've had your last of him. [Ex.

Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not,
He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
He took me for another sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha? are you there?
Where's your Sweetheart? I have found you Traytor
To my House: wilt league with mine Enemy?
You'll shed his Blood, you'll say: hah? will you so?
And

And fight with your Heels upwards? No, Minion,
I have a Husband for you, since you're so rank,
And such a Husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio?*

Ism. It Thunders with the Storm now.

Bel. And to Night

I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry: Go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, though, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.

Ism. Then I'll try my Wings.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Ay, are you good at that? stop, stop Thief, stop
there.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

First S O N G.

Flo. Now having *Leisure*, and a happy Wind,
Thou mayst at Pleasure cause the Stones to grind,
Sails spread, and Grist here ready to be ground,
Fie, stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kiss my Hands?

Flo. If I were high enough,
I would kiss your Lips too.

Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss
Still, but why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompel'd? why these sweet Curtesies?
Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindness,
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, Wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your Blessings;
If this be Love, methinks it is too violent;
If you repent you of your Strictness to me,
It is so sudden, it wants Circumstance.

Flo. Fye, how dull?

Second

Second S O N G.

*How long shall I pine for Love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love stand still?
Shall the Grists of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.*

Orr. Prithee be calm a little,
Thou mak'st me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious Rules to my Behaviour
But yesternight, thou that wert made of Modesty,
Shouldst in a few short Minutes turn thus desperate.

Flo. You are too cold.

Orr. I do confess I freeze now,
I am another thing all over me:
It is my part to woo, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o'th' instant e'er I can expect,
E'er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest Carriage
From the desires of Youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation.

Flo. I will tell ye,
And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
I have no Modesty, I am truly wanton:
I am that you look for, Sir; now come up roundly:
If my strict Face and counterfeited Stateliness
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way, (ye.
And you should never have come to have known who hurt
Prithee, sweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
I saw you touch not at the bait of Chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your Palate
To appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you shall quickly find me.

Third

Third S O N G.

*On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
 Down being laid, shall we be afraid
 To try the Rights that belong to Love?
 No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
 Crown our Desires, kindle the fires,
 When Love requires we should wanton prove,
 We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
 If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay:
 If thou unskilful art on the Ground,
 I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.*

Otr. Are ye no Maid?

Flo. Alas, my Lord, no certain;
 I am sorry you are so innocent to think so.
 Is this an Age for silly Maids to thrive in?
 It is so long too since I lost it, Sir,
 That I have no belief I ever was one:
 What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
 They are peevish petty things, that hold no Game up,
 No Pleasure neither, they are sport for Surgeons;
 I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
 A fair and easie way Men travel right in,
 And with Delight, discourse, and twenty Pleasures,
 They enjoy their Journey; mad Men creep thro' Hedges.

Otr. I am metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
 I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?

Flo. Because I would give ye Pleasure beyond belief.

Fourth S O N G.

*Think me still in my Father's Mill,
 Where I have oft been found-a
 Thrown on my Back, on a well fill'd Sack,
 While the Mill has still gone round-a:
 Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
 And again let the Mill go round-a.*

Otr. Then you have Traded?

Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live, Sir,
 And how to satisfie such Lords as you are,
 Our best Guests and our richest?

Otr.

Otr. How I shake now? You take no base Men?

Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

Fifth S O N G.

*The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk, have leave for to work,
The whilst that the Mill goes round.*

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flo. No matter, since you have your private Pleasure,
And have it by an Artist excellent,
Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.

Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on Ice? do I bite at such an Orange
After my Men? I am preferr'd.

Flo. Why stay ye?

Why do we talk, my Lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for Lips, and sweet Embraces,
Let Lawyers use their Tongues. Pardon my Modesty,
This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.

Otr. She turns, and wipes her Face, she weeps for certain,
Some new way now, she cannot be thus beastly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the Elements of common looseness,
The art of lewdness: That, that, that, how now, Sir?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The King, and't please your Lordship, is alighted
Close at the Gate.

Otr. The King?

Ser. And calls for ye, Sir. Means to breakfast here too.

Flo. Then I am happy.

Otr. Stol'n so suddenly? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, Sirrah, in my Closet.

Ser. I will, my Lord; what, does she yield yet? [*Ex.*

Otr. Peace: She is either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noise, upon your life, Dame, but all silence.

Enter

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, and Terfo.

Otr. Your Majesty heaps too much Honour on me,
With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd; the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: What Rooms are these?

Otr. They are fluttish ones.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,

They are Lodging-chambers over a homely Garden.

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well: and those?

Otr. Those lead to the other side o'th' House, and't like

Phil. Let me see those. (ye.

Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.

What would this View mean? I am half suspicious.

Phil. This little Room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for trash, Sir,
For rubbish of the House.

Phil. I would see this too?

I will see all.

Otr. I beseech your Majesty,
The Savour of it, and the coarse Appearance. (with it,
Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you would not offend your House
Come, let me see.

Otr. Faith, Sir.

Phil. I'faith I will see.

Otr. My Groom has the Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one---

Phil. But I will see it: Force the Lock, my Lords,
There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not show, Sir.
Florimel discover'd.

Ter. Here's a fair Maid indeed.

Phil. By my Faith is she;
A handsome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.
Ay marry, here's a Treasure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd.

I confess all before the Miller comes, Sir,
'Twas but Intention, from all Act I am clear yet.

Enter

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?

Fra. Yes, and't please your Highness,
This is the Shape of her; for her Substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable,
Whether she be a white Rose, or a Canker, is the Question.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your Pace, you had best preserve her, Sir,
She is tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handsomely.

Phil. Maid, were you stolen?

Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I was never bred so boldly.

Phil. How has he us'd ye?

Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure ye tell Truth; and be sure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if ye have, I tell ye
You have lost me, and your self too; speak again, Wench.

Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I am yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I suffer'd under strong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.

Phil. What Recompence for this?

Otr. A great one, Sir,
First a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.

Flo. I do, my Lord.

Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and these; all I have, *Florimel*.

Flo. No, good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at these, they are Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me——

Otr. Any thing in my Power,
Or in my Purchase.

Flo. Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.

Otr. Ask me freely.

Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
 I have kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
 To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your Credit,
 That would have dy'd to all Posterity:
 Curses of Maids shall never now afflict ye,
 Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
 If he deserves well that redeems his Country,
 And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
 Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
 To be your Friend, that have preserv'd your Honour?

Orr. You are, and thus I take ye; thus I seal ye
 Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves ye,
 And let it be my Happiness to give ye,
 I have given a virtuous Maid, now I dare say it,
 'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
 And't shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my Mill,
 I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fidlers,
 And we'll have all i'th' Country at this Wedding,
 Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
 Take her with all my Heart, and kiss her freely;
 Would I could give you all this Hand has stoll'n too,
 In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
 The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

Ver. She must have new Cloaths.

Tir. Yes.

Ver. Yes marry must she.

If't please ye, Madam, let me see the State of your Body,
 I'll fit you instantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet? (now,

Ver. And't please your Grace, a Gown, a handsome Gown
 An orient Gown.

Phil. Nay, take thy Pleasure of her.

Ver. Of Cloth of Tiffew I can fit ye, Madam:
 My Lords, stand out o'th' Light, a curious Body,
 The neatest Body in *Spain* this Day; with embroider'd
 A clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff, (Flowers,
 To catch the Eye: I have a thousand Fashions.
 O Sleeve, O S'eeve: I'll study all Night, Madam,
 To magnific your Sleeve. *Orr.*

Orr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye have more time.

Flo. Make me no more than Woman,
And I am thine.

Orr. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the Fashion be not there, you marr her.

Enter Antonio, Constable and Officers.

Ant. Is my Offence so great, e'er I be convict,
To be torn wth Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild Horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that? (Grace.

Con. This is a Man suspected of Murther, if it please your

Phil. It pleases me not, Friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your Highness extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great Charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our
Neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were
fallen out (yet that's more than I am able to say, for I heard
no Words between 'em, but what their Weapons spoke,
clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills
of Government, and first knock down their Weapons,
and then the Men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?

Con. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down
to keep the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other we set
in the Stocks. That I could do by mine own Power,
without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta,

Phil. How so, Sir?

Con. I am a Shooemaker by my Trade.

Ant. Oh my Husband!

Why stands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful.
I'll answer for him.

Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy
I know thee for no Wife. (bawling,

Amia. You married me last Night.

Ant. Thou lyest: I neither was in Church nor House
Last Night, nor saw I thee; a thing that was my Friend,
I scorn to name now, was with *Ismenia*,
Like a Thief, and there he violated
A sacred Trust. This thou may'st know, *Aminta*.

Amin. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him; I hope I have.

Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
That excellent Man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.

Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
This is mine Enemy: Pardon, my Sovereign.

Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.

Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeness.
In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty Crime upon him,
That (e'er the Horse-Leech burst) will suck him dry:
I with a second Accusation,
Enough to break his Neck, if need should be,
And then to have even Justice it self to right us:
How should I make my Joys a little civil,
They might not keep this Noise?

Ant. Here is some Hope.

Should the Ax be dull, the Halter's preparing.

Phil. What's your Accusation, Sir? We have heard the
Enter Julio. (former.

Bel. Mine, my Lord? A strong one.

Jul. A false one, Sir,
At least malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor Kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his Daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes, Sir, I have seen her.

Bel. Ah ha, Friend *Julio*.

Jul.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men see Multitudes
That the next Day dare not precisely say
They saw that Face, or that, amongst 'em all.
Didst thou so look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His Looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your Patience, Gentlemen.
I pray you tell me if I be in Error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some Show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my Daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough:
She's fled me, and I accuse this Thief for't.
Don Martin, his own Friend's my Testimony,
A practis'd Night-Work.

Phil. That *Martin's* the other
In your Custody; he was forgotten;
Fetch him hither.

Con. We'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please
your Grace.

Enter Bustopha and Ismenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, instead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Bust. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller; is there
ne'er a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

Fir. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; there went but a Pair
of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to work, Mil-
ler? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for you: Shall
your Stones walk? Will you grind, Miller?

Phil. This your Son, *Franio*?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord.

Bust. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This Villain (of my own Flesh and Blood) was ac-
To the stealing of my Daughter. (cessary

Bust. Oh Mountain,
Shalt thou call a Molehil a Scab upon the Face
Of the Earth? Though a Man be a Thief, shall a Miller
Him so? Oh egregious! (call

Jul. Remember, Sirrah, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a Miller,
A Thief in Grain; for he steals Corn: He that steals
A Wench, is a true Man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another Cause
that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly. (wealth;
He that steals Corn, steals the Bread of the Common-
He that steals a Wench, steals but the Flesh (the Flesh?

Phil. And how is the Bread stealing more criminal than

Bust. He that steals Bread, steals that which is lawful
every Day:

He that steals Flesh, steals nothing from the fasting Day:
Ergo, to steal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose. (full:

Bust. Again, he that steals Flesh steals for his own Belly
He that steals Bread, robs the Guts of others:
Ergo, The arranter Thief, the Bread stealer.

Again, he that steals Flesh, steals once, and gives over;
yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every Day, with-
out Satisfaction: To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more
capital Crime, for what he steals he puts in at the Head:
he that steals Flesh (as the *Dutch* Author says) puts it in
at the Foot (the lower Member.) Will you go as you are
now, Miller?

Phil. How has this satisfy'd you, Don *Bellides*?

Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cause is serious.
I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ah ha, *Julio*. (Daughter?

Jul. How said you, *Antonio*? Wish you, you had his

Ant. With my Soul I wish her; and my Body
shall perish, but I'll enjoy my Souls Wish.

I would have slain my Friend for his Deceit,
But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.

Ful. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice
But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl,
Whose pretty Maid art thou?

Ism. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.

Ful. The better for it. With my Sovereign's Leave,
I'll wed thee to this Man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer,
I use no Power of mine unto those Ends.

Ful. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties,
I settle here; You are *Ismenia*.

Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, *Antonio*.

Ant. I shall have your Consent here, I'm sure, Sir.

Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindness to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a Daughter,
Will you not, *Ismenia*?

Bel. How? *Ismenia*?

Ism. Your Daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones; you wade, you
In shallow Fords, we can swim, we; look here, (wade
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends:
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.

Bust. Keep that to your self, Sir; what I knew I knew:
This Sack is a Witness. Miller, this is not for your thum-
ming. Here's gold Lace; you may see her in her Holiday
Cloaths if you will; I was her Wardrobe Man.

Enter Martin, Aminta, Constable, and Officers.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, *Martin*, your Conscience
Has quick Ears.

Mar. My Sight was a little dim i'th' Dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content;
I am the better Understander now,

I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman?
There you're my *Junior*.

Ant. You are not hurt?

Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I have good Flesh to heal you (see,
Good round Flesh: these Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack Stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mar. A little scratch; but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conscience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I best, my Lord,
I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring again;
She's like the Gout, I can get no cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio*?

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord,
A painful stich to my side; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silence.

Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other?
the longer you live the older still? Must his Majesty com-
mand your Silence, e'er you'll hold your Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
'Pray Sir, will you be silent?

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but
Age will have his course, and his weakneses.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that
cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Bust. But I believe your Majesty will not be long trou-
bled with him: I hope that Woman has something to con-
fess will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destiny upon you,
If you cease not the sooner.

Bust. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that
I should call that Man Father, that should be so shame-
less, that being commanded to hold his Tongue.

Phil.

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.

Bust. I thank your Grace, I have a Friend there.

Phil. Speak Woman, if any interruption meet thee more, it shall be punish'd sharply.

Gill. Good my Liege, I dare not,
Ask you the question why that old Man weeps.

Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I observ'd it not.
You hear the question, Sir, will you give the cause?

Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage,
It is a Sorrow of that greatness grown,
'Lefs it dissolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.

Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You lost a Daughter.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth
these Sorrows.

Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your Child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when Nurse *Amaranta*,
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*,
Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravin's Prey, as Heav'n so would,
He with his booty fill'd, forsook the Babe;
All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,
Until the cruel Creature left my sight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it, Sir,
And ever since I have kept back your Joy,
And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the Owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen Years.

Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many Years from me,
And made me young as was her Birth-day to me.
Oh, good my Liege, give my Joys a pardon,
I must go pour a blessing on my Child,
Which here would be too rude and troublesome. [Ex.]

Phil. *Franio*, you knew this before.

Bust. Oh, oh; Item for you, Miller.

Fra. I did, my Liege, I must confess I did,
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd, Had

Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me:
 We poor ones love, and would have Comforts, Sir,
 As well as great; this is no strange fault, Sir,
 There's many Men keep other Men's Children,
 As though they were their own.

Bust. It may stretch farther yet, I beseech you, my Liege,
 let this Woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words
 of her Conscience be search'd, I would know how she came
 by me: I am a lost Child, if I be theirs: though I have
 been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind, me-
 thought, to be a greater Man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy; thou art mine own Flesh and Blood,
 born of mine own Body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a Body should bear me;
 There's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth,
 my Father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he
 Knight, Squire, or Captain; less he should not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Bust. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave?

Bust. Ay, if she make me a Bastard. The Rack must
 make her confess, my Lord, I shall never come to know
 who I am else. I have a worshipful Mind in me sure;
 methinks I do scorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day:
 Love yolk'd with Love, the best Equality,
 Without the level of Estate or Person.

Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully,
 We'll be a-kin too; Brother and Sister
 Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, Unkle, my Sister is my Cousin yet at
 the last cast: Farewel, Sister foster. If I had known the
 Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another
 manner of Husband than thou hast, but much good do
 thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiss the Bride, and
 so.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah?

Bust.

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister.
It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,
The Miller and his Daughter.
She has a Face, and she can sing,
She has a Grace, and she can spring,
She has a Place with another thing,
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish Brother of yours, my Lord.

Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor, noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir,
I fitted the Lady.

Bust. My Sister, Tailor? what fits her will hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do both.

Bust. You have a true Yard, Tailor.

Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. Then, Tailor, march with me away,
I scorn these Robes, I must be gay,
My noble Brother he shall pay

Tom Tailor. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. Your recovered Friendships are sound, Gentlemen?

Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm shall not
Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.

Phil. These Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:

How happy have you made our Progress then,

To be the witness of such fair Accords?

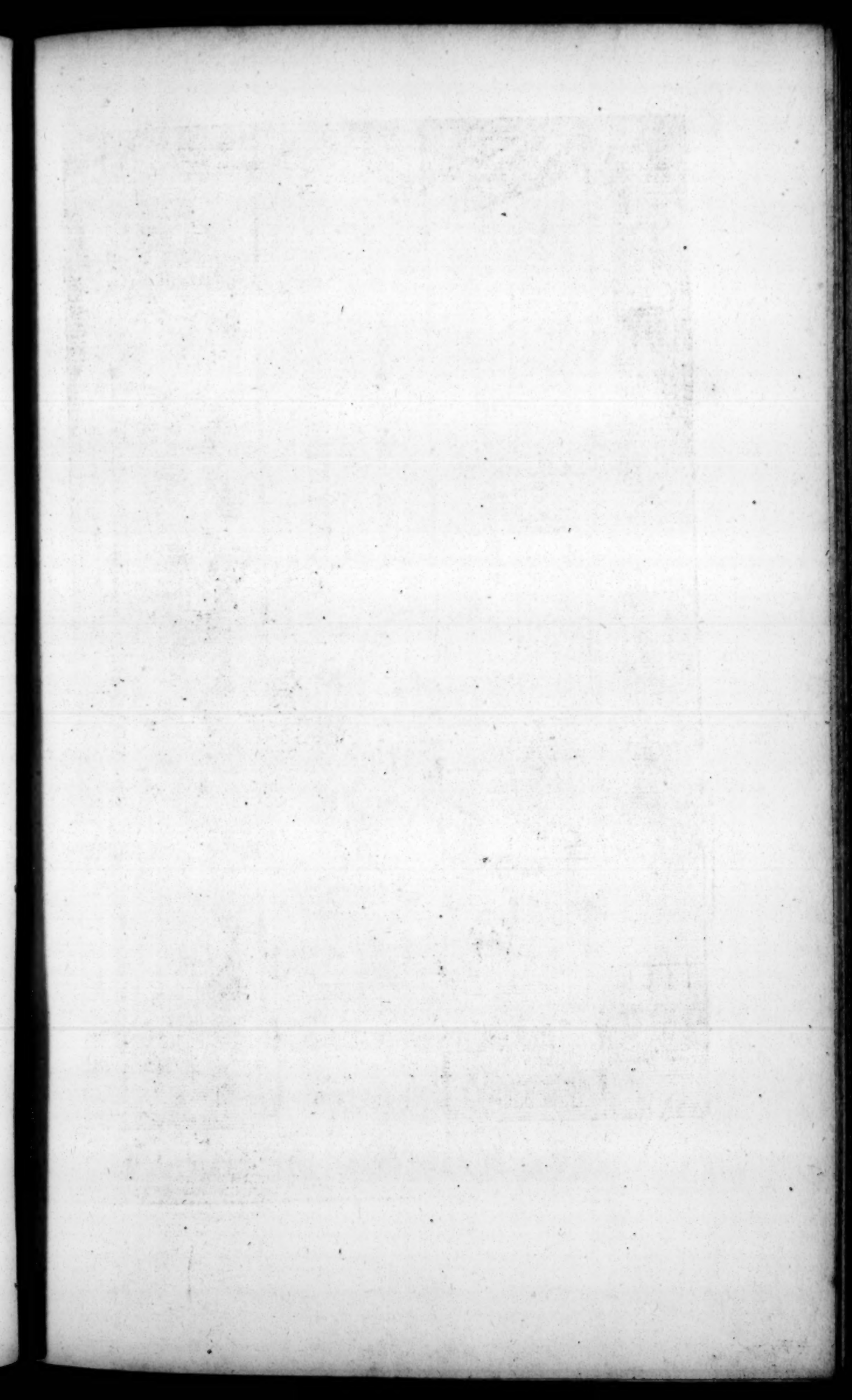
Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord *Otrante*,

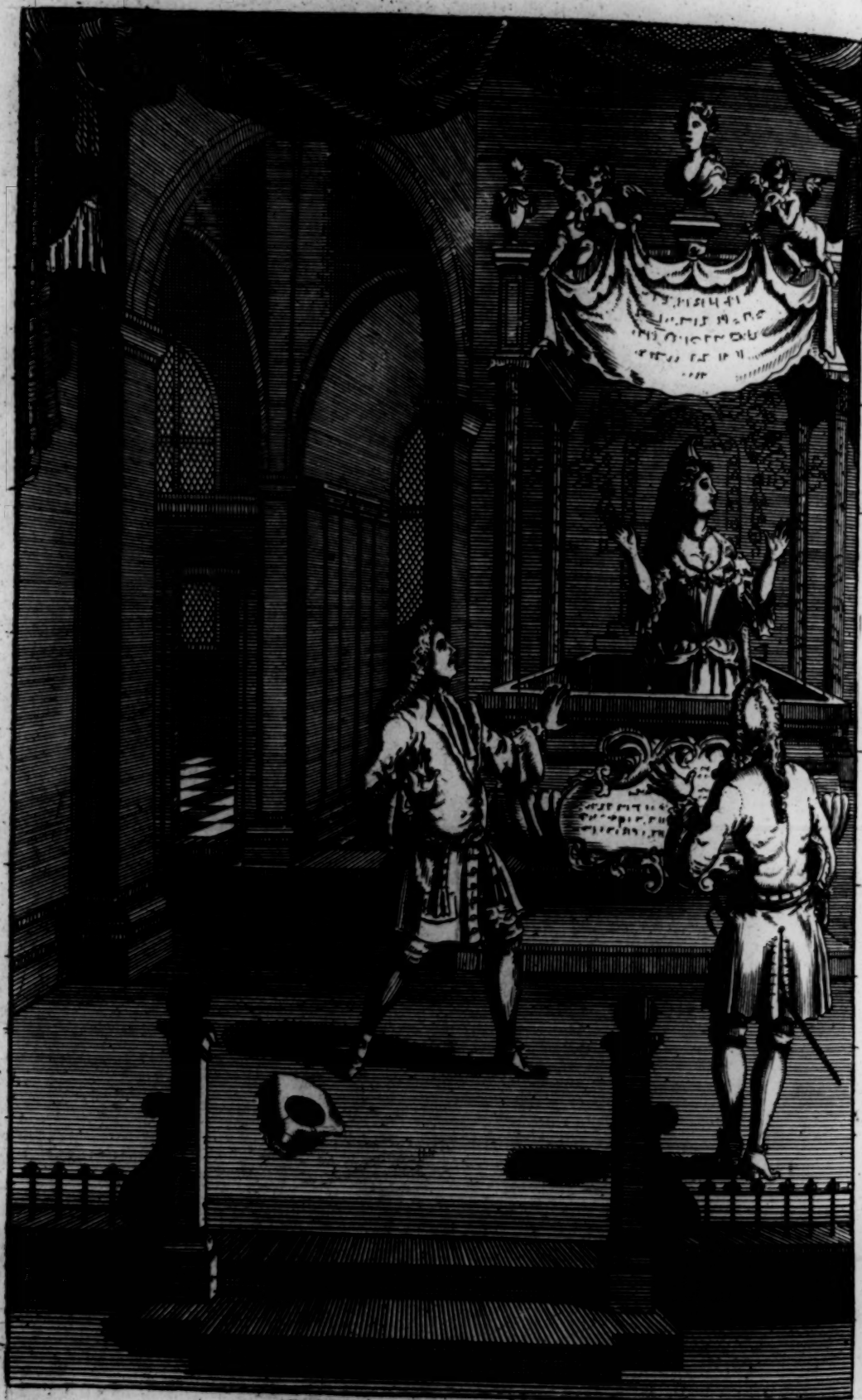
'Tis a Charge sav'd; you must not grudge your Guest,

'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*







K^t of Malta Vol. 3, p. 2593.

THE
KNIGHT

O F

M A L T A.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

VAletta, *the grand Master of Malta.*
Miranda, *an Italian Gentleman, the Knight of Malta.*
Astorius, } *Two Knights of the Order.*
Castriott, }
Mountferrat, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*
Gomera, *A deserving Spanish Gentleman.*
Norandine, *a valiant merry Dane, Commander in chief
of the Gallies of Malta.*
Collona, *alias Angelo, a Captive redeemed from the Gal-
lies, and beloved of Miranda.*
Rocca, *Servant and Instrument to Mountferrat.*
Two Bishops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Prisoners.
Two Marshals.
Doctor.
One of the Esquard.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Oriana, *Sister to Valetta, and Wife of Gomera.*
Velleda, *Attendant on Oriana.*
Zanthia, *alias Abdella, a Moor Servant to Oriana.*
Luscinda, *a beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to An-
gelo, Prisoner to Miranda.*
Two Gentlewomen.

The SCENE MALTA.

THE



T H E
Knight of *MALTA*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

M O U N T F E R R A T.



Ares she despise me thus? me that with Spoil
And hazardous Exploits, full sixteen Years
Have led (as Hand-maids) Fortune, Victo-
Whom the *Maltezi* call my Servitors? (ry,
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them
calm,

Out-lighten'd Lightning in my Chivalry;
Rid (tame as Patience) Billows that kick'd Heav'n,
Whistl'd enraged *Boreas* 'till his Gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not show the Air my Keel,
And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
Which though they blaze both Comfort, and invite
Neither by Force, nor Fraud pass through her Ear
(Whose Guard is only blushing Innocence)
To take the least Possession of her Heart:
Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name, unapt
with meritorious Actions,
She might with Colour disallow my Suit:
But by the Honour of this Christian Cross
(In Blood of Infidels so often dy'd)
Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here,
And neither Favour, nor Birth's Privilege,

Oriana

Oriana shall confess, although she be
Valetta's Sister, our Grand-master here,
 The Wages of scorn'd Love is baneful Hate,
 And if I rule not her, I'll rule her Fate.

Rocca, my trusty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Roc. Sir,

I wish my News deserv'd it: hapless I
 That being lov'd, and trusted, fail to bring
 The loving Answer that you do expect. (send forth

Mount. Why speak'st thou from me? thy pleas'd Eyes
 Beams brighter than the Star that ushers day,
 Thy Smiles restore sick expectation.

Roc. I bring you, Sir, her Smiles, not mine.

Mount. Her Smiles?

Why they are Presents for Kings eldest Sons;
 Great *Solyman*, that wearies his hot Eyes
 But to peruse his deck'd *Seraglio*,
 When from the number of his Concubines,
 He chuseth one for that Night, in his Pride
 Of them, Wives, Wealth, is not so rich as I
 In this one Smile, from *Oriana* sent.

Roc. Sir, fare ye well.

Mount. Oh *Rocca*! thou art wise,
 And wou'dst not have the torrent of my Joy
 Ruin me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'st
 If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
 What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
 Cast me into? I felt, my dearest Friend,
 No more my Servant, when I imployed thee
 That knew'st to look, and speak as Lovers should,
 And carry faithfully thy Master's sighs,
 That it must work some heat in her cold Heart,
 And all my Labours now come fraughted home
 With ten-fold Prize.

Roc. Will you yet hear me?

Mount. Yes;

But take heed, gentle *Rocca*, that thou dost
 Tenderly by degrees assault mine Ears
 With her consent, now to embrace my love;

For

For thou well know'st I have been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolv'd Reject, and Neglect:
That to report her soft Acceptance now,
Will stupifie Sense in me, if not kill:
Why shew'st thou this Distemper?

Roc. Draw your Sword,
And when I with my Breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it;
I bring you Smiles of Pity, not Affection,
For such she sent.

Mount. Oh! can she pity me?
Of all the Paths lead to a Woman's Love,
Pity's the straightest.

Roc. Waken Sir, and know
That her Contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still; she bids you throw your Pearl
Into strong Streams, and hope to turn them so,
E'er her to foul Dishonour; write your Complaints
In Rocks of Coral grown above the Sea,
Than hope to soften to Compassion,
Or change their modest Blush to love-sick Pale,
E'er work her to your impious Requests;
All your loose Thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm Behaviour, and mild Looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate:
She says, that by your Order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own Faith,
That being the Virgin you should now protect,
Hitherto she professes she has conceal'd
Your lustful Batteries, but the next she vows,
In open Hall, before the honour'd Cross,
And her great Brother, she will quite disclose,
Calling for Justice, to your utter Shame.

Mount. Hence, find the *Blackamoor* that waits upon
Bring her unto me, she doth love me yet, (her,
And I must her now, at least seem to do:

Cupid, thy Brands that glow thus in my Veins,
will with Blood extinguish——Art not gone?

Shall my Desires, like Beggars, wait at Door,
 Whilst any others revel in her Breast?
 Sweat on my Spirits; know thou trick'd up Toy,
 My Love's a violent Flood, where art thou fall'n,
 Playing with which Tide thou'd'st been gently tofs'd,
 But crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd, and lost.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good Day.

Asto. Good morrow, valiant Knight,
 What, are you for this great Solemnity
 This Morn intended?

Mount. What Solemnity?

Asto. The investing of the Martial Spaniard,
Teter Gomera, with our Christian Badge.

Cast. And young *Miranda* the Italian,
 Both which with wondrous Prowess, and great Luck,
 Have dar'd and done for *Malta* such high Feats,
 That not one Fort in it, but rings their Names
 As loud as any Man's.

Mount. As any Man's?

Why, we have fought for *Malta*.

Asto. Yes, *Mountferrat*.

No bold Knight ever past you, but we wear
 The Dignity of Christians on our Breasts,
 And have a long time triumph'd for our Conquests;
 These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.

Mount. *Astorius*, you are a most indulgent Knight,
 Detracting from your self, to add to others,
 You know this Title is the Period
 To all our Labours, the Extremity
 Of that tall Pyramid, where Honour hangs.
 Which we with Sweat and Agony have reach'd,
 And should not then so easily impart
 So bright a Wreath to every cheap Desert.

Cast. How is this *Frenchman* chang'd, *Astorius*?
 Some sullen Discontent possesses him,
 That makes him envy, what he heretofore
 Did most ingeniously but emulate.

Mount. Oh furious Desire, how like a Whirl-wind
 Thou hurriest me beyond mine Honour's Point?

Out

Out of my Heart, base Lust, or Heart, I vow
Those Flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.

Ast. Do ye observe him?

Mount. What News of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?

Cast. He fights still,
In View o'th' Town; he plays the Devil with 'em,
And they the *Turks* with him.

Mount. They're well met then, 'twere Sin to sever 'em,
Pish —— Woman. —— Memory ——
Would one of ye would leave me.

Ast. Six fresh Gallies
I in St. *Angelo* from the Promontory
This Morn descry'd, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Master doth intend Relief
This present Meeting; will you walk along?

Mount. Hum---I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The Gulphs of worthiest Men, buried their Names,
Their former Valour, Bounty, Beauty, Virtue,
And sent 'em stinking to untimely Graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her Disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched; Woman then
Checking or granting, is the Grave of Men.

Ast. He's saying of his Prayers sure.

Cast. Will you go, Sir?

Mount. I cry you Mercy: I am so transported
(Your Pardon, noble Brothers) with a Business
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'll hear't) almost blind and deaf.
Lust neither sees nor hears ought but it self,
But I will follow instantly: your Cross.

Ast. Not mine.

[*Dropt.*

Cast. Nor mine, 'tis yours.

Ast. Cast. Good morrow, Brother.

[*Exeunt.*

Mount. White innocent Sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim Thoughts of this troubled Breast.

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella, with two Letters.
Yet I must wear thee to protect my Crimes,
If not for Conscience, for Hypocrisie,
Some Churchmen so wear Cassocks: Oh my *Zanthia*!

My Pearl, that scorns a Stain ! I must repent
 All my Neglect ; let me, *Ixion* like,
 Embrace my black Cloud, since my *Juno* is
 So wrathful, and averse ; thou art more soft
 And full of Dalliance than the fairest Flesh,
 And far more loving.

Zan. Ay, you say so now ;
 But like a Property, when I have serv'd
 Your Turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
 For a sign somewhere.

Mount. May my Life then forsake me,
 Or from my expected Bliss, be cast to Hell.

Zan. My Tongue, Sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
 Nor my black Cheek put on a feigned Blush,
 To make me seem more modest than I am.
 This Ground-Work will not bear adulterate Red,
 Nor artificial White, to cozen Love
 These dark Locks are not purchas'd, nor these Teeth,
 For every Night, they are my Bedfellows ;
 No Bath, no blanching Water, smoothing Oils,
 Doth mend me up ; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
 I am as full of Pleasure in the Touch
 As e'er a white-fac'd Puppet of 'em all,
 Juicy, and firm ; unfl dge 'em of their Tires,
 Their Wires, their Partlets, Pins, and Perriwigs,
 And they appear like bald Cootes, in the Nest ;
 I can as blithly work in my Love's Bed,
 And deck thy fair Neck, with these jetty Chains,
 Sing thee asleep, being weary'd ; and refresh'd,
 With the same Organ, steel Sleep off again.

Mount. Oh my black Swan, sleeker than Cignets Plush,
 Sweeter than is the Sweet of Pomander,
 Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling *Lymon-Trees*,
 Strait as young Pines, or Cedars in the Grove,
 Quickly descend ! Lover's best Canopy,
 Still Night ; for *Zantbia* doth enamour me
 Beyond all Continnence perpetrate, dear Wench,
 What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in't my Honours here,

And

And in some other Country, *Zantbia* make
My Wife, and my best Fortune.

Zan. From this Hope,
Here is an Answer to that Letter, which
I lately shew'd you sent from *Tripoly*,
By the great *Basba*, which importunes her
Love unto him, and Treachery to the Island;
Which will she undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vows, on his blest *Alchoran*,
Marriage unto her: This the Master knows,
But is resolv'd of her Integrity,
As well as he may, sweet Lady; yet for Love,
For love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chains
Of Deity, or Duty can hold Love?)
I have this Answer fram'd, so like her Hand
As if it had been moulded off; returning
The *Basba's* Letter safe into her Pocket;
What will you do with it, your self best knows;
Farewel, keep my true Heart, keep true your Vows. [*Exit.*

Mount. 'Till I be Dust, my *Zantbia*, be confirm'd;
Sparrows, and Doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy Lips.
It is not Love, but strong Libidinous Will
That triumphs o'er me, and to satiate that,
What Difference 'twixt this *Moor*, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their Hues alike, their Use is so;
Whose Hand is so subtle, he can Colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Lust being blind,
Never in Women did Distinction find. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter two Gentlemen. (Love?

1 *Gent.* But i'faith dost thou think my Lady was never in

2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever in Love, in perfect

1 *Gent.* I mean, with all the World. (Charity.

2 *Gent.* A most christian Answer, I promise you.

2 *Gent.* But I mean in Love with a Man.

2 *Gent.* With a Man? What else? would'st have her
in Love with a Beast?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat quick; but if shewere, it were no
President; did you never read of *Europa*, the fair, that leapt

A Bull, that leapt the Sea, that swum to Land, and then

2 *Gent.* Oh Heav'ns, a Bull? (leapt her?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white Bull. (hold?

2 *Gent.* Lord, how could she sit him? Where did she

1 *Gent.* Why, by the Horn, since which time, no Woman, almost, is

Contented, 'till she have a Horn of her own, to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knavish. (thou marry?

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish; but Sirrah, why dost not

2 *Gent.* Because I would be no Man's Looking-Glass?

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus, there is no Wife, if she be good and true, will honour, and obey, but must reflect the true Countenance of her Husband upon him; if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him: If he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully, else she is a false Glass, and fit for nothing but breaking: His Anger must not be her Discontent; his Pleasure her Delight: If he weep, she must cry: If he laugh, she must show her Teeth; if he be sick, she must not be in Health; if he eat Caudles, she must eat Pottage, she must have no proper Passion of her own; and is not this a Tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith, Marriage may well be called a Yoak; Wives then are but like superficial Lines in Geometry, that have no proper Motion of their own, but as their Bodies their Husbands move; yet I know some Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their Husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's because the Moon governs 'em, which hath most Light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary, is more fullen, dim, and shows least Splendor, when it is nearest.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate Fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest Man I could get for Mony, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted; bless me from a Husband that fails by his Wife's Compass.

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his Head
in her Youth, and when she is old she'll never leave
'till she has broke his Back too ———
But what scurvy Knight have you here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hift, Wenches, my Lady calls, she's entring
The *Tarrafce*, to see the Show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black Pudding.

2 *Gent.* My little Labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*,
that when they are dub'd take their Oath of Allegiance
to live poor, and chafly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have
heard) are as poor as ours; marry where one of 'em has
taken the Oath of Chafity, we want a new *Columbus* to
find out. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gentlewomen; beneath,
Valetta, Mountferrat, Astorius, Castriot, Gomera,
Miranda, Attendants of Knights, &c.*

Mount. Are you there, Lady?

Ori. Thou art a naughty Man,
Heav'n mend thee.

Val. Our great Meeting, princely Brothers,
Ye holy Soldiers of the *Christian-Cross*,
Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting for *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valiant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As e'er the Country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh Supply of head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much Blood this warlike *Dane* hath spent
To advance our Flag, above their horned Moons;
And oft hath brought in profitable Conquest:
We must not see him perish in our View.
How far off fight they?

Mir. Sir, within a League.

Val. 'Tis well; our next Occasion of conventing
Are these two Gentlemen, standing in your Sight.
Ye are noble Props of *Malta*, royally

Descended are they both, valiant as War,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten Years
 They have serv'd this Island, perfected Exploits
 Matchless, and infinite, they are honest, wise,
 Not empty of one Ornament of Man:
 Most eminent Agents were they in that slaughter,
 That great marvellous slaughter of the *Turks*,
 Before *St. Elme*, where five and twenty thousand
 Fell, for five thousand of our Christians:
 These ripe Considerations moving us,
 Having had your allowance on their Worths,
 Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood;
 If any therefore can their Manners tax,
 Their Faith, their Chastity, any part of Life,
 Let 'em speak now.

Asto. None does.

All. None can, great Master.

Val. The Dignity then dignifie, by them,
 As their Reward: Tender *Miranda* first,
 Because he is to succour *Norandine*,
 Our sacred Robe of Knighthood, our white Cross,
 The holy Cognizance of him we serve,
 The Sword, the Spurs.

Mir. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
 With humble Duty, and my Soul's best Thanks
 To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
 Let me with Modesty refuse acceptance
 Of this high Order: I, alas, am yet
 Unworthy, and uncapable of such Honour;
 That Merit, which with favour you enlarge
 Is far, far short, of this propos'd Reward.
 Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
 Must come with pure Thoughts, and a gathered Mind,
 That time nor all occasions ever may
 After disperse, or stain; did this Title here
 Of Knighthood, ask no other Ornaments
 Than other Countries glitt'ring show, poor Pride,
 A gingling Spur, a Feather, a white Hand,
 A frizled Hair, powder'd Perfumes, and Lust,
 Drinking sweet Wines, Surfeits, and Ignorance,

Rashly

Rashly and easily should I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of Man.

Mount. A staid and mature Judgment; speak on, Sir.

Mir. May it please you then to allow me some small time
To rectifie my self, for that high Seat,
Or give my Reasons to the contrary.
I th' mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of *Norandine*: My Ships ride in the Bay
Ready to disembugue, tack'led, and mann'd
Even to my wishes.

Mount. His Request
Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you
My noble Friend *Mountferrat*; gracious Mistress,
Oh that auspicious Smile doth arm your Soldier,
Who fights for those Eyes, and this sacred Cross,
Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss. [Exit.

Ori. The mighty Master of that Livery,
Conduct thee safely to these Eyes again.

Mount. Blows the Wind that way?

Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without Excuse receive that Dignity,
Which our Provincial Chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great Master of *Jerusalem's* Hospital,
From whence to *Rhodes* this blest Fraternity
Was driven, but now among the *Maltois* stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst *Gomera* serves it,
But dares not enter farther.

All. This is strange.

Val. What do ye object?

Gom. Nothing against it, but my self, fair Knights,
I may not wear this Robe.

Val. Express your Reasons;
Doth any hid Sin goar your Conscience?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in Religion?

Cast. Or do ye intend to forsake *Malta* now,
And visit your own Country, fruitful *Spain*?

Gom. Never, good Sir.

Val.

Val. Then explicate your Thoughts.

Gom. This then: I should be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in *Melita*, your next City here,
When I was younger, read I the Decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once; none but a Gentleman
Can be admitted.

Val. That's no Obstacle
In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it;
No married Man.

Mount. You never felt that Yoak.

Gom. None, that hath been contracted.

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted; none that ever
Hath vowed his Love to any Womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his Thoughts:
Here I am cast, this Article my Heart
Objects against the Title of my Fame,
I am in Love; laugh not, though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this Face, and these curl'd Locks
Will shortly dye into another hew,
Yet, yet I am in Love: (i'faith you smile)
What Age, what Sex, or what Profession
Divine, or Human, from the Man that cries
For Alms the high way, to him that sings
At the high Altar, and doth Sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is Love?

Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd; with whom, *Gomera*?
Name the Lady, that with all the advantage
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, Sir?

Val. Now by our holy Rock, were it our Sister:
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.

Gom. Be Master of your word; it is she, Sir,
The matchless *Oriana*.

Val. Come down, Lady;
You have made her blush, let her consent, I will
Make good my Oath.

Mount.

Mount. Is't so? stay; I do love
So tenderly, *Gomera*, your bright Flame,
As not to suffer your Perdition.

Gom. What means *Mountferrat*?

Enter Guard.

Mount. This whole *Auberge* hath,
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
Ta'en publick notice of the *Bassa's* Love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, as he writ
For her Conversion, and betraying *Malta*,
She should advise him betray *Tripoly*,
And turning Christian, he should marry her.

All. All this was so.

Mount. How weakly does this Court then
Send Vessels forth to Sea, to guard the Land,
Taking such special care to save one Bark,
Or strive to add fam'd Men unto our Cloak,
When they lurk in our Bosoms would subvert
This State and us, presuming on their Blood,-
And partial Indulgence to their Sex?

Val. Who can this be?

Mount. Your Sister, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the *Bassa's* Letter.

Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this Pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd by ———

Mount. Do not swear,
Cast not away your fair Soul, to your Treason
Add not foul Perjury: Is this your Hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer these Letters, and then read her Answer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me,
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous Treachery,
Even in your Sister, since in it I save
Malta from Ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal
Know our great Master to this Country firm,
As was the *Roman Marcus*, who spar'd not

As

As dear a Sister in the publick cause.

Val. I am amaz'd; attend me.

Reads the Letter

*Let your Forces by the next Even be ready, my Brother
feasts then; put in at St. Michaels, the Ascent at that Port
is easiest; the Keys of the Castle you shall receive at my
Hands: That possess'd, you are Lord of Malta, and may soon
destroy all by fire, than which I am botter, 'till I embrace you.
Farewel,*

Your Wife
ORIANA.

From this time let me never read again.

Gent. 'Tis certain her Hand.

Val. This Letter too

So close kept by her self, could not be answered
to every Period thus, but by her self.

T Ori. Sir, hear me.

Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of Flowers,
Under whose Beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou akin to me, in some new Name
Dearer than Sister, Mother, or all Blood,
I would not hear thee speak: Bear her to Prison,
So gross is this, it needs no formal course,
Prepare thy self, to Morrow thou shalt dye.

Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor Maid,
Almost i'faith as innocent as born, (thee. [*Ex.*
Thou know'st thou'rt wicked, *Frenchman*, Heav'n forgive

All. This Scene is strangely turn'd.

Val. Yet can Nature be

So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat should perceive my Sister had
A Brother would not live to see her dye
Unfought for, since the Statutes of our State
Allow, in case of Accusations,
A Champion to defend a Lady's Truth.
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy Wife,
Death pleads a Precontract.

Gom. I have lost my Tongue,
My Sense, my Heart, and every Faculty:
Mountferrat, go not up; with Reverence

To

To our great Master, and this Consistory
(I have considered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a Villain, and a Forger,
A Blood-sucker of Innocence, an Hypocrite,
A most unworthy Wearer of our Cross;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'st, that Gage,
And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman,
Meet me to Morrow Morning, where the Master
And this Fraternity shall design, where I
Will cram this Slander back into thy Throat,
And with my Sword's point thrust it to thy Heart,
The very Nest where Lust and Slander breeds.
Pardon my Passion; I will tear those Spurs
Off from thy Heels, and stick 'em in thy Front,
As a mark'd Villain.

Mount. This I look'd not for:
Ten times more Villain, I return my Gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.

Gom. 'Tis that I crave.

All. It cannot be deny'd.

Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand Gifts and Importunacies,
Thou often hast sollicitated this Lady,
Contrary to thy Oath of Chastity,
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-reign'd Lust,
Yet tender to prevent a publick Scandal,
That Christendom might justly have impos'd
Upon this holy Institution,
Thou now hast drawn this Practice 'gainst her Life,
To quit her Charity.

Mount. Spaniard, thou liest.

Asto. No more, *Gomera*, thou art granted Combat,
And you *Mountferrat* must prepare against
To Morrow Morning in the Valley here
Adjoining to *St. George's* Port: A Lady
In case of Life, 'gainst whom one Witness comes,
May have her Champion.

Val. And who hath most right
With, or against our Sister, speed in fight. [*Flourish. Ex.*
Enter

Enter Rocca.

Mount. *Rocca*, the first News of *Miranda's* Service
Let me have notice of.

Roc. You shall: The *Moor*
Waits you without.

Mount. Admit her; ha, ha, ha.
Oh, how my Fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*
Loves *Oriana*; she, as I should guess,
Affects *Miranda*; these are two dear Friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as Steel and Flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other.

Enter Zanthia.

Stay, let me like it better, *Zanthia*;
First tell me this, did *Don Gomera* use
To give his Visits to your Mistress?

Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too, but severally.

Mount. Which did she most apply to?

Zan. Faith to neither:

Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one Man,
I think she was in love with't.

Mount. *Zanthia*,

Another Letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your Lady's Character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee strait,
Go in, and stay me: Go my Tinder-box,
Cross lines I'll cross; so, so, my after-game
I must play better: Woman, I will spread
My Vengeance over *Malta*, for thy sake:
Spaniard, *Italian*, like my Steel and Stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink to save the sparkles from mine Eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.

Mir. **H**OW is it, Sir?
Nor. Pray set me down; I cool,
And my Wounds smart.

Mir. I hope yet,
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.

Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward Fool; but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so,
I make the Rogues more work than all the Island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my Mony.

Mir. I am glad ye are so sprightly; ye fought bravely:
Go call the Surgeons, Soldiers; wondrous nobly,
Upon my Life, I have not seen such Valour,
Maintained so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against ye.

Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely Succour:
By th' Mass it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd else,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me else; but he has well paid for't.
Why what a sign for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Astorius.

Asto. I am glad to find ye here, Sir, of necessity
I must have come Aboard else; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair Victory,
And all the Island speaks your Valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in that ye took?

Mir. He rides there.

Nor. If he were out again, the Devil should bring him.
H'as truly Circumcis'd me.

Asto. I have a business
Which much concerns ye, presently concerns ye;
But

But not this Place nor People : Pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye.

Mir. I'll wait on ye.

I must crave leave a while; my Care dwells with ye,
And I must wait my self.

Nor. Your Servant, Sir.

Mir. Believe I shall, and what my Love can minister;
Keep your stout Heart still.

Nor. That's my best Physician.

Mir. And I shall keep your Fame fair.

[*Exit.*

Nor. Ye are too noble.

A brave young Fellow of a matchless Spirit;
He brought me off like Thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine Honour:
And when my fainting Men, tyr'd with their labour,
And lack of Blood, gave to the *Turk* assurance
The Day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bless us;
Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
And let fly Blood, and Death, and Storms amongst 'em.
Then might I hear their sleepy Prophet howl too,
And all their silver Crescents then I saw
Like falling Meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the Cross of *Malta*; Death so wanton
I never look'd upon, so full of revel.

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be dress'd yet : Methought that Fellow
Was fit for no Conversation, nor no Christian
That had not half his Brains knockt out, no Soldier.
Oh valiant young Man, how I love thy Virtue.

Sol. Pray ye Sir be dress'd, alas ye bleed apace yet.

Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of Honour, alas, thou Milk-sop,
Thou Man of *March*-pane, canst thou fear to see
A few light Hurts, that blush they are no bigger,
A few small Scratches? Get ye a Cawdle, Sirrah,
Your Finger akes, and let the old Wives watch thee:
Bring in the Booty, and the Prisoners;
By Heav'n I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of Blood wip'd from me; go.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Surg. You'll faint, Sir.

Nor.

Nor. No, ye lye, Sir, like an Ass, Sir;
I have no such Pigs hurt in my Belly.

Surg. By my Life, Captain,
These Hurts are not to be jested with.

Nor. If thou hadst 'em;
They are my Companions, Fool, my Family:
I cannot eat nor sleep without their Company.
Dost take me for St. Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his Nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers with Booty.

Surg. Here they come, Sir;
But would you would be dress'd.

Nor. Pox, dress thy self first.
Thou faint'st a great deal faster: What's all this?

1 Sold. The Mony and the Merchandize ye took, Sir.

Nor. A goodly Purchase; is it for this we venture
Our Liberties and Lives? What can all this do?
Get me some dozen Surfeits, some seven fresh Whores,
And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I am virtuous.
Lay the Knight's Part by, and that to pay the Soldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deserv'd it: (maid,
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chamber-
I'll neither start nor squeak: What's that i'th' Truss there?

2 Sold. 'Tis Cloth of Tissue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.

Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that Crack, Surgeon?

Surg. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.

Nor. There's for your Plaister.

A very learned Surgeon: What's in that Pack there?

1 Sold. 'Tis *English* Cloth.

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong, and rich; but it has a Virtue
A Twang of the own Country, that spoils all;
A Man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are the Gentlemen
That ventur'd with me, both their Lives and Fortunes?
Come forward my fair Spirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his Worth, when he forgets your Valours,
You have lost an Eye, I saw ye face all Hazards:
You have one left yet, to chuse your Mistress.

1 *Sold.* What shall be done with this Woman, Sir?

Nor. Pox take her,

'Twas she that set me on to fight with these Rogues,
That Ring-Worm, rot it; what can you do now
With all your Paintings, and your Pouncings, Lady,
To restore my Blood again? You, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbinado of me, Plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye Rogue, this is thy Work, Woman,
Thou lowfie Woman; 'death, you go too deep still.
The seeing of your simpering Sweetness:—ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one Night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, Sweet-heart, and oh my dear Chicken,
Scratching my Head, or fumbling with my Fore-mast,
Do me good now? Ye have powder'd me for one Year.
I am in souce I thank ye; thank your Beauty,
Your most sweet Beauty; pox upon those Goggles.
We cannot fight like honest Men, for Honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the Devil's Holiness
And you must have a Dance; away with her,
She stinks to me now.

1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, Captain?

2 *Sold.* Or I?

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her.

4 *Sold.* Good Captain, I.

3 *Sold.* And make her a good Christian; lay Hands off her;
I know she's mine. (ners,

2 *Sold.* I'll give my full Share for her; have ye no Man-
To thrust the Woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many Hurts as I have,
And twice as many Aches.

Luf. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from these Soldiers Wildness,
'Till I but speak two Words.

Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your Book, proceed.

Luf. Victorious Sir,
'Tis seldom seen in Men so valiant,
Minds so devoid of Virtue; he that can conquer,
Z 2 Should

Should ever know how to preserve his Conquest,
 'Tis but a base Theft else. Valour's a Virtue,
 Crown of Mens Actions here; yours, as you make it.
 And can you put so rough a Foil as Violence,
 As wronging of weak Woman, to your Triumph?

Nor. Let her alone.

Luf. I have lost my Husband, Sir;
 You feel not that: Him that I love; you care not:
 When Fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too:
 My Liberty I kneel not for; mine Honour
 (If ever virtuous Honour touch'd your Heart yet)
 Make dear and precious, Sir; you had a Mother.

Nor. The roguish thing speaks finely, neat, who took ye?
 For he must be your Guard.

Luf. I wish no better:
 A noble Gentleman, and nobly us'd me,
 They call'd his Name *Miranda*.

Nor. You are his then?
 Ye have light upon a young Man worth your Service,
 I free ye from all the rest, and from all Violence;
 He that doth offer't, by my Head he hangs for't:
 Go see her safe kept, 'till the noble Gentleman
 Be ready to dispose her; thank your Tongue,
 You have a good one, and preserve it good still.
 Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll see ye paid all. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Miranda and Astorius.

Asto. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuously ye lov'd her,
 Which made me make that haste: I knew ye priz'd her,
 As all fair Minds do Goodness.

Mir. Good *Astorius*,
 I must confess I do much honour her,
 And worthily I hope still.

Asto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
 For on my Life she is much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely,
 And I as much tormented I was absent.

Asto. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera's* Noble,
 Of a try'd Faith and Valour.

Mir.

Mir. This I know too:

But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
Whilst Virtue suffer'd, Friend, oh how it loads me!
Whilst Innocence and Sweetness sunk together,
How cold it sits here? If my Arm had fought her,
My Truth, though naked, stood against all Treasons,
My Sword here grasped, Love on the Edge and Honour,
And but a Signal from her Eye to seal it;
If then she had been lost; I brag too late,
And too much I decline the noble *Peter*.
Yet some poor Service I would do her Sweetness,
Alas she needs it, my *Astorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.

Asto. Noble Spirit.

Mir. And what can; prethee bear with this Weakness:
Often I do not use these Womens Weapons,
But where true Pity is. I am much troubled,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet.

Asto. I'll take my Leave, Sir, I shall but disturb ye.

Mir. And please you for a while; and pray to Fortune
To smile upon this Lady.

Asto. All my Help, Sir.

[Exit.

Mir. *Gomera's* old and stiff, and he may lose her,
The Winter of his Years and Wounds upon him,
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's Fury, in his Heat of Summer,
The whistling of his Sword like angry Storms,
Renting up Life by th' Roots: I have seen him scale
As if a Falcon had run up a Train,
Clashing his warlike Pinions, his steel'd Curafs,
And at his Pitch inmew the Town below him.
I must do something.

Enter Collona.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n sake
Take Pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another.

Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give it.
From what Affliction, Sir?

Col. From Cold and Hunger,
From Nakedness and Stripes.

Z 3

Mir.

Mir. A Prisoner?

Col. A Slave, Sir, in the *Turkish* Prize, new taken;
That in the Heat of Fight, when your brave Hand
Brought the *Dane* Succour, got my Irons off,
And put my self to mercy of the Ocean.

Mir. And swum to Land?

Col. I did, Sir, Heav'n was gracious;
But now a Stranger, and my Wants upon me,
Though willingly I would preserve this Life, Sir,
With Honesty and Truth, I am not look'd on;
The Hand of Pity that should give for Heav'n's sake,
And charitable Hearts, are grown so cold, Sir,
Never remembering what their Fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou say'st too true; of what Profession art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve truly,
Where Trust is laid upon me.

Mir. A handsome Fellow;
Hast thou e'er bore Arms?

Col. I have trod full many a March, Sir,
And some Hurts have to shew; before me too, Sir.

Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forc'd for Want,
Come to a worse End. I know not what thou may'st be,
But if thou think'st it fit to be a Servant,
I'll be a Master, and a good one to thee,
If ye deserve, Sir.

Col. Else I ask no Favour.

Mir. Then, Sir, to try your Trust, because I like you,
Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a Woman,
A *Turkish* Prisoner, for me receive her,
I hear she is my Prize, look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my Prisoner,
The Christians need no Schoolmasters for Honour.
Take this to buy thee Cloaths, this Ring, to help thee
Into the Fellowship of my House; ye are a Stranger,
And my Servants will not know ye else; there keep her,
And with all Modesty preserve your Service.

Col. A foul Example find me else; Heav'n thank ye.
Of Captain *Norandine*?

Mir. The same.

Col. 'Tis done, Sir:

And

And may Heav'ns Goodness ever dwell about ye.

Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.

Col. I shall not fail, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Mountferrat with a Letter, and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully ; most unmannly.

Mount. Let me alone.

Abd. Thus leadenly ?

Mount.——Take ye.

Abd. At every childish Fear ? At every Shadow ?
Are you *Mountferrat*, that have done such Deeds ?
Wrought through such bloody Fields, Men shake to speak
Can ye go back ? Is there a Safety left yet (of ?
But fore-right ? Is not Ruin round about ye ?
Have ye not still these Arms, that Sword, that Heart
Is't not a Man ye fight with, and an old Man, (whole ?
A Man half kill'd already ? Am not I here ?
As lovely in my Black to entertain thee,
As high and full of Heat to meet thy Pleasures ?

Mount. I will be alone.

Abd. Ye shall ; farewell, Sir,
And do it bravely, never think of Conscience ;
There is none to a Man resolv'd ; be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, most unhappy Wretch as thou hast made
More Devil than thy self, I am. (me

Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it ; how he starts ?
All is not handsome in thy Heart, *Mountferrat*.
God speed ye, Sir, I have been seeking of ye ?
They say you are to fight to Day.

Mount. What then ?

Mir. Nay, nothing but good Fortune to your Sword,
Ye have a Cause requires it, the Island's Safety, (Sir.
The Order's, and your Honour's.

Mount. And do you make a Question
I will not fight it nobly ?

Mir. Ye dare fight,

Ye have, and with as great a Confidence as Justice,
I have seen ye strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mount. Why are these Questions then?

Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.

Ye have a Lady in your Cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on Ground, a nobler.

Mount. Do ye come on so fast? I have it for ye.

Mir. The Sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mount. These I grant ye;

Nor dare I against Beauty heave my Hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly:
But when these Excellencies turn to Ruin,
To Ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em;
When Virtue's lost, Lust and Dishonour enter'd,
Loss of our selves and Souls basely projected——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mount. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be?

Can it be thought, *Mountferrat*, so much Sweetness,
So great a Magazine of all things precious,
A Mind so heav'nly made; prithee observe me.

Mount. I thought so too; now by my holy Order,
He that had told me, ('till Experience found it
Too bold a Proof) this Lady had been vicious——
I wear no dull Sword, Sir, nor hate I Virtue.

Mir. Against her Brother? To the Man has bred her?
Her Blood and Honour?

Mount. Where ambitious Lust
Desires to be above the Rule prescrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold Duty,
Like Fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on Blood and Mischief, Death and Ruin,
To raise her new-built Hopes, new Faith to fasten her:
Ma'foy, she is as foul, as Heav'n is beauteous.

Mir. Thou ly'st, thou ly'st *Mountferrat*, thou ly'st basely;
Stare not, nor swell not with thy Pride; thou ly'st,
And this shall make it good

Mount. Out with your Heat first,
Ye shall be fought withal.

Mir. By——that Lady,

The

The Virtue of that Woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy Families, bound in one Fagot,
From *Adam* to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light Ashes.

Mount. Oh pitiful young Man, struck blind with Beauty!
Shot with a Woman's smile: poor, poor *Miranda*;
Thou hopeful young Man once, but now thou lost Man;
Thou naked Man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozen'd? Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear Honour, (mark me Fool)
Which like a Father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender Honour is abus'd; but fight first,
And then too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still.

Mount. Stay, now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee.
I love thee so dear, Time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that.

Mir. It is her Hand; it is most certain;
Good Angels keep me; that I should be her Agent
To betray *Malta*, and bring her to the *Basba*,
That on my tender love lay all her Project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow;
Did the Devil do this?

Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love so dearly;
Come, will ye fight again?

Mir. No, prithee kill me,
For Heav'n sake, and for Goodness sake dispatch me,
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me.

Mount. Why, are ye guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd, *Mountferrat*,
To see Dishonour swallow up all Virtue,
And now would die: By Heav'n's eternal Brightness,
I am as clear as Innocence.

Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all Knowledge,
And this Sword from Anger, ye had died else.
And yet I lye, and basely lye.

Mir. O Virtue!
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?

What

What hast thou left to abuse our Frailties,
In shape of Goodness?

Mount. Come, take Courage, Man,
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your Actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your Loves; take comfort,
There be more Women.

Mir. And more Mischief in 'em.

Mount. The Justice I shall do, to right these Villanies,
Shall make ye Man again: I'll strike it sure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely, put this puling Passion
Out of your Mind; one knock for thee, *Miranda*,
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When she accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy absence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyish, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young Spark.

Mir. Boy, did he call me?

Gomera call me Boy?

Mount. It pleas'd his Gravity,
To think so of ye then: they that do Service,
And honest Service, such as thou and I do,
Are either Knaves or Boys.

Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?

How look'd he when he said it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Human and sweet.

Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed Dissention,
'Tis an unfriendly Office; and had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, Sir,
The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: 'twas hap'ly his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?

Shame take me if I suffer't; puff, farewell Love.

Mount. Ye know my business, I must leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.

Mir.

Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your Goodness
Have granted me one courtesie: ye say ye love me?

Mount. I do, and dearly: ask, and let that Courtesie
Nothing concern mine Honour.

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mount. What is it?
It shall be great that puts ye off; pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to day, good dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*——

Mount. Fie, *Miranda*,
Do ye weigh my Worth so little?

Mir. On my Knees,
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy Friend conceiv'd, as ever Honour lov'd thee.

Mount. Shall I turn Recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy Cause,
Thou hast no Reputation wounded in't,
Thine's but a general zeal: death, I am tainted,
The dearest twyn to life, my Credit's murder'd,
Baff'd and boy'd.

Mount. I am glad ye have swallow'd it.
I must confess I pity ye; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these Injuries:]
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do it,
And Man, as much as Man may: but *Miranda*,
Why do ye kneel?

Mir. By——I'll grow to the Ground here,
And with my Sword dig up my Grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me: Dear *Mountferrat*, Friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The Honour shall be yours.

Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet so much I should tender.

Mir. I'll preserve all:
By——I will; or all the Sin fall with me,
Pray let me.

Mount. Ye have won; I'll once be Coward
To pleasure you.

Mir.

Mir. I kiss your Hands, and thank ye.

Mount. Be tender of my Credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the Fire that flames.

Mount. I'll send mine Armour,
My Man shall presently attend ye with it,
For you must arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate; farewel, ye are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best *Mountferrat*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I will see the Combat, that's the truth on't,
If I had never a Leg, I would crawl to see it.

Doct. You are most unfit, if I might counsel ye,
Your Wounds so many, and the Air——

Nor. The Halter;
The Air's as good an Air, as fine an Air;
Wouldst thou have me live in an Oven?

Doct. Beside the Noise, Sir,
Which to a tender Body.

Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My Body must be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my Broth; I never prosper,
With Knuckles o' Veal, and Birds in Sorrel Sops,
Cawdles, and Cullysies, they wash me away
Like a Horse had eaten Grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled Herring, and a pottle of Sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen Trumpets.

Doct. You're a strange Gentleman. (Glister,

Nor. As e'er thou knew'st; wilt thou give me another
That I may sit cleanly there like a *French* Lady,
When she goes to a Mask at Court: Where's thy Hoboy?

Doct. I am glad ye are grown so merry.

Nor. Welcome, Gentlemen.

Enter Astorius, and Castriot.

Asto. We come to see you, Sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your Health,

Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doct.

Doct. Nay, thank your self, Sir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'er observes any of our Prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my Mony again then, good sweet Doctor;
Wilt thou have twenty Shillings a day for vexing me?

Doct. That shall not serve ye, Sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, Sir,
And that will make ye speak well: Hark, the Drums.

[Drums afar off. A low March.

Cast. They begin to beat to th' Field: Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was such a Stake, I hope, of Innocence,
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in Blood, before.

Asto. It makes us hang our Heads all.

Nor. A bold Villain;
If there be Treason in it: Accuse poor Ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too: I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say.

Asto. Come, lean on us, Sir.

Nor. I thank ye, Gentlemen: and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little sneezing Powder in your Pocket,
For fear I sound when I see my Blood.

Doct. You are pleasant.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the Combatants come in?

[The Scaffold set out, and the Stairs.

2 *Marsh.* Yes.

1 *Marsh.* Make the Field clear there.

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

(coming,

1 *Marsh.* Then to the Prisoner; the grand Master's
Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very Ends are?

Alas, sweet Lady,

If she be innocent,

[Flourish,

No doubt but Justice will direct her Champion.

Away, I hear 'em come.

1 *Marsh.* Pray Heav'n she prosper.

Enter

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astorias, Castriot, &c.

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a Chair.

Nor. I thank your Lordship.

Val. Sit, Sir, and take your ease; your Hurts require it:
You come to see a Woman's Cause decided,
That's all the Knowledge now, or Name I have for her:
They say a false, and base, and treacherous Woman,
And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity it should be so:

And if your Lordship durst ask my Opinion,
Sure I should answer No; so I much I honour her:
And answer't with my Life too: But *Gomera*
Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, Dogs gnaw his Flesh off,
And one above 'em both will find the Truth out.
He never fails, Sir.

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How Nature and his Honour struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble Gentleman. [*Within, make room there.*

Guard. Make room there.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.

Ori. Thus I ascend; nearer I hope to Heav'n,
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black Mansion,
The Image of my Grave, each foot we move
Goes to it still; each hour we leave behind us,
Knows sadly toward it: My noble Brother,
For yet mine Innocence dares call ye so,
And you the Friends to Virtue, that come hither,
The Chorus to this Tragick Scene, behold me,
Behold me with your Justice, not with Pity,
(My Cause was ne'er so poor to ask Compassion,)
Behold me in this spotless White I wear,
The Emblem of my Life, of all my Actions,
So ye shall find my Story, though I perish:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,
Tender and full of fears our blushing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentless Thoughts; unhatcht
With Blood and bloody Practice: alas, we tremble,
But when an angry Dream afflicts our Fancies,

Die

Die with a Tale well told; had I been practis'd,
And known the way of Mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my Blood and Honour up to reach it,
Forgot Religion, and the Line I sprung on,
Oh Heav'n, I had been fit then for thy Justice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own Opinions weigh mine Innocence;
Amongst ye I was planted from an Infant,
(Would then, if Heav'n had so been pleas'd, I had perish'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear Fruit,
The honourable Fruit of Marriage:
And am I blasted in my Bud with Treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair Name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my Rest in Ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all Wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me: I have spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his Sword strikes for ye,
Farewel.

Ori. Oh that went deep, farewel dear Brother,
And howsoe'er my Cause goes, see my Body
(Upon my Knees, I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy Truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. Justice sit on your Cause, and Heav'n fight for ye.

Nor. Two of ye, Gentlemen, do me but the Honour
To lead me to her; good my Lord, your Leave too:

Val. You have it, Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair Hands fearless,
As white as this I see your Innocence,
As spotless, and as pure; be not afraid, Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler Fortune,
To add unto your Life immortal Story:
Virtue, through hardest things arrives at Happiness,
Shame follow that blunt Sword that loses you,
And he that strikes against you: I shall study
A Curse or two for him: Once more your fair Hands,
I never brought ill Luck yet; be fearless happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the Knights severally.

Enter

Enter severally Gomera and Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my Champion,
And then to Heav'n and him I give my Cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Oria. I have not much, Sir.

Noble *Gomera*, from your own free Virtue,
You have undertaken here a poor Maid's Honour,
And with the hazard of your Life; and happily
You may suspect the Cause, though in your true Worth
You will not shew it; therefore take this Testimony,
(And as I hope for Happiness, a true one,)
And may it steel your Heart, and edge your good Sword:
Ye fight for her, as spotless of these Mischiefs,
As Heav'n is of our Sins, or Truth of Errors,
And so defie that treacherous Man, and prosper.

Nor. Blessing o' thy Heart, Lady.

Val. Give the Signal to 'em.

[*Low Alarms.*]

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, *Gomera*, follow that blow,
Well struck again, Boy: look upon the Lady,
And gather Spirit: brave again, lye close,
Lye close, I say: he fights aloft, and strongly;
Close for thy life: a vengeance o' that fell Buffet:
Retire, and gather Breath, ye have Day enough, Knights;
Look lovely on him, Lady; to't again now.
Stand, stand, *Gomera*, stand; one blow for all now.
Gather thy strength together; God bless the Woman:
Why, where's thy noble Heart? Heav'n bless the Lady.

All. Oh, oh!

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it.

(*quer'd;*

Hold, hold; he yields: hold thy brave Sword, he's con-
He's thine, *Gomera*; now be joyful, Lady:
What could this Thief have done, had his Cause been
He made my Heart-strings tremble.

(*equal?*

Val. Off with his Cask there;

And Executioner, take you his Head next.

Abdel. Oh cursed Fortune!

Gom. Stay, I beseech ye, Sir, and this one Honour
Grant me, I have deserv'd it; that this Villain
May live one day, to envy at my Justice,
That he may pine and dye, before the Sword fall.
Viewing the Glory I have won her Goodness.

Val.

Val. He shall, and you the Harvest of your Valour
Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.

Gom. I have sav'd her,
Preserv'd her spotless Worth from black Destruction,
Her white Name to Eternity deliver'd,
Her Youth, and Sweetness, from a timeless Ruin.
Now Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody Labour
May but deserve her Favour.

Mir. Stay and hear me first.

Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda's* Voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine Eyes abuse me,
What makes he here thus?

Ori. The young *Miranda*?
Is he mine Enemy too?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If Worth must carry it, and Service seek her,
But he that saved her Honour.

Gom. That's I, *Miranda*.

Mir. No, no, that's I, *Gomera*; be not so forward,
In bargain for my Love, ye cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it; which is nobler?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did; fought it? that's a poor Desert, Sir.
They are bound to that; but then to make that Fight
To do as I did, take all Danger from it, (sure,
Suffer that Coldness, that must call me now
Into Disgrace for ever, into Pity.

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from Hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no Hazard should come near

Gom. 'Twas I defy'd *Mountferrat*. (her.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a dark Day else; 'twas I defy'd
His Conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave Defiance.

Gom. My Life and Honour
At stake I laid.

Mir. My Care, and Truth lay by it,
Least that Stake might be lost: I have deserv'd her,
And none but I; the Lady might have perish'd,

Had fell *Mountferrat* struck it, from whose Malice
 With Cunning and bold Confidence I catch'd it,
 And 'twas high time, and such a Service, Lady,
 For you, and for your Innocence, for who knows not
 The all-devouring Sword of fierce *Mountferrat*?
 I shew'd ye what I could do, had I been spiteful,
 Or Master but of half the Poison he bears,
 (Hell take his Heart for't) and beshrew these Hands,
 With all my Heart, I wish a Mischief on 'em, (Madam,
 They made ye once look sad; such another Fright
 I would not put ye in, to owe the Island;
 Yet pardon me, 'twas but to shew a Soldier,
 Which, when I had done, I ended your poor Coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base Knight, *Mountferrat*.

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if his Man be trusty;
 This was a strange Misfortune; I must not know it.

Val. That most debauch'd Knight; come down sweet
 Sister,

My spotless Sister, now pray thank these Gentlemen,
 They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of ye.
 Both excellently, dearly, both all the Honour,
 All the Respect and Favour.

Ori. Both shall have it;
 And as my Life, their Memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true Knights, and both most worthy
 Here stands a Lady ripen'd with your Service, (Lovers,
 Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable:
 'Tis my Will she shall marry; marry now,
 And one of you (she cannot take more nobly) your Deserts
 Begot this Will, and bred it; both her Beauty
 Cannot enjoy; dare ye make me your Umpier?

Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
 That loses her.

Gom. Oh that were, Sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little Sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.

Gomera, you are a brave accomplish'd Gentleman,
 A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*;
 In the white way of Virtue, and true Valour,
 Ye have been a Pilgrim long; yet no Man farther

Has trod those thorny Steps, than young *Miranda*:
You are gentle, he is Gentleness it self; Experience
Calls you her Brother; this her hopeful Heir.

Nor. The young Man now, and't be thy Will.

Val. Your Hand, Sir;

You undertook first; nobly undertook
This Lady's Cause; you made it good, and fought it,
You must be serv'd first, take her and enjoy her,
I give her to you, kifs her; are you pleas'd now?

Gom. My Joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay fairest Sir,

You must not be displeas'd, you break your Promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided

A better Match for you, more full of Beauty,
I'll wed ye to our Order: There's a Mistress,
Whose Beauty ne'er decays, Time stands below her,
Whose Honour, *Ermin-like*, can never suffer
Spot, or black Soil, whose eternal Issue
Fame brings up at her Breasts, and leaves 'em fainted,
H: you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank ye.

Val. *Saint Thomas Fort*, a Charge of no small Value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble Spirits; and to breed ye pious,
I'll send ye a Probation Robe, wear that
Till ye shall please to be our Brother; how now?

Enter Astorius.

Asto. *Mountferrat's* fled, Sir.

Val. Let him go a while

'Till we have done these Rites, and seen these coupled:
His Mischief now lyes open: Come all Friends now,
And so let's march to th' Temple, sound those Instruments,
That were the Signal to a Day of Blood,
Evil beginning Hours may end in good. [Flourish.

Nor. Come, we'll have Wenches, Man, and all brave
—Let her go, we'll want no Mistresses, (things;
Good Swords, and good strong Armours.

Mir. Those are best, Captain.

Nor. And fight 'till Queens be in Love with us, and
I'll see ye at the Fort within these two Days, (run after us.
And let's be merry prithee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why that's well said; I like a good Heart truly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers
above.*

Ser. **T**HE Day's not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding,
I must go see *Miranda*; bring my Horse
Round to the South Port: I'll out here at the Beach,
And meet ye at the end o'th' Sycamores:
'Tis a sweet Walk, and if the Wind be stirring
Serves like a Fan to cool.

[*Corporal and Watch above, singing.*

S O N G.

1. **S**IT Soldiers, sit and sing, the Round is clear,
And Cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the Day is near.
Each tofs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
2. To thee a full Pot, my little Lance-presado,
And when thou hast done, a Pipe of Trinidado.
Our Glass of Life runs Wine, the Vintner slinks it,
Whilst with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. The Drums beat, Ensigns wave, and Cannons thump it,
Our Garne is Ruffe, and the best Heart doth trump it:
Each tofs his Can until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
4. I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon
After Watch fiercer, than George did the Dragon,
What Blood we loose i'th' Town, we gain i'th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the Wall to Guns.
Each

*Each tofs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.*

Ser. Which Walk?

Nor. Why that, Sir,

Where the fine City Dames meet to make Matches.

Ser. I know it.

Nor. Speed ye then; what Mirth is this?

The Watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:

These are brave careless Rogues; I'll hear the Song out

And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:

Here's notable Order, now for a Trick to tame ye——

Owgh, owgh.

1 Watch. Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh. (there?)

2 Watch. 'Tis a Bear broke loose; pray call the Corporal.

1 Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat Sow.

2 Watch. I see her now, and five fine Pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. Now, what's the Matter?

1 Watch. Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal,
The Dutchman's Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs,
You have been wishing long she would break loose.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. 'Tis she indeed, there's a white Pig now sucking;
Look, look, do you see it, Sirs?

1 Watch. Yes, very well, Sir.

Cor. A notable fat whorson; come two of ye,
Go down with me, we'll have a tickling Breakfast.

2 Watch. Let's eat 'em at the Cross.

Cor. There's the best Liquor.

Nor. I'll liquour some of ye, ye lazy Rogues,
Your Minds are of nothing but eating and swilling:
What a sweet Beast they have made of me? A Sow?
Hog upon Hog, I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Cor. Go softly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

1 Watch. Bless me.

Cor. Why what's the Matter?

1 Watch. Oh the Devil!

The Devil, as high as a Steeple.

2 Watch. There he goes, Corporal,
His Feet are cloven too.

Cor. Stand, stand, I say: Death, how I shake?
Where be your Muskets?

1 Watch. There's no good of them:
Where be our Prayers, Man?

2 Watch. Lord, how he stalks: speak to him Corporal.

Cor. Why, what a Devil art thou.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. A dumb Devil,

The worst Devil that could come, a dumb Devil.

Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,

I'th' Name of---speak, what art thou?---speak Devil,

Or I'll put a Plumb in your Belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

Cor. Fie, fie, in what a Sweat am I! Lord bless me,
My Musket's gone too, I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak.

Cor. Sure I am enchanted.

Yet here's my Halbert still; nay, who goes there, Sir?
What, have I lost my self? What are ye?

Nor. The Guard.

Cor. Why, what are we then; he's not half so long now,
Nor he has no Tail at all; I shake still damnably.

Nor. The Word.

Cor. Have Mercy on me, what Word does he mean?
Prethee Devil, if thou be'st the Devil,

Do not make an Ass of me, for I remember yet

As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,

I'll lay my Life on't, Devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd.

Cor. That's all one; but am not I the Corporal?
I would give a thousand Pound to be resolv'd now;
Had not I Soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a Man,
Thou art debauch'd, and cozen'd.

Cor. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my Hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.

Cor.

Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.

Nor. Ye are an arrant Rascal;
You Corporal of a Watch?

Cor. 'Tis the *Dane's* Voice; you are no Devil then.

Nor. No, nor no Sow, Sir.

Cor. Of that I am right glad, Sir,
I was ne'er so frightened in my Life, as I am a Soldier.

Nor. Tall Watchmen,
A Guard for a Goose, you sing away your Centries.
A careful Company; let me out o'th' Port here,
I was a little merry with your Worthips;
And keep your Guards strong, tho' the Devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your Wits again.
Go off no more to hunt Pigs; such another Trick,
And you will hunt the Gallows.

Cor. Pray Sir, pardon us:
And let the Devil come next, I'll make him stand
Or make him stink.

Nor. Do, do your Duty truly.
Come let me out, and come away; no more Rage.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella with a Letter, and Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me? he hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own Cause; yet to free himself,
He now ascribes the Fault to me.

Roc. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires,
His Letters have inform'd you.

Abd. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the Power he holds
Over my mad Affections: I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong Resolutions,
Than he hath shown himself in his; or thought
There was a Hell hereafter, or a Heav'n
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further; bid him yet take Comfort;

A a 4

For

For something I would do, the Devil would quake at,
 But I'll untie this Nuptial Knot of Love,
 And make way for his Wishes; in the mean time
 Let him lye close, for he is strictly fought for,
 And practice to love her, that for his Ends
 Scorns Fear and Danger.

Enter Oriana and Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him. [*Exit Rocca.*]

Abd. Do so; farewell. My Lady, with my Fellow,
 So earnest in Discourse! What-e'er it be,
 I'll second it.

Vel. He is such a noble Husband,
 In every Circumstance so truly loving,
 That I might say, and without Flattery, Madam,
 The Sun sees not a Lady but your self
 That can deserve him.

Abd. Of all Men I say
 That dare (for 'tis a desperate Adventure)
 Wear on their free Necks the sweet Yoak of Woman,
 (For they that do repine, are no true Husbands)
 Give me a Soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving
 Than other Men?

Abd. And love too with more Judgment;
 For, but observe, your Courtier is more curious
 To set himself forth richly, than his Lady:
 His Baths, Perfumes, nay Paintings too, more costly,
 Than his Frugality will allow to her;
 His Cloaths as chargeable, and grant him but
 A thing without a Beard, and he may pass
 At all times for a Woman, and with some
 Have better Welcome: Now, your Man of Lands
 For the most part is careful to manure them,
 But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
 Breaks oftner for the Debt he owes his Wife,
 Than with his Creditors, and that's the Reason
 She looks elsewhere for Payment: Now your Soldier---

Vel. Ay marry, do him right.

Abd. First, who has one,
 Has a Perpetual Guard upon her Honour;

For

For while he wears a Sword, Slander her self
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home
Like a great Queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her Tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He lays it at her Feet, and seeks no further
For his Reward, than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest.

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among our selves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, Madam? You have found it something;
Or with the raising up this pretty Mount here,
My Lord hath dealt with Spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy Pardon, Sweet: I have been looking on
The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought something,
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my Purchase: There's a piece
Of Cloth of Tissue, this of purple Velvet,
And as they swear, of the right *Tyrian* dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy Women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea,
Thou shalt want nothing; 'tis a Soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His Mistress in full Lustre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the Prize dispos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assured, it would have been
A welcome Present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it?

Gom. A *Turkish* Captive of incomparable Beauty,
And without question, in her Country noble;

Which,

Which, as Companion to thy faithful *Moor*,
I would have given thee for thy Slave.

Ori. But was she of such an exquisite form?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended?

Gom. So the Habit promis'd,
In which she was taken.

Ori. Of what Years?

Gom. 'Tis said
A Virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
T'entertain her gently.

Gom. She's now *Miranda's*,
And as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. *Miranda's*? then her Fate deserves not Pity,
But Envy rather.

Gom. Envy, *Oriana*?

Ori. Yes, and their Envy that live free.

Gom. How's this?

Ori. Why, she's falln into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in Men we stile Goodness,
That in her being his Slave, she is happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the *Sultan's* Mistress.

Gom. *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his Equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for Travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the Scale, or parallell'd,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His Knowledge in all Services of War,
And ready Courage to put into act
That knowing Judgment, as you are a Soldier
You best may speak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And Heav'n did well, in such a lovely Feature
To place so chaste a Mind; for he is of
So sweet a Carriage, such a winning Nature,

And

And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd Behaviour;
And to all these, h'as such a charming Tongue,
That if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental Trophies might he raise,
Of his free Conquests, made in Ladies favours?

Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest Suitor to you.

Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the Fate
That did appoint me yours, than any Power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. Even so?

Abd. Thanks Fortune,
The Plot I had to raise in him, Doubts of her,
Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him, with what reason.
In thankfulness, he may expect from me
All due observance; but I pass that, as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his Debtor.

Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.

Ori. He is not in the City,
Is he, my Lord?

Gom. Who, Lady?

Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is somewhat more
Than Love to Virtue.

Ori. Faith when he comes hither,
As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him;
Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To Dine with us,
Or Sup.

Gom. And then to take a hard Bed with you;
Mean you not so?

Ori.

Ori. If you could win him to it,
 'Twould be the better; for his Entertainment,
 Leave that to me, he shall find noble Usage,
 And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
 Heard of a *Roman Lady, Oriana*,
 Remembred as a Precedent for Matrons,
 (Chast ones, I pray you understand) whose Husband,
 Tax'd for his sower Breath by his Enemy,
 Condemn'd his Wife, for not acquainting him
 With his Infirmary?

Ori. 'Tis a common one;
 Her Answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
 She thought it was a general Disease
 All Men were subject to; but what infer you
 From that, my Lord?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
 Had all her Thoughts so fix'd upon her Lord,
 That she could find no spare time to sing Praises
 Of any other; nor would she imploy
 Her Husband (though perhaps in debt to years
 As far as I am) for an Instrument
 To bring home younger Men that might delight her
 With their Discourse, or——

Ori. What, my Lord?

Gom. Their Persons,
 Or if I should speak plainer——

Ori. No it needs not,
 You have said enough to make my Innocence know
 It is suspected.

Gom. You betray your self
 To more than a suspicion; could you else,
 To me that live in nothing but love to you,
 Make such a gross discovery, that your Lust
 Had sold that Heart I thought mine, to *Miranda*?
 Or rise to such a height in Impudence,
 As to presume to work my yielding weakness
 To play for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
 The Wittal, or the Pander?

Ori.

Ori. Do not study
To print more Wounds, (for that were Tyranny)
Upon a Heart that is pierc'd through already.

Gom. Thy Heart? thou hast pierc'd thro' mine Honour,
The Honour of my House, Fool that I was, (false one,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked Woman: For thy sake, vile Creature,
For all I have done well, in my Life,
I have dig'd a Grave, all buried in a Wife;
For thee I have defy'd my constant Mistress,
That never fail'd her Servant, glorious War;
For thee, refus'd the Fellowship of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jerusalem*:
And am I thus rewarded?

Vel. By all Goodness
You wrong my Lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best: Repent your Rashness,
'Twill show well in you.

Abd. Do, and ask her Pardon.

Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my Faith,
My try'd Faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true Affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin;
Study Ingratitude, all, from my Example;
For to be thankful now, is to be false.
But be it so, let me dye, I see you wish it;
Yet dead for truth, and pities sake, report
What Weapon you made choice of, when you kill'd me.

Vel. She faints.

Abd. What have ye done?

Ori. My last Breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my Death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn delivered for the doubtful Issue
Of a suspected Mother.

Vel. Oh, she's gone.

Abd. For ever gone. Are you a Man?

Gom. I grow here.

Abd.

Abd. Open her Mouth, and pour this Cordial in it;
If any spark of Life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.

Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's stiff already: Live I, and she dead?

Gom. How like a Murtherer I stand? look up,
And hear me curse my self, or but behold
The Vengeance I will take for't, *Oriana*,
And then in peace forsake me: Jealousie,
Thou loathsome Vomit of the Fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my Heart, and Soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in Death find ease; and does my fault then
Deserve no greater Punishment? No, I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what Hell is on the Earth:
All Joys and Hopes forsake me; all Mens Malice,
And all the Plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me: let my Tears be laught at,
And may mine Enemies smile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitied of none. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Collona and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, Sir, why was the Ordnance of the Fort
Discharg'd so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the Governor's pleasure,
In honour of the *Dane*, a Custom us'd,
To speak a Soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Master here too?

Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is't Pride in him (however now a Slave)
That I am not admitted to his Presence?

Col. His courtesie to you, and to Mankind,
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor Vice which only empty Men
Esteem a Virtue.

Luc.

Luc. What's the Reason then,
As you imagine, Sir?

Col. Why I tell you ;
You are a Woman of a tempting Beauty,
And he, however virtuous, is a Man
Subject to human frailties ; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant ; and therefore chuses
With care t'avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare Temperance, which is admired
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much increases
My strong Desire to see him.

Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worship,
That you are such a Man's, who though he may
Do any thing which Youth and heat of Blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them:
Your Entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present Fortune ; and if all those Tears
Which made Grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad Story, that forc'd me to weep too,
Your Husband's hard Fate, were not counterfeit ;
You should rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaste Life to his Memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd, he could not tast of ;
But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another Man, you offer violence
To him, though dead ; and his griev'd Spirit will suffer
For your immodest Looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingness to look on him, to whom
I owe my Life and Service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too,
And in the Confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This Night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his Chamber, to what end

I easily should guess, were I *Miranda*;
 And therefore, though I can yield little reason,
 (But in a general love to Womens goodness)
 Why I should be so tender of your Honour,
 I willingly would bestow some Counsel of you,
 And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
 And then I can resolve you.

Col. My Advice then
 Is, that you would not, (as most Ladies use
 When they prepare themselves for such Encounters)
 Study to add, by artificial Dressings,
 To native Excellence; yours, without help,
 But seen as it is now, would make a Hermit
 Leave his Deaths Head, and change his after hopes
 Of endless Comforts, for a few short Minutes
 Of present Pleasures; to prevent which, Lady,
 Practice to take away from your Perfections,
 And to preserve your Chastity unstain'd;
 The most deform'd Shape that you can put on
 To cloud your Body's fair gifts, or your Mind's,
 (It being laboured to so chaste an end)
 Will prove the fairest Ornament.

Luc. To take from
 The Workmanship of Heav'n is an Offence
 As great, as to endeavour to add to it;
 Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chastity
 That lodges in Deformity, appears rather
 A Mule't impos'd by Nature, than a Blessing;
 And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
 Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
 For me, I'll therefore so dispose my self,
 That if I hold out, it shall be with Honour;
 Or if I yield, *Miranda* shall find something
 To make him love his Victory.

[*Exit*]

Col. With what cunning
 This Woman argues for her own Damnation?
 Nor should I hold it for a Miracle,
 Since they are all born *Sophisters* to maintain
 That Lust is lawful, and the end and use

Of

Of their Creation; would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Though seen the Ruin, I must ever grieve.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *Servants with Lights.*

Mir. I'll see you in your Chamber.

Nor. Pray ye no farther:

It is a Ceremony I expect not,
I am no Stranger here, I know my Lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
Play'd thick upon't: O 'twas Royal Musick,
And to procure a sound Sleep for a Soldier,
Worth forty of our Fiddles. As you love me,
Prets it no farther.

Mir. You will overcome.

Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I have took, since Supper,
A Rouse or two too much, and by —
It warms my Blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.

Nor. — On't, I should, had but I a kind Wench
To pull my Boot-hose off, and warm my Night-Cap,
There's no Charm like it: I love old *Adam's* way;
Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,
Hang up your smooth Chin Page; and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkish* Prisoner?

Mir. In the Castle,
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fie upon you:

See her for Shame; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the Friend's part to me, the Friend's part,
It being a Fashion of the last Edition,
Far from Panderism, now send her to me;
You look strange on't, no Entertainment's perfect
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it;
There's no Suit got without it,
Gold is an Ass to't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed.

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her,
If not, the Sin lye on your Head.

Good night.

[*Exit Nor. and Servants.*

Enter Collona and Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him, Lady; you know what
And if you please you may make use. (I have said,

Luc. No doubt, Sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all.

Mir. Come hither young one.

Beshrew my Heart, a handsome Wench; come nearer,
A very handsome one; do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a Prisoner?

Luc. The loss of Liberty,

No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and a sharp Burden
To them that feel it truly: But your Servant,
Your humble Handmaid, never felt that Rigour,
Thanks to that noble Will; no Want, no Hunger,
(Companions still to Slaves) no Violence,
Nor any unbeseeming Act, we start at,
Have I met with; all Content and Goodness,
Civility, and Sweetness of Behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy Master,
I cannot say I grieve my Liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obstinate an Enemy to Youth,
That had so fair a Jewel in my Cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can she say now?

Luc. Sure I desir'd to see ye,
And with a longing Wish.

Col. There's all her Virtue.

Luc. Pursu'd that full Desire to give ye Thanks, Sir,
The only Sacrifice I have left, and Service,
For all the virtuous Care you have kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty Fool speaks finely:
Come, sit down here.

Luc. O Sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir.

Mir. I'll have it so ; sit close, now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet ?

Luc. My Years will answer that, Sir.

Mir. And did you then love truly ?

Luc. So I thought, Sir.

Mir. Can ye love me so ?

Col. Now !

Luc. With all my Duty ;
I were unworthy of those Favours else,
You daily shower upon me.

Mir. What think'st thou of me ?

Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A Pattern, and a Pride to the Age ye live in,
Sweet as the Commendations all Men give ye.

Mir. A pretty flattering Rogue, dare ye kiss that sweet
Ye speak so sweetly of ? Come. (Man

Col. Farewel Virtue.

Mir. What hast thou got between thy Lips ? kiss once
Sure thou hast a Spell there. (more.

Luc. More than e'er I knew, Sir.

Col. All Hopes go now. (hear me,

Mir. I must tell you a thing in your Ear, and you must
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too,
'Twill not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be
A very hard thing, Sir, and from my Power,
I shall deny your Goodness.

Mir. 'Tis a good Wench ; I must lye with ye, Lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange :
For yet in all my Life I knew no Bedfellow.

Mir. You will quickly find that Knowledge.

Luc. To what end, Sir ?

Mir. Art thou so innocent, thou canst not guess at it ?
Did thy Dreams never direct thee ?

Luc. 'Faith none yet, Sir. (Pleasure ;

Mir. I'll tell thee then ; I would meet thy Youth, and
Give thee my Youth for that ; by Heav'n she fires me ;
And teach thy fair white Arms, like wanton Ivies,
A thousand new Embraces.

Luc. Is that all, Sir?

And say I should try, may not we lye quietly?
Upon my Conscience I could.

Mir. That's as we make it. (then?)

Luc. Grant that, that likes ye best, what would ye do

Mir. What would I do? certainly I am no Baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine Ear.

Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.

Mir. I would get a brave Boy on thee,
A warlike Boy.

Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.

Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.

Luc. Sweet Master.

Col. Never belief in Woman come near me more.

Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by—I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your Excellence, and able Sweetness)
To forget her self, and slip into your Bosome,
Or to your Bed, out of a doating on ye,
Take it the best way; have you that cruel Heart,
That murd'ring Mind too?

Mir. Yes, by my troth, Sweet, have I,
To lye with her.

Luc. And do you think it well done? (Wench,

Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done; come to bed,
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a Companion,
We must not part to Night.

Luc. Faith let me go, Sir,
And think better on't.

Mir. I'faith thou shalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.

Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a Maid too.

Mir. I am sure I am, Wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen a Wonder,
And would you lose that for a little Wantonness,
(Consider my sweet Master, like a Man, now)
For a few hony'd Kisses, slight Embraces,
That Glory of your Youth, that Crown of Sweetness?
Can

Can ye deliver that unvalued 'Treasure?
Would ye forsake, to seek your own Dishonour,
What gone, no Age recovers, nor Repentance,
To a poor Stranger?

Col. Hold there again, thou art perfect.

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know

I'll try you a great deal farther; prithee to bed:
I love thee, and so well: Come kiss me once more;
Is a Maiden-head ill bestow'd o'me?

Luc. What's this, Sir?

Mir. Why, 'tis the Badge, my Sweet, of that holy Order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of *Malta*.

Luc. What Virtue has it?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first?

Mir. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why then 'tis holy too?

Mir. True Sign of Holiness,
The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him,
Can't save in Dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In Troubles, comfort?

Mir. You say true, Sweet.

Luc. In Sicknes, restore Health?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from Evils that afflict our Frailties?

Mir. I hope she will be Christian; all these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to Death with Lust?
In danger to be lost? No holy Thought,
In all that Heart, nothing but wandring Frailties
Wild as the Wind, and blind as Death or Ignorance,
Inhabit there.

Mir. Forgive me Heav'n, she says true.

Luc. Dare ye profess that badge, prophane that Goodness?

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thy self again, most rarely.

Luc. That Holiness and Truth ye make me wonder at?
Blast all the Bounty Heav'n gives, that Remembrance.

Col. O excellent Woman.

Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
 If ye be thus resolv'd, I see a Virtue
 Appear in't like a Sword, both Edges flaming
 That will consume ye, and your Thoughts, to Ashes:
 Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
 Gentle, and just of Thought, that build the Cross,
 Not those that break it; by——if ye touch me,
 Even in the Act, I'll make that Cross, and curse ye.

Mir. You shall not, Fair; I did dissemble with ye,
 And but to try your Faith, I fashion'd all this;
 Yet something you provok'd me: This fair Cross,
 By me (if he but please to help, first gave it)
 Shall ne'er be worn upon a Heart corrupted;
 Go to your Rest, my modest, honest Servant,
 My fair and virtuous Maid, and sleep secure there,
 For when you suffer, I forget this Sign here.

Col. A Man of Men too: O most perfect Gentleman!

Luc. All sweet Rest to you, Sir; I am half a Christian,
 The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.

Mir. This is the foulest Play I'll shew; good night, Sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.

Mount. **T**HE Sun's not set yet?

Roc. No, Sir.

Mount. Would it were,
 Never to rise again to light the World.
 And yet, to what vain Purpose do I wish it,
 Since though I were environ'd with thick Mists,
 Black as *Cymerian* Darkneſs, or my Crimes,
 There is that here, upon which as an Anvil
 Ten thousand Hammers strike, and every Spark
 They force from it, to me's another Sun
 To light me to my Shame?

Roc. Take Hope and Comfort.

Mount.

Mount. They are Aids indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: This Cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature, in this solid Rock
To be a Den for Beasts, alone receives me,
And having prov'd an Enemy to Mankind,
All human helps forsake me.

Roc. I'll ne'er leave you,
And with you would call back that noble Courage,
That old invincible Fortitude of yours
That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mount. Then it did not,
But 'twas when I was honest; then in the height
Of all my Happiness, of all my Glories,
Of all Delights, that made Life precious to me,
I durst die, *Rocca*; Death it self then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The Fame of a good Knight would ever live
Fresh on my Memory; but since I fell
From my Integrity, and dismiss'd those Guards,
Those strong Assurances of Innocence,
That Constancy fled from me, and what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to my self, and Life
A Burthen to me, rack'd with sad Remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present Horrors
Unbearable to me, tortur'd with Despair
That I shall ne'er find Mercy: Hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched Being.

Enter Abdella.

Roc. To see this would deter a doubtful Man
From mischievous Events, much more the Practice
Of what is wicked: Here's the *Mount*, look up Sir,
Some Ease may come from her.

Mount. New Trouble rather,
And I expect it.

Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat*?
Rise up for Shame, and like a River dry'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea,
Receive those Tides of Comfort that flow to you;
If ever I look'd lovely, if Desert

Could ever challenge welcome; if Revenge,
And unexpected Wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the Giver of such Blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make Challenge of those so long wish'd Embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto deny'd me.

Mount. Why, what have you done for me?

Abd. Made *Gomera*

As truly miserable, as you thought him happy;
Could you wish more?

Mount. As if his Sickness could
Recover me; the Injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana's*

Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.

Mount. How?

Abd. Dead; my Hate could reach no farther:
Taking Advantage of her in a Swoon,
Under Pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poison'd her: What stupid Dulness is this?
What you should entertain with Sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mount. Bloody Deeds

Are grateful Offerings, pleasing to the Devil,
And thou, in thy black Shape, and blacker Actions,
Being Hell's perfect Character, art delighted
To do what I thought infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear; thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All Means to make amends with Penitence,
To her wrong'd Virtues, and dispoil'd me of
The poor Remainder of that Hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.

Abd. I did it for the best.

Mount. For thy worst Ends,

And be assur'd but that, I think, to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy Despair must force thee
To do unto thy self, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd Damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my Sight; and if Lust of me
Did ever fire thee (Love I cannot call it)

Leap

Leap down from those steep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next Tree to hang thy self, and then
I may laugh at it.

Abd. In the mean time

I must be bold, to do so much for you; ha, ha.

Mount. Why grin'st thou, Devil?

Abd. That 'tis in my power

To punish thy Ingratitude; I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I'm us'd only for a Property,
I can, and will revenge it to the full.
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainries, are lost for ever.

Mount. Why, lives she?

Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy Possession,
As to remove this Rush; which yet despair of:
For by my much wrong'd Love, Flattery, nor Threats,
Tears, Prayers, nor Vows, shall ever win me to it:
So with my Curse I leave thee.

Mount. Prithee stay,

Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me.

Abd. To perswade me

To break my Neck, to hang, then damn my self,
With you are Trifles.

Mount. 'Twas my Melancholy

That made me speak I know not what; forgive,
I will redeem my fault.

Roc. Believe him, Lady.

Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy Pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy Lips with Kisses.

Abd. There's something else, that would prevail more
with me.

Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes, do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad Desires
For once in *Oriana*, and for ever

I am thine, only thine, my best *Abdella*.

Abd. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her ———

Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.

Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know
It was not Poison, but a sleeping Potion
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her Senses, that no sign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,
In her best Habit, as the Custom is
You know in *Malta*, with all Ceremonies
She's buried in her Family's Monument,
In the Temple of St. *John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguis'd; some six hours hence
The Potion will leave working.

Roc. Let us haste then.

Mount. Be my good Angel, guide me.

Abd. But remember
You keep your Oath.

Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake.

Abd. I ask no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Collona.

Col. Here, Sir, I have got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the Door is open.

Mir. Look to the Horses then, and please the Fellow.
After a few Devotions, I'll retire.

Be not far off, there may be some use of ye,
Give me the Light: Come Friend, a few good Prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you, Sir.
Men that are bred in Blood, have no way left 'em,
No Bath, no Purge, no Time to wear it out

Or

Or wash it off, but Penitence, and Prayer:
I am to take the Order, and my Youth
Loaden I must confess with many Follies,
Circled and bound about with Sins as many
As in the House of Memory live Figures.
My Heart I'll open now, my Faults confess,
And raise a new Man, Heav'n, I hope, to a new life.

Nor. I have no great Devotion, at this instant,
But for a Prayer or two I will not out, Sir;
Hold up your Finger when you have pray'd enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure,
I have been so us'd to answer the Clerk: would I had a
Cushion, for I shall ne'er make a good Hermit, and kneel
'till my Knees are Horn, these Stones are plaguy hard;
where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method,
I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. What's that, Sir? did ye hear?

Mir. Ha; to your Prayers.

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts, 'thas put me clean away now,
I shall ne'er get in again, ha, By Land,
And Water, all Children and all Women,
Ay, there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Never tell me, Sir,
Here's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a Groan,
A dismal one, ——— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir;
A Devil in the Wall.

Mir. 'Tis some Illusion
To fright us from Devotion ——— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. Why 'tis here,
The Spirit of a Huntsman choak'd with Butter:
Here's a new Tomb, new Trickments too.

Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a Tablet
With Rhimes upon't.

Mir.

Mir. I prethee read 'em, *Norandine*.

Nor. An Epi--and Epi--taff. I think 'tis, ay 'tis taff, an
Upon the most excell, excel--lent--and—— (Epitaff.

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I have spoil'd mine Eyes with Gun-powder.

Mir. An Epitaph upon the most virtuous, and excellent
The Honour of Chastity, *Oriana*. (Lady,

Nor. The grand Master's Sister? how a devil came she
here? (her.

When slipt she out o'th' way? the Stone's but half upon

Mir. 'Tis a sudden change: certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her Heart-strings.

Nor. Would he were here, I would be the Clerk my self,
And by this little light, I would bury him alive here:
Here's no lamenting now. *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. There 'tis. (for her.

Mir. Sure from the Monument, the very Stone groans
Oh, dear Lady, blessing of Women, virtue of thy Sex;
How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us.
Babbling and prating now converse with Women.

Nor. Sir, it rises, it looks up. [*She rises up.*

Mir. Heav'n bless us.

Nor. It is in Womans Cloaths, it rises higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders; sure she lives, Sir.
'Tis she, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her? *Ori.* Where am I!

Mir. Stand still.

Ori. What Place is this?

Nor. She is as live as I am. (Place?

Ori. What smell of Earth, and rotten Bones, what dark
Lord, whither am I carried?

Nor. How she stares,
And sets her Eyes upon him.

Mir. How is't, dear Lady?
Do you know me? how she shakes?

Ori. You are a Man.

Mir. A Man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel Man,

Ye are all cruel; are you in your Grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel Man, above ground.

Nor.

Nor. By'r Lady that goes hard.

Mir. To do you Service,

And to restore ye to the Joys you were in.

Ori. I was in Joys indeed, and hope——

Mir. She sinks again,

Again she's gone, she's gone; gone as a Shadow,
She sinks for ever, Friend.

Nor. She is cold now,
She is certainly departed, I must cry too.

Mir. The blessed Angels guide thee; put the Stone to,
Beauty thou art gone to Dust, Goodness to Ashes.

Nor. Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, Sir.

Mir. Ay, thus we are, and all our painted Glory,
A bubble that a Boy blows into th' Air,
And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad ye sav'd her Honour yet.

Mir. Would I had sav'd her Life now too: Oh Heav'n,
For such a Blessing, such a timely Blessing,
O Friend, what dear content 'twould be, what Story
To keep my Name from Worms? *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. She lives again.

'Twas but a Trance.

Mir. Pray ye call my Man in presently,
Help with the Stone first, oh she stirs again.
Oh call my Man away.

Nor. I fly, I fly, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Mir. Upon my Knees, O Heav'n, O Heav'n, I thank thee.

Enter Collona, and Norandine.

The living heat steals into every Member;
Come help the Coffin out softly, and suddenly;
Where is the Clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is sure, Sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your Soul, Sir.

Mir. Softly good Friend, take her into your Arms.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a Horseback
My Man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; stay you, and watch what issue,

And

And what Enquiry's for the Body.

Nor. Well, Sir.

Mir. And when ye have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh softly.

Nor. She grows warmer still, Sir.

Col. What shall I do with the Key?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now,

Leave it i'th' Door, go get the Horses ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, and Abdella with a dark Lanthorn.

Roc. The Door's already open, the Key in it.

Mount. What were those past by?

Roc. Some scout of Soldiers, I think.

Mount. It may well be so, for I saw their Horses:
They saw not us, I hope.

Abd. No, no, we were close, beside they were far off.

Mount. What time of Night is't?

Abd. Much about twelve, I think.

Roc. Let me go in first,

For by the leaving open of the Door here,

There may be some Body in the Church; give me the

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope. (*Lanthorne.*)

Mount. Make that good to me

Your Promise is engaged for.

Abd. Why she is there

Ready prepar'd, and much about this time

Life will look up again.

Roc. Come in, all's sure,

Not a Foot stirring, nor a Tongue.

Mount. Heav'n blefs me,

I never enter'd with such unholy Thoughts

This Place before.

Abd. Ye are a fearful Fool,

If Men have Appetites allow'd 'em,

And warm Desires, are there not ends too for 'em?

Mount. Whither shall we carry her?

Roc. Why, to the Bark, Sir,

I have provided one already waits us;

The Wind stands wondrous fair too for our Passage.

Abd.

Abd. And there when ye have enjoy'd her, for ye have
Let me alone to send her to feed Fishes: (that liberty,
I'll no more sighs for her.

Mount. Where is the Monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?

Abd. Most sure, if she be not knockt o'th' Head: give me
Here 'tis; how is this, the Stone off? (the Lanthorn,

Roc. Ay, and nothing
Within the Monument, that's worse; no Body
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty Coffin.

Mount. No Lady?

Roc. No, nor Lord, Sir,
This Pye has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the Devil
Must do these tricks——

Mount. Or thou, damn'd one, worse;
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my Afflictions;
Thou night Hag, gotten when the bright Moon suffer'd;
Thou Hell it self confin'd in Flesh; what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast remov'd her Body, or by this holy Place
This Sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee o'er the Temple
A Sacrifice to thy black Sire, the Devil.

Roc. Tell him, you see he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst,
Neither his Sword nor Anger do I shake at,
Nor will I yield to feed his poor Suspicions,
His idle Jealousies, and mad Dogs heats,
One thought against my self: Ye have done a brave deed,
A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
When ye have kill'd me, reckon't amongst your Battels;
I am sorry ye are so poor, so weak a Gentleman,
Able to stand no Fortune: I dispose of her?
My Mischief make her away? a likely Project,
I must play booty against my self, if any thing cross ye,
I am the Devil, and the Devil's Heir,
All Plagues, all Mischiefs.

Mount.

Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?

Abd. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless Fellow,
If I be Devil, you created me;
I never knew those Arts, nor bloody Practices
(———o'your cunning Heart, that Mine of mischief)
Before your Flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this Hour to wake again.

Mount. Where is she?
This is the last demand.

Abd. Did I now know it,
And were I sure, this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Rec. I see a Light, stand close, and leave your angers,
We all miscarry else.

Enter Gomera, and Page with a Torch.

Abd. I am now careless.

Mount. Peace, prithee peace, Sweet, peace, all Friends.

Abd. Stand close then.

Gom. Wait there, Boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee:
In darkness was my Soul and Senses clouded
When my fair Jewel fell, the night of Jealousie
In all her blackness drawn about my Judgment;
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my sudden Anger and her Honour,
A blind sad Pilgrimage shall be my Penance,
No comfort of the day will I look up at:
Far darker than my jealous Ignorance,
Each place of my aboad shall be, my Prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more:
Bright Arms, and all that carry Lustre, Life,
Society, and Solace, I forsake ye.

And were it not once more to see her Beauties,
(For in her Bed of Death, she must be sweet still,)
And on her cold sad Lips seal my Repentance;
Thou Child of Heav'n, fair light I could not miss thee.

Mount. I know the Tongue, would I were out again.
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Abd.

Abd. There is no shifting now, Boldness and Confidence
Must carry it now away; he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a Strength far under.

Mount. But he has a Cause above me.

Abd. That's as you handle it.

Roc. Peace, he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the Flood;
The torrent of my Tears, to drown my Fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden Cloud,
Begotten in the moist South, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.

Roc. Now he must discover us.

Abd. He has already, never hide your Head,
Be bold and brave, if we must die together.

Gom. Who's there? What Friend to Sorrow? the Tomb
The Stone off too? the Body gone? by —— (wide open,
Look to the Door Boy: Keep it fast, who are ye?
What sacrilegious Villains? False *Mountferrat*,
The Wolf to Honour, has thy hellish Hunger
Brought thee to tear the Body out o'th' Tomb too?
Has thy foul Mind so far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a Villany
I never dream'd of yet, thou sinful Usher,
Bred from that Rottenness, that Bawd to Mischief,
Do you blush through all your Blackness? Will not that

Abd. I cannot speak. (hide it?)

Gom. You are well met, with your Dam, Sir,
Art thou a Knight? Did ever on that Sword,
The Christian Cause sit nobly? Could that Hand fight,
Guided by Fame and Fortune? That Heart inflame thee,
With virtuous Fires of Valour, to fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such Foulness,
As the false Angels did, from all their Glory?
Thou art no Knight, Honour thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave Desires could ever build in that Breast.
Treason, and tainted Thoughts, are all the Gods
Thou worship'st, all the Strength thou hadst, and Fortune;
Thou didst things out of Fear, and false Heart, Villain,
Out of close Traps and Treacheries, they have raised thee.

Mount. Thou rav'st, old Man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
 Hadst thou the Glory of thy first Fights on thee,
 Which thou hast basely lost, thy noblest Fortunes,
 And in their greatest Lustres, I would make thee,
 Before we part, confess, nay kneel, and do it,
 Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for Mercy, crying:
 Thou art the recreant'st Rogue time ever nourish'd,
 Thou art a Dog, I will make thee swear, a Dog,
 A mangy Cur Dog; do you creep behind the Altar?
 Look how it sweats, to shelter such a Rascal:
 First, with thy venemous Tooth infect her chaste Life,
 And then not dare to do; next, rob her Rest,
 Steal her dead Body out o'th' Grave.

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prithee come out, this is no Place to quarrel in,
 Valiant *Mountferrat*, come.

Mount. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy Sword about thee,
 That good Sword that never fail'd thee; prithee come,
 We'll have but five Stroaks for it; on, on Boy,
 Here's one would fain be acquainted with thee, (Sir,
 Wou'd wondrous fain cleave that Calves Head of yours,
 Come, prithee let's dispatch, the Moon shines finely:
 Prithee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd else,
 But it may be, thou long'st to be hang'd.

Roc. Out with him, Sir,
 You shall have my Sword too; when he's dispatch'd once,
 We have the World before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk Fellow,
 I never knew a Rogue hang Arse-ward so,
 And such a desperate Knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him,
 Something I'll promise too.

Mount. You would be kill'd then?
 No Remedy, I see.

Gom. If thou dar'st do it?

Mount. Yes now I dare; lead out, I'll follow presently,
 Under the Mount I'll meet ye.

Gom. Go before me,
 I'll have ye in a String too.

Mount.

Mount. As I am a Gentleman,
And by this holy Place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my Word for it
I will not fail.

Gom. If thou scap'st thou hast Cats Luck.
The Mount?

Mount. The same; make haste, I am there before else.

Gom. Go get ye home; now if he scape I am a Coward.

Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd, and he shall find it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, and Collona.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?

Luc. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the Curse the divine Justice laid
On the first sinful Woman.

Mir. Is she in Travel?

Luc. Yes, Sir, and yet the Troubles of her Mind
Afflict her more, than what her Body suffers,
For in the Extremity of her Pain, she cries out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomiera*,
Then sometimes names *Miranda*, and then sighs,
As if to speak what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her Injury.

Col. Heav'ns sweet Mercy
Look gently on her.

Mir. Prithee tell her, my Prayers
Are present with her, and good Wench provide
That she want nothing: What's thy Name?

Luc. *Lucinda*.

Mir. *Lucinda*? There's a prosperous Omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring Word
That she is safe deliver'd of her Burthen,
And thy Reward's thy Liberty: Come *Collona*
We will go see how th' Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Master sent, be careful
To view the Works, and learn the Discipline

C c 2

That

That is us'd here: I am to leave the World,
And for your Service, which I have found faithful,
The Charge that's mine, if I have any Power,
Hereafter may concern you.

Col. I still find
A noble Master in you.

Mir. 'Tis but Justice,
Thou dost deserve it in thy Care, and Duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella *with a Pistol.*

Gom. Here's even Ground, I'll stir no Foot beyond it,
Before I have thy Head.

Mount. Draw, *Rocca.*

Gom. Coward,
Hath inward Guilt robb'd thee as well of Courage
As Honesty? that without Odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single Enemy?

Mount. All Advantage
That I can take, expect.

Roc. We know you are valiant;
Nor do we purpose to make farther Trial
Of what you can do now; but to dispatch you.

Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.

Gom. Villains,
Whose Baseness, all disgraceful Words made one,
Cannot express; so strong is the good Cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with Horror
To your proud Hopes, what Strength is that Arm,
Though old, that holds a Sword made sharp by Justice.

Abd. You come then here, to prate? [*Fight.*

Mount. Help *Rocca*, now,
Or I am lost for ever; how comes this?
Are Villany and Weakness Twins?

Roc. I am gone too.

Gom. You shall not scape me, Wretches.

Abd. I must do it,
All will go wrong else. [*Shoots him.*

Gom. Treacherous bloody Woman,
What hast thou done?

Abd.

Abd. Done a poor Womans part,
And in an Instant, what these Men so long
Stood fooling for.

Mount. This Aid was unexpected,
I kiss thee for't.

Roc. His right Arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his Sword,
He's else unwounded.

Mount. Cut his Throat.

Abd. Forbear.

Yet do not hope 'tis with Intent to save thee,
But that thou may'st live to thy farther Torment,
To see who triumphs over thee; come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy Foot to mine, and let our Hearts
Meet with our Hands, the Contract that is made
And cemented with Blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy Sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious Ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?

Mount. Betray'd again?

Nor. By the Report it made, and by the Wind,
The Pistol was discharg'd here.

Gom. Norandine,

As ever thou lov'st Valour, or wear'st Arm's
To punish Baseness, shew it.

Nor. O the Devil,

Gomera wounded, and my *Brache black Beauty*
An Actor in it?

Abd. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee. (thou?)

Nor. How! fright me with your Pot Gun? What art
Good Heav'n, the Rogue, the Traitor Rogue, *Mountferrat*,
To swinge the Neck of you, is a Sport unlook'd for,
Hells——consume you.

Mount. As thou art a Man,
I am wounded, give me time to answer thee. (yet.)

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this Hand can hold a Sword

Nor. Well done; to see this Villain, makes my Hurts

Bleed fresh again, but had I not a Bone whole,
In such a Cause I should do thus, thus Rascals.

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Cor. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold Corporal, I am *Gomera*.

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an Age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your Parties
For sucking Pigs.

'Tis well.

As you will answer

The contrary with your Lives, see these forth coming.

Cor. That we shall do.

Nor. You bleed apace; good Soldiers,
Go help him to a Surgeon.

Roc. Dare the worst,
And suffer like your self.

Abd. From me learn Courage.

Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this News will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's something for thy Care to Night; my Horse there.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Oriana and Lucinda.

Ori. **H**OW does my Boy?

Luc. Oh wondrous lusty, Madam,
A little Knight already: You shall live
To see him toss a *Turk*.

Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much must I thank thee for thy Care and Service.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Collona.
And may I grow but strong to see *Valetta*,
My Husband, and my Brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Mir. Look Captain, we must ride away this Morning,
The Auberge sits to Day, and the great Master

Writes

Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The Year expir'd) my Probation Weed,
Or take the Cloak; you likewise *Norandine*,
For your full Service, and your last Assistance
In false *Mountferrat's* Apprehension (high Honour.

Are here commanded to associate me; my I win in this
Nor. I'll none on't; do they think to bind me to live
chaste, sober, and temperately, all Days of my Life? they
may as soon tye an *Englistman* to live so; I shall be a
sweet *Dane*, a sweet Captain, go up and down drink-
ing small Beer. and swearing 'ods neagues, no, I'll live
a Squire at Arms still, and do thou so too, and thou
be'st wise: I have found the Mistery now, why the Gen-
tlemen wear but three Bars of the Cross, and the Knights
the whole one.

Mir. Why Captain?

Nor. Marry, Sir, to put us in Remembrance, we are but
three Quarters cross'd in our Licence, and Pleasures; but
the poor Knights cross'd altogether; the Brothers at
Arms, may yet meet with their Sisters at Arms, now
and then, in Brotherly Love; but the poor Knights can-
not get a Lady for Love nor Mony; tis not so in other
Countries I wis, pray haste you, for I'll along, and see
what will come on't. [Exit.

Mir. *Collona*, provide strait all Necessaries
For this Remove, the Litter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* bear her Company,
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my Duties, [Exit.

Mir. How fare you, gracious Mistress?

Ori. O *Miranda*,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair Title
When I was free, and could dispose my self;
But now, no Smile, no Word, no Look, no Touch
Can I impart to any, but as Theft
From my *Gomera*; and who dares accept,
Is an Usurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee,
(Thou fairer Virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)
Hold but this Test, so rich an Ore was never

Tried by the Hand of Man, on the vast Earth:
 Sit brightest *Oriana*, is it Sin
 Still to profess I love you, still to vow
 I shall do ever? Heav'n my Witness be,
 'Tis not your Eye, your Cheek, your Tongue, no part
 That superficially doth snare young Men,
 Which has caught me; read over in your Thoughts
 The Story that this Man hath made of you,
 And think upon his Merit.

Ori. Only Thought
 Can comprehend it.

Mir. And can you be so
 Cruel, thankless, to destroy his Youth
 That sav'd your Honour, gave you double Life?
 Your own, and your fair Infant's? that when Fortune
 (The blind Foe to all Beauty, that is good)
 Bandied you from one Hazard to another,
 Was even Heav'n's Messenger, by Providence
 Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
 Into these Arms, to give Ease to your Throwes,
 As if't had thunder'd; take thy due *Miranda*,
 For she was thine: *Gomera's* Jealousie
 Struck Death unto thy Heart; to him be dead,
 And live to me, that gave thee second Life:
 Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
 The torturing Fires of my Affections.

Ori. Oh master them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
 Who follows his Desires, such Tyrants serves
 As will oppress him insupportably.
 My Flames, *Miranda*, rise as high as thine,
 For I did love thee 'fore my Marriage,
 Yet would I now consent, or could I think
 Thou wert in earnest, (which by all the Souls
 That have, for Chastity, been sanctify'd,
 I cannot) in a Moment I do know
 Thoud'ft call fair Temperance up to rule thy Blood,
 Thy Eye was ever chaste, thy Countenance too honest,
 And all thy Wooings was like Maidens Talk;
 Who yieldeth unto Pleasures, and to Lust,
 Is a poor Captive, that in golden Fetters,

And

And precious, as he thinks, but holding Gives,
Frets out his Life.

Mir. Find such another Woman,
And take her for his Labour, any Man.

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
Heav'n knew I was not, I had had thee else,
Much less now, gentle Sir; *Miranda's* Deeds
Have been as white as *Oriana's* Fame,
From the Beginning to this Point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the Legend which we two shall breed
Continuing as we are, for chastest Dames
And boldest Soldiers to peruse and read,
Ay and read thorough, free from any Act
To cause the Modest cast the Book away,
And the most honour'd Captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my Hand; my Pulse beats thick,
And my mov'd Blood rides high in every Vein,
Lord of thy self now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This Bark of Flesh, no better Steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat's*; may you kiss me, Lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential Injury,
It is a Circumstance due to my Lord,
To none else; and my dearest Friend, if Hands
Playing together, kindle Heat in you,
What may the Game at Lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh what a Tongue is here? whilst she doth teach
My Heart to hate my fond unlawful Love,
She talks me more in Love, with Love to her,
My Fires she quencheth with her Arguments,
But as she breaths 'em, they blow freier Fires.
Sit further; now my Flame cools; Husband, Wife,
There is some holy Mystery in those Names
That sure th' unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art strait, and dost enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly Love;
My very Soul doats on thee, and my Spirits
Do embrace thine, my Mind doth thy Mind kiss,
And in this pure Conjunction we enjoy

A heav'nlier Pleasure than if Bodies met :
 This, this is perfect Love, the other short,
 Yet languishing fruition, every Swain
 And sweating Groom may clasp, but ours refin'd
 Two in ten Ages cannot reach unto ;
 Nor is our spiritual Love, a barren Joy,
 For mark what blessed Issue we'll beget,
 Dearer than Children to Posterity,
 A great Example to Mens Continence,
 And Womens Chastity, that is a Child
 More fair and comfortable, than any Heir.

Mir. If all Wives were but such, Lust would not find
 One corner to inhabit, Sin would be
 So strange, Remission superfluous:
 But one Petition, I have done.

Ori. What, Sweet.

Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard Hand of Death
 Seize on *Gomera* first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy ;
 How much you undervalue your own Price,
 To give your unbought self, for a poor Woman,
 That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her Show ?
 I am a Garment worn, a Vessel crack'd,
 A Zone unty'd, a Lilly trod upon,
 A fragrant Flower cropt by another Hand ;
 My Colour sully'd, and my Odour's chang'd.
 If when I was new blossom'd, I did fear
 My self unworthy of *Miranda's* Spring ;
 Thus over-blown, and seeded, I am rather
 Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his Bed.

Mir. Rise, Miracle, save *Malta* with thy Virtue ;
 If words could make me proud, how has she spoke,
 Yet I will try her to the very Block.
 Hard-hearted and uncivil *Oriana*,
 Ingrateful Payer of my Industries,
 That with a soft painted Hypocrisie
 Cozen'st, and jeer'st my Perturbation,
 Expect a witty and a fell Revenge ;
 My comfort is, all Men will think thee false,
 Beside thy Husband, having been thus long
 (On this occasion) in my Fort, and Power.

Enter

Enter Norandine, Collona, and Lucinda with a Child.

I'll hear no more words: Captain, let's away,
With all care see to her; and you, *Lucinda*,
Attend her diligently; she is a Wonder.

Nor. Have you found she was well deliver'd?
What, had she a good Midwife, is all well?

Mir. You are merry, *Norandine*.

Luc. Why weep you, Lady?

Ori. Take the poor Babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling Death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exe.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, Knights,
two Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers,
Abdella, a Gentleman with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs;
Gomera.*

Val. A tender Husband hast thou shew'd thy self,
My dearest Brother, and thy Memory,
After my life, in brazen Characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To Ages consequent, 'till Time's running Hand
Beats back the World to undistinguish'd *Chaos*,
And on the top of that thy Name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh honour'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any Bliss to come,
Could lift my load of Grief off from my Soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my Wife,
That in one hours suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a Man again,
And fare like other Husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing Penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make such a Wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the Order
And Habits that to Men are necessary,
All Breath I'll spend in Sighs, all sound in Groans,
And know no Company but my wasting Moans.

Asto.

Asto. This will be wilful Murder on your self,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which th' inscrutable Will of Heav'n admits.

Gom. What would you have my Weakness do, that
Suffer'd it self thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd Hell-hound, and his Agent Dam,
The impious Midwife to abortive Births,
And cruel Instrument to his Decrees?
By forgery they first assail'd her Life,
Heav'n playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My dearest Friend, the Servant to her Virtue,
To Combat me, against his Mistress Truth.
That yet effectless, this Enchanting Witch
Bred baneful Jealousie against my Lady,
My most immaculate Lady, which seiz'd on her
Almost to death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my Hand put (to restore her Life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their devilish Malice; farther, great with Child
Was this poor Innocent, that too was lost,
They doubled Death upon her; not staying there,
They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting Rest unto her in the Grave:
I wish *Miranda* had enjoy'd my Prize;
For sure I'm punish'd for usurping her.
Oh what a Tyger is resisted Lust?
How it doth forage all?

Mount. Part of this Tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not Poison given her?

Abd. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been so wise, and had not now
Stood curtesying for your Mercies here.

Mount. Beside,
What is become o'th' Body we know not.

Val. Peace, Impudence;
And dear *Gomera* practise Patience
As I my self must, by some means at last
We shall dissolve this Riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes
This Villain in this Festival Array,
As if he triumph'd for his Treachery?

Cast.

Cast. That is by our Appointment: give us leave,
You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Collona.

Val. One of the *Esguard*.

Esg. The Gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then awhile,

With our sad thoughts; what, are you both resolv'd?

Nor. Not I, my Lord, your down-right Captain still,
I'll live, and serve you, not that altogether

I want compunction of Conscience,

I have enough to save me, and that's all,

Bar me from Drink, and Drabs, ev'n hang me too,

You must ev'n make your Captains Capons first,

I have too much Flesh for this spiritual Knighthood,

And therefore do desire forbearance, Sir,

'Till I am older, or more mortify'd;

I am too sound yet.

Val. What say you, *Miranda*?

Mir. With all pure Zeal to Heav'n, Duty to you,
I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd Title,
Admir'd *Miranda*, pardon what in Thought

I ever did transgress against your Virtue;

And may you find more Joy with your new Bride,

Than poor *Gomera* e'er enjoy'd with his,

But 'twas mine own Crime, and I suffer for't;

Long wear your Dignity, and worthily,

Whilst I obscurely in some Corner vanish.

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better; first I crave,
According to the Order of the Court,

I may dispose my Captives, and the Fort,

That with a clean and purified Heart

The fitlier I may endue my Robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana veil'd, Ladies, Lucinda with a Child.

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
And staid Tuition, my most noble Friend,
I then commend this Lady; start not off,
A fairer and a chaster never liv'd;

By

By her own choice you are her Guardian;
 For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
 And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
 Her own request was, to *Gomera's* Hands
 She might be given in Custody, for she'd heard
 He was a Gentleman wise, and temperate,
 Full of Humanity to Women-kind,
 And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
 How to entreat a Lady.

Val. What Country-woman is she?

Mir. Born a *Greek*.

Val. *Gomera*, 'twill be barbarous to deny
 A Lady, that unto your Refuge flies,
 And seeks to shrowd her under Virtue's Wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble Sir; oh think me not
 So dull a Devil, to forget the loss
 Of such a matchless Wife as I possess'd,
 And ever to endure the sight of Woman:
 Were she the Abstract of her Sex for Form,
 The only Warehouse of Perfection,
 Were there no Rose nor Lilly but her Cheek,
 No Musick but her Tongue, Virtue but hers;
 She must not rest near me, my Vow is graven
 Here in my Heart, irrevocably breath'd,
 And when I break it.

Asto. This is rudeness, *Spaniard*,
 Unseasonably you play the *Timonist*,
 Put on a Disposition is not yours,
 Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir.

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade:

Gom. Beseech you, Sir, no more, I am resolv'd
 To forsake *Malta*, tread a Pilgrimage
 To fair *Jerusalem*, for my Lady's Soul,
 And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear
 This Child along w'ye then.

Gom. What Child?

All. How's this?

Mir. Nay then, *Gomera*, thou art injurious,

This

This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou hast has often known, as thine own Wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my Sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme: if such a scandal---
(I praye the Rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman unvail.

Ori. Will you refuse me yet?

Gom. My Wife!

Val. My Sister!

Gom. Some Body thank Heav'n,
I cannot speak.

All. All Praise be ever given.

Mount. This saves our lives, yet would she had been dead;
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of Punishment, or my Disgrace.

Val. How came you to the Temple?

Mir. Sir, to do

My poor Devotions, and to offer Thanks
For scaping a Temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I restore a Wife
Earth cannot parallel; and busie Nature,
If thou wilt still make Women, but remember
To work 'em by this Sampler; take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.

Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly.

Mir. To increase your Happiness
To your best Wife take this Addition.

Gom. Alack my poor Knave.

Val. The confession

The *Moor* made 't seems was truth.

Nor. Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever issued out
of Hell, which her black Jaws resemble; a plague o' your
Bacon-face, you must be giving drinks with a Vengeance;
ah thou branded Bitch, do ye stare goggles, I hope to make
Winter-boots o' thy Hide yet, she fears not damning: Hell
fire cannot parch her blacker than she is: D'ye grin, Chim-
ney-sweeper.

Ori. What is't, *Miranda*?

Mir. That you would please *Lucinda* might attend you.
Col.

Col. That Suit, Sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My Husband?

My dearest *Angelo*?

Nor. More *Jiggam-bobs*; is not this the Fellow that (swum
Like a Duck to th' Shore in our Sea-service?

Col. The very same; do not you know me now, Sir,
My Name is *Angelo*, though *Collona* vail'd it,
Your Country-man and Kinsman, born in *Florence*,
Who from the Neighbour-Island here of *Goza*
Was Captive led, in that unfortunate Day
When the *Turk* bore with him three thousand Souls;
Since in *Constantinople* have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this *Turkish* Damsel first.
A tedious Suitor was I for her Love,
And pitying such a beauteous Case should hide
A Soul prophan'd with Infidelity,
I labour'd her Conversion with my Love,
And doubly won her; to fair Faith her Soul
She first betroth'd, and then her Faith to me;
But fearful there to consummate this Contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought:
Since in your Service I attended her,
Where, what I saw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my past Afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders; take thy Wife: *Miranda*,
Be henceforth called our *Malta's* better Angel,
And thou her evil, *Mountferrat*.

Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black Gib there,
his *Succuba*, his Devil's Seed, his spawn of *Phlegeton*, that
o' my Conscience was bred o' the spume of *Cocitus*; do ye
snarle, you black Jill? she looks like the Picture of *America*.

Val. Why stay we now?

Mir. This last Petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my Kinsman, toward the Maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous Wife; Discreet,
Loyal, and Valiant I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, Sir.

Col. My best thanks

To you my noble Cousin, and my service
To the whole Court; may I deserve this Bounty.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony, one of our *Esguard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* first.

Mount. I will not sue
For Mercy, 'twere in vain; Fortune thy worst. [*Musick.*

*An Altar discover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The
two Bishops stand on each side of it; Mountferrat, as the
Song is singing, ascends up the Altar.*

*See, see, the stain of Honour, Virtue's foe,
Of Virgins fair Fames the foul Overthrow,
That broken hath his Oath of Chastity,
Dishonour'd much this holy Dignity,
Off with his Robe, expel him forth this Place,
Whilst we rejoyce, and sing at his Disgrace.*

Val. Since by thy Actions thou hast made thy self
Unworthy of that worthy Sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred Order, into which
For former Virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For Praise unto the good, a Terror to
The bad, and an Example to all Men;
We here deprive thee of our Habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our Society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted and contagious Member.

Esq. Using th' authority the Superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this Knot,
And take from thee the pleasing Yoak of Heav'n:
We take from off thy Breast this holy Cross
Which thou hast made thy Burthen, not thy Prop;
Thy Spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy Heels
Bare of thy Honour, that have kick'd against
Our Order's Precepts; next we reave thy Sword,
And give thee armless to thy Enemies,
For being Foe to Goodness, and to Heav'n;
Last, 'bout thy stiff Neck, we this Halter hang,
And leave thee to the Mercy of thy Court.

Val. Invest *Miranda*.

S O N G.

*Fair Child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning Zeal dost come,
With Joy to ask the White-cross Cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing Toak,
That being young, vows Chastity,
And chusest wilful Poverty;
As this Flame mounts, so mount thy Zeal, thy Glory,
Rise past the Stars, and fix in Heav'n thy Story.*

1 Bish. What crave you, gentle Sir?

Mir. Humble admittance
To be a Brother of the holy Hospital
Of great *Jerusalem*.

2 Bish. Breath out your Vow.

Mir. To Heav'n, and all the Bench of Saints above,
Whose Succour I implore t'enable me,
I vow henceforth a chaste Life, not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my self; Obedience
To my Superiors, whom Religion
And Heav'n shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and to oppugne
Even unto Death the *Christian* Enemy:
This do I vow to accomplish.

Esq. Who can tell.

Has he made other Vow, or promis'd Marriage
To any one, or is in Servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1 Bish. Put on his Spurs, and girt him with the Sword,
The scourge of Infidels, and Tipes of speed.
Build'st thy Faith on this?

Mir. On him that dy'd
On such a sacred Figure, for our Sins.

2 Bish. Here, then we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of Faith, *Christian* Defence, and Service
To th' poor, and thus near to thy Heart we plant it
That thou mayst love it even with all thy Heart,
With thy right Hand protect, preserve it whole,
For if thou fighting 'gainst Heav'n's Enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the Cross
The Ensign of thy holy General,

With

With Shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our Company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified Limb.

Mir. I ask no Favour.

Bish. Then receive the Yoak
Of him that makes it sweet, and light, in which,
Thy Soul find her eternal Rest.

Val. Most welcome.

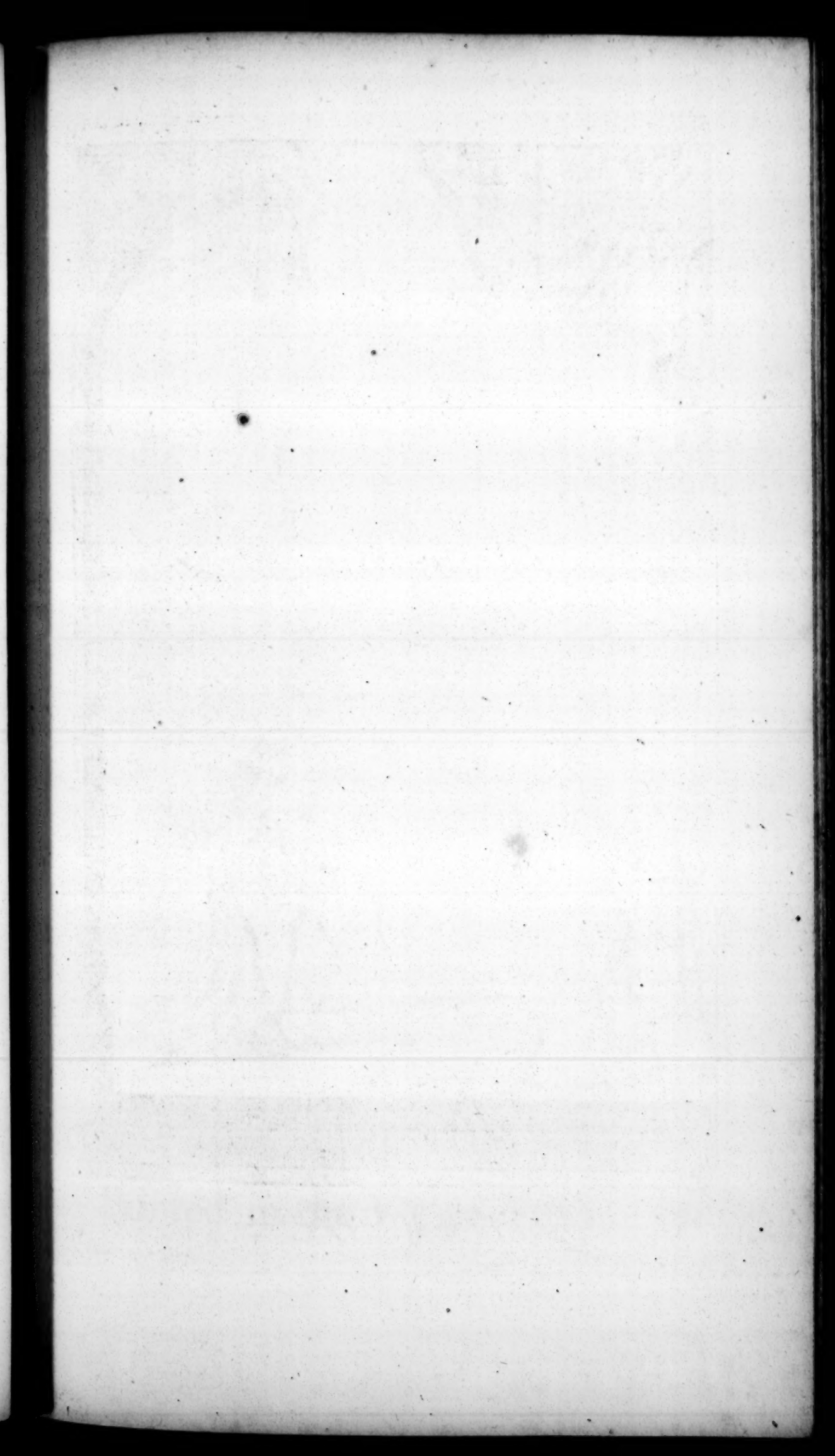
All. Welcome, our noble Brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your
Conspiring 'gainst the Lives of Innocents, (Deed,
Hath forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white Cross with your Blood; your Doom is then
To marry this Coagent of your Mischiefs,
Which done, we banish you the Continent;
If either, after three Days, here be found,
The Hand of Law lays hold upon your Lives.

Nor. Away *French* Stallion, now you have a *Barbary* Mare
of your own, go leap her, and engender young devilings.

Val. We will find something, noble *Norandine*,
To quit your Merit; so to civil Feasts,
According to our Customs; and all pray
The Dew of Grace, bless our new Knight to Day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*







Love's Cure

Vol. 5: p. 2681,

LOVE's CURE:

O R,

The Martial Maid.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

OVER: CURE

W. H. H. H.

W. H. H. H.

Printed in the Year 1811.

PROLOGUE.

*S*tatues and Pictures challenge Price and Fame;
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a Sympathy;
Yet their Works may decay, and lose their Grace,
Receiving blemish in their Limbs or Face.
When the Minds Art has this Prebeminence,
She still retaineth her first Excellence.
Then why should not this dear Piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest Fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meanest Off-spring, that came forth,
But bore the Image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whose Desert out-ways
The best Applause, and their least sprig of Bays
Is worthy Phæbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of Wit, he shall not rob the Treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the Plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own Delight.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

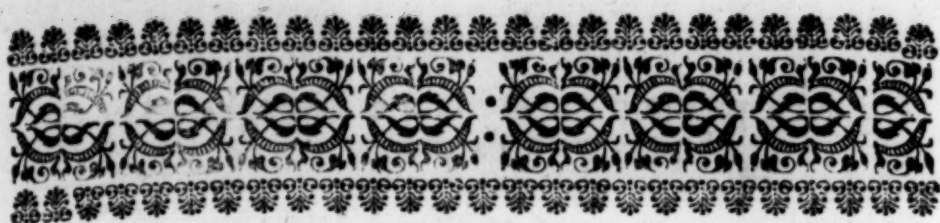
A Ssistant, or Governor.
Vitelli, *a young Gentleman, Enemy to Alvarez.*
Lamoral, *a fighting Gallant, Friend to Vitelli.*
Anastro, *an honest Gentleman, Friend to Vitelli.*
Don Alvarez, *a noble Gentleman, Father to Lucio, and Clara.*
Siavedra, *a Friend to Alvarez.*
Lucio, *Son to Alvarez, a brave young Gentleman in Woman's Habit.*
Alguazeir, *a sharking panderly Constable.*
Pachieco, *a Cocker,*
Mendoza, *a Botcher,* } *of Worship.*
Metaldie, *a Smith,*
Lazarillo, *Pachieco his hungry Servant*
Bobadilla, *a witty Knave, Servant to Eugenia, and Steward vant to Alvarez.*
Herald,
Officer.

W O M E N.

Eugenia, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to Don Alvarez.*
Clara, *Daughter to Eugenia, a martial Maid, Valiant and Chaste, enamoured of Vitelli.*
Genevora, *Sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.*
Malroda, *a wanton Mistress of Vitelli.*

S C E N E S E V I L.

LOVE's



LOVE's CURE:

O R,

The Martial Maid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anaistro.

VITELLI.

Lvarez pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I saw him Land

At *St. Lucars*, and such a general welcome,
Fame, as Harbinger to his brave Actions,
Had with the easie People prepar'd for him,

As if by his command alone, and Fortune,
Holland, with those low Provinces, that hold out
Against the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
With their Obedience to give up their Lives
To be at his Devotion.

Vit. You amaze me:

For though I have heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*
To save his Life (then forfeited to Law
For murth'ring *Don Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extream Wants enforc'd him to take pay
I'th' Army, sate down then before *Ostend*;
'Twas never yet reported, by whose Favour

He

He durst presume to entertain a Thought
Of coming home with Pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our Nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our Enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the *Infanta's* Letters
Assisted by the Arch-Duke's, to King *Philip*,
Have not alone secur'd him from the Rigour
Of our *Castilian* Justice, but return'd him
A free Man, and in Grace.

Vit. By what curs'd means
Could such a Fugitive arise unto
The knowledge of their Highnesses? Much more
(Though known) to stand but in the least Degree
Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction
To your Demand, though to praise him I hate,
Can yield me small contentment, I will tell you,
And truly, since should I detract his Worth,
'Twould argue want of Merit in my self.
Briefly to pass his tedious Pilgrimage
For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty Man,
And to forget the Storms, th' Affrights, the Horrors,
His Constancy, not Fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little Son, grown Man
(Though 'twas said here, he took a Daughter with him)
To *Ostend's* bloody Siege, that stage of War,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Christian World Spectators were;
There by his Son, or were he by Adoption,
Or Nature his, a brave Scene was presented,
Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
The good success of *Alvarez* had beginning.

Vit. So I love Virtue in an Enemy
That I desire in the relation of
This young Man's glorious Deed, you'll keep your self
A Friend to Truth, and it.

Lam. Such was my purpose.
The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud Defendants to a Sally,

Weary

Weary of ease, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
 Son to the General of our *Castile* Forces,
 All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their Walls,
 From whence the Musquetiers plaid thick upon him ;
 Yet he, brave Youth, as careless of the Danger,
 As careful of his Honor, drew his Sword,
 And waving it about his Head, as if
 He dar'd one spirited like himself, to trial
 Of single Valor, he made his Retreat
 With such a slow, and yet majestick pace,
 As if he still call'd loud, Dare none come on ?
 When suddenly, from a Postern of the Town
 Two gallant Horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
 The Army looking on, yet not a Man
 That durst relieve the rash Adventurer ;
 Which *Lucio*, Son to *Alvarez*, then seeing
 As in the Vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,
 Or were it pity of the Youth's Misfortune,
 Care to preserve the Honour of his Country,
 Or bold Desire to get himself a Name,
 He made his brave Horse like a Whirlwind bear him
 Among the Combatants ; and in a Moment
 Discharg'd his Petronel, with such sure aim
 That of the adverse party from his Horse
 One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
 A Faulchion, swift as Lightning he came on
 Upon the other, and with one strong Blow,
 In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
 He struck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
 With double Honour to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave :

But the success of this ?

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
 With Acclamations of joy and welcome ;
 And for Addition to the fair reward,
 Being a massy Chain of Gold given to him
 By young *Peralta's* Father, he was brought
 To the *Infanta's* Presence, kiss'd her Hand,
 And from that Lady, (greater in her Goodness
 Than her high Birth) had this encouragement ;

Go

Go on young Man; yet not to feed thy Valour
 With hope of Recompence to come, from me,
 For present Satisfaction of what's past,
 Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
 And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.

Ana. Excellent Princess.

Vit. And stil'd worthily
 The Heart-blood, nay, the Soul of Soldiers.
 But what was his Request?

Lam. That the Repeal
 Of *Alvarez* makes plain; he humbly begg'd
 His Father's Pardon, and so movingly
 Told the sad Story of your Uncle's Death
 That the *Infanta* wept, and instantly
 Granting his Suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
 Their Letters were directed to the King,
 With whom they so prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
 Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the King
 To make that good.

Ana. Not in the King? What Subject
 Dares contradict his Power?

Vit. In this I dare,
 And will; and not call his Prerogative
 In Question, nor presume to limit it.
 I know he is Master of his Laws,
 And may forgive the Forfeits made to them,
 But not the Injury done to my Honour;
 And since (forgetting my brave Uncle's Merits
 And many Services, under Duke *D'Alva*)
 He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
 The powerful Sword, that would revenge his Death,
 I'll fill with this *Astrea's* empty Hand,
 And in my just wreak, make this Arm the King's,
 My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his House,
 Which as I grew in Years, hath still encreas'd,
 As if it call'd on Time to make me Man,
 Slept while it had no Object for her Fury,
 But a weak Woman, and her talk'd of Daughter;
 But now, since there are Quarries, worth her sight

Both

Both in the Father, and his hopeful Son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full (ship,
With both their Hearts; to further which, your Friend-
And Oaths; will your Assistance, let your Deeds
Make answer to me: useless are all Words
Till you have writ Performance with your Swords.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my Work; this Ruff was not well starch'd,
So tell the Maid, 't has too much blue in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean Meat, and fresh Water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't.

Bob. Oh good St. *Jaques* help me: Was there ever such
an Hermaphrodite heard of? Would any Wench living,
that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to be-
lieve, that the best of a Man lies under this Petticoat,
and that a Cod-piece were far fitter here, than a pinn'd
Placket?

Luc. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a Tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as Ears to hear
Your Ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten Womens Tongues that way,
I am sure: Why my young Master or Mistress, Madam,
Don, or what you will, what the Devill have you to do
with Pullen, or Partridge? or to sit pricking on a Clout all
Day? You have a better Needle, I know, and might
make better Work, if you had grace to use it.

Luc. Why, how dare you speak this before me, Sirrah?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak?
—Tho' my Lady your Mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and
his Faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and
has kept you these 20 Years, which is ever since you
were Born, a close Prisoner within Doors, yet since
you are a Man, and are as well provided as other Men
are, methinks you should have the same Motions of the
Flesh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cause to love those wanton Mc-
They having hope you to an excellent Whipping, (tions,
For

For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,
With the *Indian* Maid, the Governor sent my Mother
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in Charity, and help the King to a Subject that may live to take *Grave Maurice* Prisoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you are ever like to do: and I will tell you, (in a Fatherly care of the Infant I speak it) if he live (as bless the Babe, in Passion I remember him) to your Years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the Wars, use his *Spanish* Pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, as his Father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* desperately, as——

Luc. You will not kill me? oh. (Eyes?)

Bob. I knew this would silence him: how he hides his If he were a Wench now, as he seems, what an advantage Had I, drawing two *Toledo's*, when one can do this? But oh me, my Lady; I must put up: Young Master, I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia and Servants.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my Friend; no more A Servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
Even here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my *Alvarez* return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy Thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for Blessing, Heav'n's kind Hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my Duty, Madam,
Presume, if you have cause of Joy, to intreat
I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt; but first kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father,
A Father living to take off that Name,

Which

Which my too credulous Fears, that he was dead,
Bestow'd upon thee; thou shalt see him *Lucio*,
And make him young again, by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio*: Oh my joys
So far transport me, that I must forget
The Ornaments of Matrons, Modesty,
And grave Behaviour; but let all forgive me
If in th' Expression of my Soul's best Comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine Age,
And play the Wanton in the Entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then see my Father?

Eug. This hour, *Lucio*;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a Man;
This womanish Disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those Qualities thou didst learn from me,
For masculine Virtues, for which seek no Tutor,
But let thy Father's actions be thy Precepts;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true Service.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know
me more respectfully; how dost thou think I shall be-
come the Steward's Chair, ha? will not these slender
Hanches show well with a Chain, and a gold Night-cap
after Supper, when I take the Accompts?

Eug. Haste, and take down those Blacks with which my
Hath like the Widow, her sad Mistress, mourn'd; (Chamber
And hang up for it the rich *Persian* Arras,
Us'd on my wedding Night, for this to me
Shall be a second Marriage: Send for Musick,
And will the Cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the Palat.

Bob. Will your Ladiship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good
stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

Eug. Begone I say: Why Sir, you can go faster?

Bob. I could, Madam: but I am now to practise the
Steward's

Steward's Pace, that's the reward I look for; every Man must fashion his Gate, according to his Calling; you fellow *Stephano* may walk faster, to overtake Pre-ferment; so, usher me.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let the Waistcoat I last wrought Be made up for my Father: I will have A Cap, and Boot-hose, suitable to it.

Eug. Of that We'll think hereafter, *Lucio*; our Thoughts now Must have no object but thy Father's welcome, To which thy help——

Luc. With humble gladness, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alvarez, and Clara.

Alv. Where lost we *Syavedra*?

Clara. He was met,

Ent'ring the City, by some Gentlemen,
Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom
For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay; tho' I much wonder
A Man that knows to do, and has done well (home,
In the Head of his Troop, when the bold Foe charg'd
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In apish Entertainment; for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of War)
I had rather meet ten Enemies in the field,
All sworn to fetch my Head, than be brought on
To change an Hours discourse with one of these
Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers,
The only Gallants, as they wisely think,
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My Love *Clara*,

(For *Lucio* is a Name thou must forget
With *Lucio*'s bold Behaviour) though thy Breeding
I' th' Camp, may plead something in the Excuse
Of thy rough manners, Custom having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy Nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel Stepdame to thee,

Impos'd

Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness, burthens
Of Hunger, Cold, Wounds, Want, such as would crack
The sinews of a Man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now she smiles, and like a natural Mother
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain
Her proffer'd Bounties with a willing Bosom;
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy Sword;
Thy Beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a stronger Guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cl. Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my Duty to gain-say you
In any thing: I must and will put on
What fashion you think best, though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [Musick:]
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,
As you were born, a Woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.

Eug. Let choice Musick,
In the best voice that e'er touch'd humane Ear,
For joy hath ty'd my Tongue up, speak your welcome.

Alv. My Soul (for thou giv'st new life to my Spirit)
Myriads of joys, though short in number of
Thy Virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty Years of sorrow but a Dream,
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,
I feel my Age restor'd, and like old *Æson*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wish'd for welcome,
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All Pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second Period: Let mine Eyes now surfeit
On this so wish'd-for Object, and my Lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting Kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my sweet Daughter; lives she?

Yet I could chide my self, having you here,
 For being so covetous of all Joys at once,
 To enquire for her, you being alone, to me
 My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,
 Nay more than all the World.

Alv. As you, to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the Story
 Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety
 It will give Relish, and fresh Appetite
 To my Delights, if such Delights can cloy me.
 Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you
 Account of my Life in your Absence, and
 Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd
 The Jewel left lock'd up in my Womb,
 When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,
 Suffer'd a civil Death. [Within clashing Swords.]

Alv. Do, my *Eugenia*,
 'Tis that I most desire to hear.

Eug. Then know. [Syavedra within.]

Alv. What Noise is that?

Sya. If you are noble Enemies, [Vitelli within.]
 Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly,

Vit. Stand off, I am too many of my self.

Enter Bobadilla. (Lord,

Bob. Murther, Murther, Murther, your Friend my
Don Syavedra is set upon in the Streets, by your Enemies
Vitelli, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking
 on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him; draw thy Sword
 And follow me.

Clar. Fortune, I give thee thanks
 For this Occasion once more to use it. [Exit.]

Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt,
 hang me.

Luc. Oh I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
 Your Closet, Mother.

Eug. No hour of my Life
 Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,
 Or now at once dispatch me.

Enter

*Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra,
Clara beating off Anastro.*

Cla. Follow him,
Leave me to keep these off.

Alv. Assault my Friend,
So near my House?

Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple, and I'll make it one,
I being the Priest, and thou the Sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.

Alv. Hasten thou to him,
And say I sent thee.

Cla. 'Twas put bravely by,
And that; and yet comes on, and boldly rare,
In the Wars, where Emulation and Example
Join to increase the Courage, and make less
The Danger; Valour, and true Resolution
Never appear'd so lovely; brave again;
Sure he is more than Man, and if he fall,
The best of Virtue, Fortitude would die with him:
And can I suffer it? Forgive me Duty,
So I love Valour, as I will protect it
Against my Father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.

Vit. Come on,
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.

Cla. Fear me not,
Thy Worth has took me Prisoner, and my Sword
For this time knows thee only for a Friend,
And to all else I turn the Point of it.

Say. Defend your Father's Enemy?

Alv. Art thou mad?

Cla. Are ye Men rather? Shall that Valour, which
Begot you lawful Honour in the Wars,
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard
So foul, yet so long liv'd, as Murther will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchas'd Glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing

Those nearest to you, to have part in it,
 And do you now join, and lend mutual help
 Against a single Opposite? Hath the Mercy
 Of the great King, but newly wash'd away
 The Blood, that with the forfeit of your Life
 Cleav'd to your Name and Family, like an Ulcer,
 In this again to set a deeper Dye
 Upon your Infamy? You'll say he is your Foe,
 And by his rashness call'd on his own Ruin;
 Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and Honour
 Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
 Where now he is, your House, which by the Laws
 Of hospitable Duty should protect him;
 Have you been twenty years a Stranger to it,
 To make your entrance now in Blood? Or think you
 Your Country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be
 An Offering fit, to please the Genius of it?
 No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,
 And this first Act of Disobedience shall
 Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I am pleas'd

With what I dare not give allowance to.
 Unnatural Wretch, what wilt thou do?

Cl. Set free

A noble Enemy: Come not on, by——
 You pass to him, through me, the way is open;
 Farewel, when next I meet you, do not look for
 A Friend, but a vow'd Foe; I see you worthy,
 And therefore now preserve you, for the Honour
 Of my Sword only.

Vit. Were this Man a Friend,
 How would he win me, that being my vow'd Foe
 Deserves so well? I thank you for my Life;
 But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
 Hereafter to consider.

[*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy Fear,
 All Danger is blown over, I have Letters
 To the Governor, in the King's Name, to secure us
 From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
 That have such strong Guards of our own, dread others;
 And

And to increase thy Comfort, know, this young Man,
Whom with such fervant Earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy Daughter *Clara*.

Eug. A thousand Blessings in that word.

Alv. The reason

Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you; wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant Undertakings
She hath made good with Honour.

Eug. I'll return

The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my *Alvarez*: You, in a Man,
Have given to me a Daughter, in a Woman,
I give to you a Son; this was the Pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like success; as she appears
Alter'd by Custom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his soft Life, is less than Man.

Alv. Fortune in this gives ample Satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Luc. My dearest Sister.

Cl. Kind Brother.

Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by Custom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge; and we'll contend
With loving Industry, who soonest can
Turn this Man Woman, or this Woman Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.

Pac. **B**OY, and Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my Rank, to walk the Streets in *Querpo*.

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman, Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a Man's Head; and your Neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me th' other Day to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other Mens wits) as in thine own; live lean, and witty still: Oppress not thy Stomach too much; grosse Feeders, great Sleepers, fat Bodies; fat Bodies, lean Brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing; belike that's the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their Wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortal still, and let's go to Supper.

Pac. Be abstinent, shew not the corruption of thy Generation; he that feeds, shall die, therefore, he that feeds not shall live. (siton.

Laz. Ay, but how long shall he live? There's the Que-

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: Didst thou read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders*?

Laz. No, nor of any Maid else; for the Miracle of Virginity now-a-days ceases, e'er the Virgin can read Virginity?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other Sustenance, than the smell of a Rose.

Laz. I heard of her Signior, but they say her Guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her Neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpent's Tail, so that though she con-

tinued

inued a Woman still above the Girdle, beneath yet she was Monster.

Pac. So are most Women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all Women, Signior, that can live only upon the smell of a Rose.

Pac. No part of the History is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious Stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal Hunger will suffer; put me to a certain stint Sir, allow me but a red Herring a Day.

Pac. O' *de dios*, would'st thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red Herring a Day, shall ne'er be broil'd for the Devil's Rasher; a Pilchard, Signior, a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a Philosopher first, and immortal after.

Pac. Patience, *Lazarillo*, let Contemplation be thy Food awhile: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldiers Provant a whole Day,

At the destruction of *Jerusalem*.

Enter Metaldi, and Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, and it were any where but at the destruction of a Place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signior *Pacheco Alasto*, my most ingenious Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

Pac. Signior *Metaldi de Fergio*, my most famous Smith, and Man of Mettle, I return your Courtesie ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-sole of your Congie; the like to you Signior *Mendoza Pediculo de Vermim*, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith and a Botcher, they all belong to the Foot, which makes them stand so much upon their Gentry.

Mend. Signior *Lazarillo*.

Laz. Ah Signior see: Nay, we are a'l Signiors here in *Spain*, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelanzado*; this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake:

his Father's Diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him; what a Scallion-fac'd Rascal 'tis?

Met. But why, Signior *Pacheco*, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your Quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

Mend. Ay; your reason for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith, and thou Woollen-witted Hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient Writers, of our three Professions, and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both Judge and Moderator. (be.

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry, that may

Pac. Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Aeneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your Godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed Block-head, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his Wife was a Strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy Original must of necessity spring from Bastardy: Further, what can be a more deject Spirit in Man, than to lay his Hands under every ones Horses Feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of Enormities, viz. Scabs, Chilblains, and kib'd Heels; much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State and Government; for how canst thou be a sound Member in the Common-wealth, that art so subject to stiches in the Ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh ye Mechanics, compare no more with the politick Cocker: For Cobblers, in old time, have Prophefied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every Man's Foot? Are we not daily Menders? Yea, and what Menders? Not Horse-menders.

Laz. Nor Manners-menders.

Pac. But Soul-menders: Oh divine Cobblers; do we not, like the wise Man, spin out our own Threads, (or our Wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the Hide,
reap

reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilst both you are but Crafts-men; you will say, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the Fire; I must answer you again, tho', all this is but Forgery; you may likewise say, a Man's a Man, that has but a hose on his Head: I must likewise answer, that Man is a Botcher, that has a heel'd hose on his Head; to conclude, there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politick Eye and Ends on every Man's Steps that walks, and whose Course shall be lasting to the Worlds end.

Met. I give Place; the Wit of Man is wonderful; thou hast hit the Nail on the Head, and I will give thee six Pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch Shooe again.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*; as arrant a Knave as e'er wore one Head under two Offices; he is one side *Alguazier*.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides Carrion, I am sure.

Pac. This is he apprehends Whores in the way of Justice, and lodges 'em in his own House, in the way of Profit; he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the Mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this present lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing, Signior, she can ask: What loss or injury you may sustain

I will repair, and recompence your Love:

Only that Fellow's coming I mislike,

And did fore-warn her of him; bear her this

With my best love, at Night I'll visit her.

Alg. I rest your Lordship's Servant.

Vit. Good Ev'n, Signiors:

Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Son with thee

Both brightens, and obscures our Nation,

Whose pure strong Beams on us, shoot like the Sun's

On baser Fires; I would to Heav'n my Blood

Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate Hand,

That with mine Honour I might emulate,

Not

Not persecute such Virtue; I will see him,
 Though with the hazard of my Life; no rest
 In my contentious Spirits, can I find
 Till I have gratify'd him in like kind.

[Exit.

Alg. I know you not; what are ye? hence ye base
Befegnios.

Pac. *Mary Catzo* Signior *Alguazier*, d' ye not know us?
 why, we are your honest Neighbours, the Cocker, Smith,
 and Botcher, that have so often fate snoaring Cheek by
 Joll with your Signior, in rug at Midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry; you must under-
 stand, a Cat, and such an Officer see best in the Dark.

Met. By this Hand, I could find in my Heart to shooe
 his Head.

Pac. Why then know you, Signior; thou Mungril, be-
 got at Midnight, at the Goal-gate, by a Beadle, on a
 Catchpole's Wife, are not you he that was whipt out
 of *Toledo* for Perjury?

Men. Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for Pilfery, to
 the Bulls-pizel?

Met. And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacy?

Pac. Are not you he that rather than you durst go an
 industrious Voyage being press'd to the Islands, skulk'd
 till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Ryal a-
 day by squiring Puncks and Puncklings up and down
 the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portuguese* Born, descended o' the
Moors, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Master, an
 arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket,
 lousie, though now your Block-head be cover'd with
 the *Spanish* Block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Vel-
 vet-pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty Callings,
 yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a Chandler first, pro-
 fess'd Sincerity, and would sell no Man Mustard to his
 Beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisie all your
 Life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to
 the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church it
 self could not, Strumpets that rise to your Office by be-
 ing a great Don's Bawd?

Laz.

Laz. That commit Men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a Groat a Prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three Pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a Kisser of Men, in Drunkenness, and a Betrayer in Sobriety?

Alg. Diabolo: They'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all this while; thou may'st by thy Place now, lay us by the Heels, 'tis true; But take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own Head; for never was there such an Anatomy, as we shall make thee then; be wise therefore, thou Child of the Night! Be Friends, and shake Hands, thou art a proper Man, if thy Beard were redder: Remember thy worshipful Function, a Constable; tho' thou turn'st Day into Night, and Night into Day, what of that? Watch less, and pray more: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy Authority, but gripe Theft and Whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em; bear 'em away like a Tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own House. (in such a House?)

Laz. Would you have Whores and Thieves lodg'd

Pac. They ever do so; I have found a Thief, or a Whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not fur-

Laz. But why do they lodge there? (nish me.

Pac. That they may be safe and forth-coming; for in the Morning usually, the Thief is sent to the Goal, and the Whore prostrates her self to the Justice.

Men. Admirable *Packiecho.*

Met. Thou Cbler of Christendom.

Alg. There is no railing with these Rogues, I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance. Why Signiors, and my honest Neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my Friends, which is an Imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my Infancy; to make you amends you shall Sup with me.

Laz. Shall we Sup with ye, Sir? O' my Conscience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

Alg. And after Supper, I have a Project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this Month: I am a little Knavish; why, and do not I know all you to be Knaves?

Pac.

Pac. I grant you, we are all Knaves, and will be your Knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud Knave.

Alg. On then, pass; I will bear out my Staff, and my Staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to Supper. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry, *Diabolo*; what should you do in the Kitchen? Cannot the Cooks lick their Fingers without your Overseeing? Nor the Maids make Pottage, except your Dogs-head be in the Pot? Don *Lucio*, Don *Quot-Quean*, Don *Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a' Monday; I will have a Baby o' Clouts made for it, like a great Girl; nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant; your Father has committed you to my Charge, and I will make a Man or a Moule on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? This scurvy Sword So galls my Thigh, I would 'twere burnt; pish, look, This Cloak will ne'er keep on; these Boots too hide-Make me walk stiff, as if my Legs were frozen, (bound, And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer: Lord, how my Head akes with this roguish Hat; This masculine Attire is most uneasie, I am bound up in it; I had rather walk In *folio*, again, loose like a Woman.

Bob. In *Foolio*, had you not?
Thou Mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy Parents,
Thou tender Leg of Lamb; oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a Gate for the young Cavalier,
Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*?
Has it a Corn? Or do's it walk on Conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways,
Suppose me now your Father's foe, *Vitelli*,
And spying you i'th' Street, thus I advance,
I twist my Beard, and then I draw my Sword.

Luc.

Luc. Alas.

Bob. And thus accost thee: Traiterous Brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious Twig
Of that old Stock, dew'd with my Kinsman's gore,
Draw, for I'll quarter thee in Pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prethee *Bobadilla*, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy Sword, I will not meddle with ye;
Ay, juggle me, I care not, I'll not draw,
Pray be a quiet Man.

Bob. D' ye hear; answer me, as you would do Don
Vitelli, or I'll be so bold as to lay the Pomel of my
Sword over the hilts of your Head; my Name's *Vitelli*,
and I'll have the Wall. { keep?

Luc. Why then I'll have the Kennel; what a coil you
Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the World,
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My Father's Crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive,
'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your Sword,
I'll give you any Satisfaction,
That may become a Gentleman; however
I hope you are bred to more Humanity,
Than to revenge my Father's wrong on me, (cho,
That crave your Love and Peace: law-you-now *Zan-*
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*?

Bob. Oh Craven-chicken of a Cock o' th' game;
well, what remedy? Did thy Father see this, O' my Con-
science, he would cut off thy Masculine gender, crop
thine Ears, beat out thine Eyes, and set thee in one of
the Pear-trees for a Scare-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am
satisfied; but as I am *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, Ste-
ward of the House, and thy Father's Servant, I could
find in my Heart to lop off the hinder part of thy Face,
or to beat all thy Teeth into thy Mouth; Oh thou
whay-blooded Milk-sop, I'll wait upon thee no longer,
thou shalt ev'n wait upon me:

Come your ways, Sir, I shall take a little Pains with ye else.

Enter Clara.

Cl. Where art thou, Brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta, ran
tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more
see

see those golden Days, these Clothes will never fadge with me: A——o' this filthy Vardingale, this hip-hape: Brother, why are Womens Hanches only limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were, with these same scurvy Vardingales? (to display and flie out.

Bob. Because Womens Hanches only are most subject

Cla. *Bobadilla*, Rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce of thy Cod-piece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my Life, Sister; I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your Brother, *Lucio*; what a fright you have put me in?

Cla. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change; he does nothing but mis-use me, and call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well; I do no more than I have Authority for; would I were away tho'; for she's as much too Manish, as he too Womanish; I dare not meddle with her, yet I must set a good Face on't, if I had it: I have like charge of Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to quallifie him; what have you to do with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and Swords, and such Tools? Remember Mistress, Nature hath given you a Sheath only, to signifie Women are to put up Mens Weapons, not to draw them; look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court-Ladies move like Goddeses, as if they trode Air; they will swim you their Measures, like Whiting-mops, as if their Feet were finns, and the hinges of their Knees oyl'd; do they love to ride great Horses, as you do? no; they love to ride great Asses sooner; faith, I know not what to sayt' ye both: Custom hath turn'd Nature topsie-turvy in you.

Cla. Nay, but Master Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Cla. *Signior Spindle*, will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your Virginity, had better be a-foot o'er the Dragon.

Cla. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spanish* Lady pace so?

Cla. Hold these a little.

Luc.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Cl. First do I break your Office o'er your Pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd Rogue, Pilcher, you poor *John*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

Luc. Sister.

Bob. Madam.

Cl. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this Hand, I'll bang your Brother for this,
when I get him alone.

Cl. How? kick him, *Lucio*, he shall kick you, *Bob*,
Spight o' the Nose, that's flat; kick him, I say,
Or I will cut thy Head off.

Bob. Softly, y' had best.

Cl. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous visag'd Knave,
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.

Luc. Good Sister, do not choak him.

Bob. Murder, Murder.

[Exit.

Cl. Well; I shall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought
this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's Champion ne'er us'd truer; with this Staff
Old *Alvarez* has led up Men so close,
They could almost spit in the Cannon's Mouth,
Whilst I with that, and this well mounted, scour'd
A Horse-troop through and through, like swift desire,
And seen poor Rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd
Like bleeding Shads.

Luc. Bless us, Sister *Clara*,
How desperately you talk; what d' ye call
This Gun a dag?

Cl. I'll give't thee; a *French* Petronel:
You never saw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*
Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?
Walk down, and see it.

Luc. What, into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick; the poor Groom there
Was almost spoil'd the other Day.

Cl. Fie on thee,

Thou

Thou wilt scarce be a Man before thy Mother.

Luc. When will you be a Woman?

Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.

Cl. Would I were none,
But Nature's privy Seal assures me one.

Alv. Thou anger'st me : Can strong habitual Custom
Work with such Magick on the Mind and Manners,
In spite of Sex and Nature? Find out, Sirrah,
Some skilful Fighter.

Bob. Yes, Sir.

Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem either's proper Inclination,
Or bray 'em in a Morter, and new mold 'em.

Bob. Believe your Eyes, Sir, I tell you, we wash an
Ethiop. [Exit.

Cl. I strike it for ten Duckets.

Alv. How now, *Clara*,
Your Breeches on still? And your Petticoat
Not yet off, *Lucio*? Art thou not guelt?
Or did the cold *Muscovite* beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the last great Frost?
Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a Man indeed
Beneath the Girdle? and a Woman thou?
I'll have you search'd by ——— I strongly doubt;
We must have these things mended; come go in. [Exit.

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio*, say you? There is for you.

Vit. And there is for thee.

Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have Conference with that
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your Head; she has
Ten Nails, and you have but two Eyes: If any foolish
Hot Motions should chance to rise in the Horizon,
Under your Equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as
You can, for I fear the Elevation of your Pole will
Not agree with the *Horoscope* of her Constitution;
She is *Bell and the Dragon* I assure you. [Exit.

Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that sav'd *Vitelli*?

Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphosed. [Exit.

Vit. Do ye mock me?

Cla. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*
That is, and Daughter unto *Alvarez*.

Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my Life were Rid-
So you were still my fair Expositor: (dies,
Protected by a Lady from my Death!

Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my Cheek from this discovery:
Oh, you the fairest Soldier I e'er saw;
Each of whose Eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious.

Cla. Sir, guard your self, you are in your Enemies
And may be injur'd. (House,

Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* side him, and will call him Friend;
I would the difference of our Bloods were such
As might with any shift be wip'd away:
Or would to Heav'n your self were all your Name;
That having lost Blood by you, I might hope
To raise Blood from you. But my black-wing'd Fate
Hovers averfely over that fond hope:
And he, whose Tongue thus gratifies the Daughter,
And Sister of his Enemy, wears a Sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that sav'd this wretched Life of mine,
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your Friends.
That my Affections should promiscuously
Dart Love and Hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your Hand.

Cla. You are treacherous,
And come to do me Mischief.

Vit. Speak on still,
Your words are falser (Fair) than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
I do desire to hear you.

Cla. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you please.

Vit. Oh, neither can I,
 For to be gone, were to destroy my Life;
 And to kill you, were to destroy my Soul:
 I am in Love, yet must not be in Love;
 I'll get away apace, yet valiant Lady,
 Such Gratitude to Honour I do owe,
 And such Obedience to your Memory,
 That if you will bestow something, that I
 May wear about me, it shall bind all Wrath,
 My most inveterate Wrath, from all Attempts,
 Till you and I meet next.

Cl. A Favour, Sir?

Why, I will give ye good Counsel.

Vit. That already

You have bestowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove.

Cl. Nay, those are Tokens for a Waiting-maid
 To trim the Butler with,

Vit. Your Feather.

Cl. Pie, the Wenches give them to their Serving-men.

Vit. That little Ring.

Cl. 'Twill hold you but by th' Finger;
 And I would have you faster.

Vit. Any thing

That I may wear, and but remember you.

Cl. This Smile; my good Opinion, or my self.
 But that it seems you like not.

Vit. Yes, so well:-

When any smiles, I will remember yours;
 Your good Opinion shall in weight poize me
 Against a thousand Ill: Lastly, your self,
 My curious Eye now figures in my Heart,
 Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
 So, whitest Angels guard you.

Cl. Stay Sir, I

Have fully thought to give, what you as fitly
 May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?

Cl. This Sword.

I never heard a Man speak till this hour.

His Words are golden Chains, and now I fear

The Lioness hath met a Tamer here:

Fie, how his Tongue chimes; what was I saying?

Oh, this Favour I bequeath you, which I tie

In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my Friends;

Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your Foes

(For I have neither Friend, nor Foe, but yours)

As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,

And value it, next my Virginity:

But good, return it, for I now remember

I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.

Vit. Would that were possible, but alas it is not;

Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,

I'll not infringe a particle of Breath

My Vow hath offered to ye; nor from this part

Whilst it hath Edge, or Point, or I a Heart. [Exit.]

Clara. Oh, leave me living; what new Exercise

Is crept into my Breast, that blancheth clean

My former Nature? I begin to find

I am a Woman, and must learn to Fight

A softer sweeter Battel, than with Swords.

I am sick methinks, but the Disease I feel

Pleaseth, and punisheth; I warrant, Love

Is very like this, that Folks talk of so;

I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,

Even in my Heart, I sensibly perceive

It glows, and riseth like a glimmering Flame,

But know not yet the Essence on't, nor Name. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Mal. HE must not? Nor he shall not? Who shall let him?

H You Politick *Diego*, with your Face of Wis-

Dom-blirt, the——on your Aphorismes, (dom;

Your Grave and Sage-Ale Physiognomy:

Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,

Whose Dunghil all the Parish Scavengers

F f 2

Could

Could never rid? Thou Comedy to Men,
 Whose serious Folly is a Butt for all
 To shoot their Wits at; whilst thou hast not Wit,
 Nor Heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alg. Lady.

Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by
 A staff of rottener Office; dare you check
 Any Accesses, that I will allow?

Piorato is my Friend, and visits me
 In lawful sort, to espouse me as his Wife;
 And who will cross, or shall, our Interviews?
 You know me Sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
 That cast her Belly and her Wastecoat lately;
 Thou think'st thy Constableness is much, not so,
 I am ten Offices to thee: Ay, thy House,
 Thy House and Office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My House-of-office is maintain'd i'th' Garden:
 Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd,
 You're a Delinquent, but I have contriv'd
 A Poison, though not in the third Degree:
 I can say, black's your Eye, though it be grey;
 I have conniv'd at this your Friend, and you;
 But what is got by this Connivency?
 I like his Feather well, a proper Man,
 Of good Discourse, fine Conversation,
 Valiant, and a great Carrier of the business,
 Sweet Breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
 Yet I must tell you, you forget your self,
 My Lord *Vitelli's* Love, and Maintenance,
 Deserves no other Jack i'th' Box, but he;
 What though he gather'd first the golden Fruit,
 And blew your Pigs-coat up into a Blister,
 When you did wait at Court upon his Mother;
 Has he not well provided for the Barn?
 Beside, what Profit reap I by the other?
 If you will have me serve your Pleasure, Lady,
 Your Pleasure must accommodate my Service;
 As good be Virtuous and poor, as not
 Thrive by my Knavery; all the World would be
 Good, prosper'd Goodness like to Villany.

I am the King's Vice-gerent by my Place;
His right Lieutenant in mine own Precinct.

Mal. Thou art a right Rascal in all Mens Precincts;
Yet now my pair of Twins, of Fool, and Knave,
Look we are Friends, there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wife:
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer;
Thy Children shall eat still, my good Night Owl,
And thy old Wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the Dons, and wear a Hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-house; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poisonous Red-hair'd Dill,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an *Indian* Queen.

Alg. And I will be thy Devil, thou my Flesh,
With which I'll catch the World.

Mal. Fill some Tobacco,
And bring it in: If *Piorato* come
Before my Don, admit him; if my Don
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. [*Exit.*

Alg. I will my dear Flesh: First come, first serv'd. Well
Oh equal Heav'n, how wisely thou disposest (said,
Thy several Gifts? One's born a great rich Fool,
For the subordinate Knave to work upon;
Another's poor, with Wit's Addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft descends,
Only fair Virtue, by Traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets Success,
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by Heav'n, makes me or good, or ill;
Now since Vice gets more in this vicious World
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my Disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great; Religious,
And that way good; my chief Felicity
Is Wealth, the nurse of Sensuality:

And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great Scabs, and claw a Strumpet's Itch. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Piorato, and Bobadilla, with Letters.

Pio. To say, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to understand my self.

Bob. To say, Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my Lord.

Pio. I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His Son a Man again; the Cure is easie,
I have done divers.

Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir?

Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir: Be there but one spark
Of Fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I'll blow it to a Flame;
And with my practice into Action:
I have had one so full of childish Fear,
And womanish-hearted, sent to my Advice,
He durst not draw a Knife to cut his Meat.

Bob. And how, Sir, did you help him?

Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven Days in a dark Room by a Candle-light,
A plenteous Table spread with all good Meats,
Before his Eyes, a Case of keen broad Knives
Upon the Board, and he so watch'd he might not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:
And thus I brought him first to draw a Knife.

Bob. Good.

Pio. Then for ten Days did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and Gammons of Bacon;
A Pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds Choler adust, you know.

Bob. 'Tis true.

Pio. And to purge Phlegmatick Humour, and cold Cru-
In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but —————

Bob. *Aqua-vita*, Signior,

For

For *Aqua-fortis* poisons.

Pio. Aqua-fortis

I say again: What's one Man's Poison, Signior,
Is another's Meat or Drink.

Bob. Your Patience, Sir;

By your good Patience, he'ad a huge cold Stomach.

Pio. I fir'd it, and gave him then three sweats

In the Artillery-yard three drilling Days:

And now he'll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,

And fight with any Man in Christendom.

Bob. A Receipt for a Coward: I'll be bold, Sir,

To write your good Prescription.

Pio. Sir, hereafter

You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*:

Is your Chain right?

Bob. 'Tis both right and just, Sir;

For though I am a Steward, I did get it

With no Man's wrong.

Pio. You are witty.

Bob. So, so.

Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too rash

And over-daring? There now's my Disease:

Fool-hardy as they say, for that in sooth

I am.

Pio. Most easily.

Bob. How?

Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,

With small Beer once a Day, and beat you twice,

Till you be bruised all over, if that help not,

Knock out your Brains.

Bob. This is strong Physick, Signior,

And never will agree with my weak Body:

I find the Medicine worse than the Malady,

And therefore will remain Fool-hardy still;

You'll come, Sir?

Pio. As I am a Gentleman.

Bob. A Man o'th' Sword should never break his Word.

Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir,

A complimentary Visitation

To offer to a Mistress lodg'd hereby,

Bob. A Gentlewoman?

Pio. Yes, Sir.

Bob. Fair, and comely?

Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-paril
Of *Sevil*, the most wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For Beauty and Perfection.

Bob. Say you so?

Might not a Man entreat a Courtesie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't, Signior?
Haueh — I hope you'll not deny me, being a Stranger;
Though I am a Steward, I am Flesh and Blood,
And frail as other Men,

Pio. Sir, blow your Nose;

I dare not for the World; no, she is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli*.

Bob. How?

Pio. 'Tis true,

Bob. See, things will veer about, this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters
From my young Mistress *Clara*; and I tell you,
Under the Rose, because you are a Stranger,
And my special Friend, I doubt there is
A little foolish Love betwixt the Parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.

Pio. Happy discovery:

My Fruit begins to ripen. Hark you, Sir,
I would not wish you now to give those Letters:
But home, and ope this to *Madona Clara*,
Which when I come I'll justifie, and relate
More amply, and particularly.

Bob. I approve

Your Council, and will practise it; *bazilos manos*:
Here's two chewres chewr'd; when Wisdom is imploy'd
'Tis ever thus: Your more acquaintance, Signior;
I say not better, least you think, I thought not
Yours good enough.

[Exit.

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your Servant, excellent Steward.

Would

Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more Brains.
Here comes the *Alguazier* : *dieu vous guard Monsieur.*
Is my Cuz stirring yet ?

Alg. Your Cuz, good Cousin ?

A Whore is like a Fool, a-kin to all
The Gallants in the Town : Your Cuz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other Cousin,
My Lord *Vitelli* ; since when there hath been
Some dozen Cousins here to enquire for her.

Pio. She's greatly ally'd, Sir.

Alg. Marry is she, Sir,
Come of a lusty Kindred ; the truth is,
I must connive no more ; no more Admittance
Must I consent to ; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you must pardon.

Pio. Out upon thee Man,
Turn honest in thine Age ? one foot i'th' Grave ?
Thou shalt not wrong thy self so, for a Million ;
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for Wit
I mean) here is one Sop, and two, and three,
For every Chop a Bit.

Alg. I marry, Sir :

Well, the poor Heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you 'faith this Hour ;
Where, what I said, go too ; she loves your Valour ;
Oh, and your Musick most abominably ;
She is within, Sir, and alone ; what mean you ?

Pio. That is your Sergeant's fide, I take it, Sir ;
Now I endure your Constable's much better ;
There is less danger in't ; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmless Monster in the Light,
The Sergeant salvage both by Day and Night.

Alg. I'll call her to you for that.

Pio. No, I will charm her.

Enter Malroda.

Alg. She's come.

Pio. My Spirit.

Mal. Oh my Sweet,
Leap Hearts to Lips, and in our Kisses meet.

S O N G.

SONG.

Pio. Turn, turn thy beauteous Face away,
 How pale and sickly looks the Day,
 In emulation of thy brighter Beams!
Ob envious Light, flie, flie, begone,
 Come Night, and piece two Breasts as one;
 When what Love does, we will repeat in Dreams.
 Tet, thy Eyes open, who can Day hence fright,
 Let but their Lids fall, and it will be Night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your Fortitude,
 And you to Temperance; ah, ye pretty Pair,
 'Twere Sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone
 Make one of two, and Day and Night all one.
 But fall not out, I charge you, keep the Peace;
 You know my Place else. [Exit.]

Mal. No, you will not marry;
 You are a Courtier, and can Sing, my Love,
 And want no Mistresses; but yet I care not,
 I'll love you still, and when I am dead for you,
 Then you'll believe my Truth.

Pio. You kill me, Fair,
 It is my Lesson that you speak; have I
 In any Circumstance deserv'd this doubt?
 I am not like your false and perjur'd Don
 That here maintains you, and has vow'd his Faith,
 And yet attempts in way of Marriage
 A Lady not far off.

Mal. How's that?

Pio. 'Tis so:
 And therefore Mistress, now the time is come
 You may demand his Promise; and I swear
 To marry you with speed.

Mal. And with that Gold
 Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk some Voyage,
 And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,
 How you o'er-reach'd a Whore, and gull'd a Lord.

Pio. You anger me extreamly; fare you well.
 What should I say to be believ'd? expose me
 To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*,

Th' ins.

Th' incens'd Step mother of *Hercules*,
Design me Labours most impossible,
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
You will believe me.

Mal. Come, we are Friends; I do,
I am thine, walk in; my Lord has sent me outsid's,
But thou shalt have 'em, the Colours are too sad.

Pio. 'Faith Mistress, I want Clothes indeed.

Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my Servant.

Pio. And I have
A better Mettal for my Mistress.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several Doors.

Alg. Undone--Wit, now or never help me; my Ma-
He will cut my Throat, I am a dead Constable; (ster
And he'll not be hang'd neither, there's the Grief:
The Party, Sir, is here.

Vit. What?

Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordship mercy; but I ratled him;
I told him here was no Companions
For such debauch'd, and poor condition'd Fellows;
I bid him venture not so desperately
The cropping of his Ears, slitting his Nose,
Or being gelt.

Vit. 'Twas well done.

Alg. Please your Honour,
I told him there were Stews, and then at last
Swore three or four great Oaths she was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in Conscience,
Being for your Lordship.

Vit. What became of him?

Alg. Faith, Sir, he went away with a Flea in's Ear,
Like a poor Cur, clapping his trundle Tail
Betwixt his Legs--*Achi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*--now luck.

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee; bless thee Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.

Vit.

Vit. Malroda, what alone?

Mal. She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble Thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.

Vit. Pretty Lafs.

Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done; but
It is not like; nay, this way, Sir, the Light
Strikes best upon it here.

Pio. Excellent Wench.

Alg. I am glad the danger's over.

Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.

Mal. All's clear; another Tune
You must hear from me now. *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A most perfidious and a perjur'd Man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.

Vit. What meanst thou, *Mal*?

Mal. Leave your betraying Smiles,
And change the Tunes of your inticing Tongues
To penitential Prayers; for I am great
In labour, even with Anger, big with Child
Of Womans rage, bigger than when my Womb
Was pregnant by thee; go Seducer, flie
Out of the World, let me the last Wretch be
Dishonoured by thee; touch me not, I loath
My very Heart, because thou lay'ft there long;
A Woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering Outside on you all:
Would I had honestly been match'd to some
Poor Country Swain, e'er known the Vanity
Of Court: Peace then had been my Portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an Hour's Pomp,
To be a Whore unto my dying Day.

Vit. Oh the uncomfortable ways such Women have,
Their different speech and meaning, no Assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their Prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their *Adam*;
Lyers, as if their Mother had been made

Only

Only of all the falshood of the Man,
 Dispos'd into that Rib; do I know this,
 And more; nay, all that can concern this Sex,
 With the true end of my Creation?
 Can I with rational Discourse sometimes
 Advance my Spirit into Heav'n, before
 'T has shook Hands with my Body, and yet blindly
 Suffer my filthy Flesh to master it,
 With sight of such fair frail beguiling Objects?
 When I am absent, easily I resolve
 Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
 That triumph o'er me, even to actual Sin;
 Yet when I meet again those Sorcerers Eyes,
 Their Beams my hardest Resolutions thaw,
 As if that Cakes of Ice and *July* met,
 And her Sighs powerful as the violent North,
 Like a light Feather twirl me round about,
 And leave me in mine own low State again.
 What ayl'st thou? Prethee weep not: Oh, those Tears,
 If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
 A flow'ry spring i'th' midst of *January*;
 Celestial Ministers with Chrystal Cups
 Would stoop to save 'em for Immortal Drink:
 But from this Passion; why all this?

Mal. Do ye ask?

You are marrying; having made me unfit
 For any Man, you leave me fit for all;
 Porters must be my Burthens now, to live,
 And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,
 You leave me to 'em: And who of all the World
 But the *Virago*, your great Arch-foe's Daughter?
 But on; I care not, this poor rush; 'twill breed
 An excellent Comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:
 I cannot chuse: the best is, some report
 It is a Match for Fear, not Love o' your side.

Vit. Why how the Devil knows she, that I saw
 This Lady? are all Whores piec'd with some Witch?
 I will be merry. 'Faith 'tis true, Sweet-heart,
 I am to marry?

Mal. Are you? you base Lord,

By

By——I'll Pistol thee.

Vit. A roaring Whore?

Take heed, there's a Correction-house hard by;
You ha' learn'd this o' your Swordman, that I warn'd
you of,

Your Fencers, and your Drunkards; but whereas
You upbraid me with Oaths, why I must tell you
I ne'er promis'd you Marriage, nor have vow'd,
But said I lov'd you, long as you remain'd
The Woman I expected, or you swore, (know.
And how you have fail'd of that, Sweet-heart, you
You fain would shew your Power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more Faith with an Infidel.

Mal. Nor I my Bosom for a *Turk*; d' ye hear?
Go, and the Devil take me, if ever
I see you more; I was too true.

Vit. Come, pish:

That Devil take the falsest of us two.

Mal. Amen.

Vit. You are an ill Clark, and curse your self;
Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you
Unto my Will; but you must know that must not
Make me doat on the habit of my Sin.
I will, to settle you to your content,
Be Master of my word; and yet he ly'd,
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you slave me to your Tyranny
So cruelly, I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other Women? make me not
Your Smock's Monopolie; come, let's be Friends:
Look, here's a Jewel for thee; I will come
At Night, and——

Mal. What 'yfaith: you shall not, Sir.

Vit. 'Faith and Troth, and verily, but I will.

Mal. Half drunk, to make a Noise, and rail?

Vit. No, no.

Sober, and dieted for the nonce; I am thine,
I have won the Day.

Mal. The Night, though, shall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.

Cl. What said he, Sirrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing; faith I saw him not,
Nor will not; he doth love a Strumpet, Mistress,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constable's Nose,
It shall be justified by the Gentleman,
Your Brother's Master, that is now within
A practising: There are your Letters, come
You shall not cast your self away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my Right-worshipful Place
In such a Business——here's your Mother, down;
And ye that loves you; another 'gates Fellow, I wish,
If you had any Grace.

Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.

Cl. Well Rogue:

Bob. I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage, he'll make
A pretty piece of Flesh, I promise you,
He does already handle his Weapon finely. [Exit.

Eug. She knows your Love, Sir, and the full allow-
Her Father and my self approve it with, (ance
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some Impression by her Alteration;
She sighs, and says, Forsooth, and cries Heigh-ho,
She'll take ill Words o'th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things, Sir, not usual with her; there she is,
Change some few words.

Sya. Madam, I am bound t'ye;
How now, fair Mistress, working?

Cl. Yes, forsooth,
Learning to live another Day.

Sya. That needs not.

Cl. No forsooth; by my truly but it does,
We know not what we may come to.

Eug. 'Tis strange,

Sya. Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.

Cl. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

Sya.

Sya. She had better be well-busied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?

Cla. If you be weary, Sir, you had best be gone;
I work not a true Stich, now you're my Mate.

Sya. If I be so, I must do more than side you.

Cla. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

Sya. Shall we Bill?

Cla. Oh no, forsooth,

Sya. Being so fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?

Cla. Oh white Sir,
The fairest Ladies like the blackest Men:
I ever lov'd the Colour; all Black things
Are least subject to Change.

Sya. Why, I do love
A Black thing too; and the most beauteous Faces
Have oftneft of them; as the blackest Eyes,
Jet-arched Brows, such Hair; I'll kiss your Hand.

Cla. 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my task.

Sya. Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide; you
Might have a prettier Task, would you be rul'd,
And look with open Eyes.

Cla. I stare upon you;
And broadly see you, a wondrous proper Man,
Yet 'twere a greater Task for me to love you
Than I shall ever work, Sir, in seven Year,
—— O' this stitching, I had rather feel
Two, than sow one: —— This Rogue has given me
Clean cross my Heart; (a stitch
Now you grow troublesome; pish, the Man is foolish.

Sya. Pray wear these Trifles.

Cla. Neither you, nor Trifles,
You are a Trifle, wear your self, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.

Sya. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor die for you.

Cla. Goose, be not you deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

Eng.

Eng. Her old fit.

Sya. Sure this is not the way, nay, I will break
Your Melancholy.

Cl. I shall break your Pate then,
Away, you sanguine Scabbard.

Eng. Out upon thee,
Thou'lt break my Heart, I am sure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Sya. She's not yet tame.

Alv. On Sir, put home, or I shall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:
Oh, the brave Age is gone; in my young Days
A Chevalier would stock a needles point
Three times together; strait i'th' Hams?
Or shall I give ye new Garters?

Bob. Faith, old Master,
There's little hope; the ⁿⁿLiben sure was danck
He was begot in, he's so faint and cold:
Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,
For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;
Bear ye up your Point there, pick his Teeth: Oh base.

Pio. Fie, you are the most untoward Scholar; bear
Your Body gracefully, what a Posture's there?
You lie too open-breasted.

Luc. Oh!

Pio. You'd never
Make a good Statesman.

Luc. Pray no more.
I hope to breathe in Peace, and therefore need not
The practice of these dangerous Qualities,
I do not mean to live by't, for I trust
You'll leave me better able.

Alv. Not a Button:
Let's go get us a new Heir.

Eng. I by my troth, your Daughter's as untoward.

Alv. I will break thee Bone by Bone, and bake thee,
E'er I'll ha' such a wooden Son to inherit.
Take him a good knock, see how that will work.

Pio. Now for your life, Signior.

Luc. Oh, alas, I am kill'd,

My Eye is out; look Father, *Zancho*;
I'll play the Fool no more thus, that I will not.

Cla. 'Heart, ne'er a Rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my Bro-
Whilst I can hold a Sword. (ther,

Pio. Hold Madam, Madam.

Alv. *Clara.*

Eug. Daughter.

Bob. Mistress.

Pio. *Bradamante.*

Hold, hold I pray.

Alv. The Devil's in her, o'the other side sure,
There's Gold for you; they have chang'd what ye call's;
Will no cure help? Well, I have one Experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on't.
Come you along with me, and you, Sir.

Bob. Now are you going to drowning.

[*Exeunt Alv. Eug. Luc. and Bob.*

Sya. I'll e'en along with ye; she's too great a Lady
For me, and would prove more than my Match. [*Exit.*

Cla. You're he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward.

Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.

Cla. But are you sure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?

So sure, that if you please to venture your self,
I'll shew you him and his Cokatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.

Cla. Will you? By——— Sir,
You shall endear me ever, and I ask
Your Mercy

Pio. You were somewhat boystrous. (this Pains,

Cla. There's Gold to make you amends; and for
I'll gratify you farther; I'll but masque me,
And walk along with ye; faith let's make a Night on't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi,
and Lazarillo.*

Alg. Come on my brave Water-Spaniels, you that hunt
Ducks in the Night, and hide more Knavery under your
Gowns

Gowns than your Betters ; observe my Precepts, and edify by my Doctrine: At yond Corner will I set you; if Drunkards molest the Street, and fall to brabbling, knock you down the Malefactors, and take you up their Cloaks and Hats, and bring them to me, they are lawful Prisoners, and must be Ransom'd e'er they receive Liberty; what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough

Men. Vice this Night shall be apprehended.

Pac. The terrour of Rug-gowns shall be known, and Discharge us of after Reckonings. (our Bliss

Laz. I will do any thing, so I may eat.

Pac. Lazarillo, we will spend no more; now we are grown worse, we will live better, let us follow our calling faithfully. (and who

Alg. Away, then the Common-wealth is our Mistress; Would serve a common Mistress, but to gain by her?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaistro, and two Pages with Lights.

Lam. I Pray you see the Masque, my Lord.

Ana. 'Tis early Night yet.

Gen. O if it be so late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill Tongues
To tax my being here, without your Presence
To be my warrant.

Vit. You might spare this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your Allowance, and his Choice, your Servant,
And may my Counsel and Periwasion work it,

G g 2

Your

Your Husband speedily : For your Entertainment
My Thanks ; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Mistress some acceptable Service,
In waiting on her to my House.

Gen. My Lord.

Vit. As you respect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and taste those Pleasures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

Lam. When you please, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?

Alg. Let us but Bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my Office,
Will be thy Slaves for ever.

Mal. Are you so hot?

Alg. But taste the difference of a Man in place,
You'll find that when Authority pricks him forward,
Your *Don*, not yet your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right ; no Men pay dearer
For their stoln Sweets, than we ; three Minutes trading
Affords to any Sinner a Protection,
For three Years after ; think on that, I burn ;
But one drop of your Bounty.

Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not Grace sufficient
To have your staff, a bolt to bar the Door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll presume
To be his Taster?

Alg. Is no more respect due to his Rod of Justice?

Mal. Do you dispute?

Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
— If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.

Alg. Why I am big enough to answer him,
Or any Man.

Mal. 'Tis well.

[*Vitelli within.*]

Vit. *Malroda.*

Alg. How?

Mal. You know the Voice, and now crowch like
Ta'en

(a Cur,

Ta'en worrying Sheep ; I now could have you guelded
For a Bawd rampant ; but on this Submission
For once I spare you

Alg. I will be reveng'd ———
My honourable Lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care. (Host?

Alg. I am mad, stark mad ; proud Pagan, scorn her
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her.

Enter Piorato, and Clara, above.

I'll wish no Manhood else.

Mal. What's that?

Alg. I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Pio. You see I have kept my Word.

Cl. But in this Object hardly deserv'd my Thanks.

Pio. Is there ought else you will command me?

Cl. Only your Sword,

Which I must have ; nay willingly, I yet know
To force it, and to use it.

Pio. 'Tis yours, Lady.

Cl. I ask no other Guard.

Pio. If so, I leave you ;

And now, if that the Constable keep his Word,
A poorer Man may chance to gull a Lord.

[*Exit.*

Mal. By this good ——— you shall not.

Vit. By this ———

I must, and will, *Malroda* ; what, do you make
A Stranger of me?

Mal. I'll be so to you, and you shall find it.

Vit. These are your old Arts.

T' endear the Game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have born too coldly.

Mal. Do so still, for if I heat you, hang me.

Vit. If you do not,

(men,

I know who'll starve for't ; why, thou shame of Wo-
Whose Folly, or whose Impudence is greater,
Is doubtful to determine ; this to me,
That know thee for a Whore?

Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.

Vit. Why should I but grow wise,
And tye that Bounty up, which nor Discretion
Nor Honour can give way to? Thou would'st be
A Bawd e'er twenty, and within a Month
A barefoot, lowzie, and diseased Whore,
And shift thy Lodgings oftner than a Rogue
That's whipt from Post to Post.

Mal. Pish, all our College
Know you can rail well in this kind.

Cl. For me
He never spake so well.

Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great Fortunes, made thee shine
As if thy Name were glorious; stuck thee full
Of Jewels, as the Firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee so remarkable
That it grew questionable, whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were even by Modesty's self to be preferr'd :
And am I thus repaid?

Mal. You are still my Debtor;
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my lost Honour,
Much less my Faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'er known what Lust was,
Nor what the Sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false.

Mal. 'Tis true:
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of Lust, and Shipwrack
Of Womens Chastities.

Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me; but presume not
On the power you think you hold o'er my Affections,
It will deceive you; yield, and presently,
Or by the inflamed Blood, which thou must quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.

Mal. Touch me not:
You know I have a Throat,———if you do
I will cry out a Rape, or sheath this here,

E'er

E'er I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat which luthious Meats and Wine,
And not Desire, hath rais'd.

Vit. A desperate Devil,
My Blood commands my Reason, I must take
Some milder way.

Mal. I hope, dear Don, I fit you.
The Night is mine, although the Day was yours,
You are not fasting now; this speeding trick,
Which I would as a Principle leave to all,
That make their Maintenance out of their own *Indies*,
As I do now; my good old Mother taught me,
Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your Lover
His Stomach being empty, let Wine heat him,
And then you may command him; 'tis a sure one;
His Looks shew he is coming.

Vit. Come, this needs not,
Especially to me, you know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you.

Cla. Lost again.

Vit. That any sight of yours hath power to change
My strongest Resolution, and one Tear
Sufficient to command a Pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all Mankind
Should kneel in vain for.

Mal. Pray you pardon those
That need your Favour, or desire it.

Vit. Prethee

Be better temper'd: I'll pay as a forfeit
For my rash Anger, this Purse fill'd with Gold:
Thou shalt have Servants, Gowns, Attires, what not?
Only continue mine.

Mal. 'Twas this I fish'd for

Vit. Look on me, and receive it.

Mal. Well, you know

My gentle Nature, and take Pride t' abuse it:
You see a Trifle pleases me, we are Friends;
This Kiss, and this confirms it.

Cla. With my Ruin.

Mal. I'll have this Diamond, and this Pearl,

Vit. They are yours.

Mal. But will you not, when you have what you came (for,
Take them from me to Morrow? 'Tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have us'd.

Vit. But I'll not follow.

Cla. That any Man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his Repentance.

Vit. Shall we to Bed now?

Mal. Instantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better,
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.

Cla. Can I cry ah me,
To this against my self? I'll break this Match,
Or make it stronger with my Blood. [Descends.

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachicco, Metaldi,
Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I am yours.

A Don's not privileg'd here more than your self,
Win her, and wear her.

Pio. Have you a Priest ready?

Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful Whore to this poor Gallant,
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-pris'd Wench upon her Knees:
For you my fine neat *Harpyes*, stretch your Tallons
And prove your selves true Night-Birds.

Pac. Take my word
For me and all the rest.

Laz. If there be Meat
Or any Banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow my self.

Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em, all's fair Prize you light on;
I must away: your Officer may give way
To the Knavery of his Watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [Exit.

Met. There look for us.

Vit. Who's that?

Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord

Had

Had done I know not what to me.

Vit. I am gull'd,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at ;
Sirrah, what makes you here ?

Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.

Vit. How's that, you Slave ?

Mal. He's such, that would continue her a Whore,
Whom he would make a Wife of.

Vit. I'll tread upon
The Face you doat on, Strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pac. Keep the Peace there.

Vit. A Plot upon my Life too ?

Met. Down with him.

Cla. Show your old Valour, and learn from a Woman ;
One Eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of Daws, as these are.

Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow instantly.

Pac. Run for more help there.

[Exeunt all but Vit. and Cla.]

Vit. Loss of my Gold, and Jewels, and the Wench too,
Afflicts me not so much, as th' having *Clara*
The Witness of my Weakness.

Cla. He turns from me,
And yet I may urge Merit, since his Life
Is made my second Gift.

Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her.

Cla. Sir, your Pardon
For pressing thus, beyond a Virgin's bounds,
Upon your Privacies ; and let my being
Like to a Man, as you are, be th' excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desir'd
By any other ; Sir, you understand me,
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther Boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of Blushes and good Name. *Vit.*

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thank-
 If it were possible I could affect
 The Daughter of an Enemy. (ful,

Cla. That fair false one,
 Whom with fond Dotage you have long pursu'd,
 Had such a Father; she to whom you pay
 Dearer for your Dishonour, than all Titles
 Ambitious Men hunt for, are worth.

Vit. 'Tis truth.

Cla. Yet, with her, as a Friend, you still exchange
 Health for Diseases, and, to your Disgrace,
 Nourish the Rivals to your present Pleasures,
 At your own charge, us'd as a Property
 To give a safe Protection to her Lust,
 Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a Wife
 Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
 (As 'tis not easy still to please a Woman)
 You are of so great a Spirit, that I must learn
 To wear your Petticoat, for you will have
 My Breeches from me.

Cla. Rather from this Hour
 I here abjure all Actions of a Man,
 And will esteem it happiness from you
 To suffer like a Woman; Love, true Love
 Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
 All but my natural Softness, and made perfect
 That which my Parents care could not begin.
 I will show strength in nothing, but my Duty,
 And glad desire to please you, and in that
 Grow every Day more able.

Vit. Could this be,
 What a brave Race might I beget? I find
 A kind of yielding; and no reason why
 I should hold longer out; she's young, and fair,
 And chaste; for sure, but with her leave, the Devil
 Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have
 A Soldier's Arm, your Lips appear as if
 They were a Lady's.

Cla. They dare, Sir, from you

Endure

Endure the Tryal.

Vit. Ha! once more I pray you;
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have prov'd many; 'tis not safe, I fear,
To ask the rest now; well, I will leave Whoring
And luck herein send me with her: Worthiest Lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my Wife.

Cl. Which if you do,
From me all Mankind, Women, learn to woe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and
Lazarillo.

Alg. A Cloak? Good purchase; and rich Hangers?
We'll share ten Pistolets a Man. (well,

Laz. Yet still
I am monstrous hungry; could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight Loyns of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?

Pac. O strang Proportion for five.

Laz. For five? I have
A Legion in my Stomach, that have kept
Perpetual Fast these ten Years; for the Capons,
They are to me but as so many Black-birds:
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the Fates call me, when my Ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in Peace.

Alg. Steal well to Night,
And thou shalt feed to Morrow; so, now you are
Your selves again, I'll raise another Watch
To free you from Suspicion; set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
T' assist you, and protect you.

[*Exit.*]

Met. O brave Officer.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio and Bobadilla.

Pac. Would every Ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for Rug, in gowns of Velvet.

Mend. Stand close, a Prize.

Met.

Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.

Alv. Why do'st thou hang upon me?

Luc. 'Tis so dark

I dare not see my way; for Heav'n sake, Father,
Let us go home.

Bob. No, ev'n here we'll leave you;
Let's run away from him, my Lord.

Luc. Oh 'las.

Alv. Thou hast made me mad; and I will beat thee (dead,
Then bray thee in a Mortar, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.

Bob. 'Twill never be;
He has been three Days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a Waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a Fart
Among wild *Irish* Swaggerers.

Luc. I have still
Your good word, *Zancho*, Father.

Alv. Milk-sop, Coward;
No House of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee,
Thy Mother on her Knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.

Luc. Pray you speak for me.

Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine Honour.

Alv. There's only one Course left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to strike the next Man that you meet,
And if we chance to light upon a Woman,
Take her away, and use her like a Man,
Or I will cut thy Hamstrings.

Pac. This makes for us.

Alv. What dost thou do now?

Luc. Sir, I am saying my Prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, and Pages with
Lights.

Lam. Madam, I fear (House
You'll wish you had us'd your Coach; your Brother's
Is yet far off.

Gen. The better, Sir; this Walk

Will

Will help Digestion after your great Supper,
Of which I have fed largely.

Alv. To your Task,
Or else you know what follows.

Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me; By your favour,
Sir, I must strike you.

Lam. For what cause?

Luc. I know not;
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,
An Hour in private.

Lam. What you must, is doubtful,
But I am certain, Sir, I must beat you.

Luc. Help, help.

Alv. Not strike again?

Lam. How, *Alvarez*?

Ana. This for my Lord *Vitelli's* love.

Pac. Break out,
And like true Thieves, make prey on either side,
But seem to help the Stranger.

Bob. Oh my Lord,
They have beat him on his knees,

Luc. Though I want Courage,
I yet have a Son's Duty in me, and
Compassion of a Father's Danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me.

Alv. *Lucio.*

This is beyond my hope.

Met. So *Lazarillo*,
Take up all Boy; well done.

Pac. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.

Ana. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your selves
A prey to Rogues?

Lam. Would we were off.

Bob. Thieves, Thieves.

Lam. Defer our own Contention; and down with

Luc. I'll make you sure. (them.)

Bob. Now he plays the Devil.

Gen.

Gen. This place is not for me.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I'll follow her;

Half of my Pennance is past o'er.

[*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, and other Watches.

Alg. What Noise?

(*you.*

What Tumult's there? keep the King's Peace, I charge

Pac. I am glad he's come yet.

Alv. O, you keep good Guard

Upon the City, when Men of our Rank

Are set upon in the Streets.

Lam. The Assistant

Shall hear on't, be assur'd.

An. And if he be

That careful Governor he is reported,

You will smart for it.

Alg. Patience, good Signiors;

Let me survey the Rascals; O, I know them,

And thank you for them; they are pilf'ring Rogues

Of *Andaluxa*, that have perus'd

All Prisons in *Castile*; I dare not trust

The Dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home

To my own House.

Pac. We had rather go to Prison.

Alg. Had you so, Dog-bolts? yes, I know you had;

You there would use your cunning Fingers on

The simple Locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.

Lam. My Mistress lost, good Night.

[*Exit.*

Bob. Your Son's gone,

What should become of him?

Alv. Come of him, what will;

Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to Bed:

Look to your Prisoners, *Alguazier.*

[*Exit with Bob.*

Alg. All's clear'd;

Droop not for one Disaster; let us hug,

And triumph in our Knaveries.

Assist. This confirms

What was reported of him.

Met. 'Twas done bravely.

Alg. I must a little glory in the means

We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:

How

How we break through the Toils, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far less Delinquents;
A simple Shopkeeper's carted for a Bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a Smock-gamster;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my House, as in a Cloyster,
Without Taint, or Suspicion.

Pac. But suppose
The Governor should know't?

Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The Measures in the Market, and th' Abuses
The Day stands guilty of; the Pillage of the Night
Is only mine, mine own Fee-simple;
Which you shall hold from me, Tenants at will,
And pay no Rent for't.

Pac. Admirable Landlord.

Alg. Now we'll go search the Taverns, commit such
As we find drinking; and be drunk our selves
With what we take from them; these silly Wretches,
Whom I for form sake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assist. And we will
See you safe lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you, his Comrades.

Met. 'Tis the Governor.

Alg. We are betray'd.

Assist. My Guard there; bind them fast:
How Men in high Place and Authority
Are in their Lives and Estimations wrong'd
By their subordinate Ministers? yet such
They cannot but imploy; wrong'd Justice finding
Scarce one true Servant in ten Officers.
T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your Crimes due Punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th'example; and confirm,
However corrupt Officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their Place,
Bring them away.

Alg.

Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to *Spanish* Gallants.

Pac. And we'll hang so.

Laz. I have no Stomach to it: but I'll endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucio and Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer
More than the breeding of a Gentleman (now
Can give you warrant for.

Luc. 'Tis but to kiss you,
And think not I'll receive that for a Favour
Which was enjoyn'd me for a Penance, Lady.

Gen. You have met a gentle Confessor, and for once,
So then you will rest satisfied, I vouchsafe it.

Luc. Rest satisfied with a Kiss? Why, can a Man
Desire more from a Woman? Is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.

Gen. Sweet Innocence.

Luc. What strange new Motions do I feel? my Veins
Burn with an unknown Fire; in every part
I suffer Alteration; I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.

Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely Man, till now.

Luc. How can this be?
She is a Woman, as my Mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My Lips unscorch'd; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful; pray you vouchsafe
Your Hand to quench the Heat ta'en from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.

Gen. Willingly.

Luc. The flame increases; if to touch you, burn thus,
What would more strict Embraces do? I know not,
And yet methinks to die so, were to ascend
'To Heav'n, through Paradise.

Gen.

Gen. I am wounded too,
Though Modesty forbids that I should speak
What Ignorance makes him bold in; why do you fix
Your Eyes so strongly on me?

Luc. Pray you stand still,
There is nothing else, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.

Gen. Can you love me?

Luc. To wait on you in your Chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made Divine,
Were such a happiness. I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this Glove,
And write my self your Slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On easier Terms,
Receive it as a Friend.

Lam. How! Giving Favour!
I'll have it with his Heart.

Gen. What will you do?

Luc. As you are merciful, take my Life rather.

Gen. Will you depart with't so?

Lam. Do's that grieve you?

Gen. I know not, but even now you appear'd valiant.

Luc. 'Twas to preserve my Father, in his Cause
I could be so again. (Enemy?)

Gen. Not in your own? Kneel to thy Rival, and thine
Away unworthy Creature, I begin
To hate my self, for giving entrance to
A good Opinion of thee; for thy Torment,
If my poor Beauty be of any Power,
May'st thou doat on it desperately; but never
Presume to hope for Grace, till thou recover
And wear the Favour that was ravish'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my Head too then.

Gen. Poor Fool, farewell.

[Exit.

Luc. My womanish Soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward Flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her Beauty is inspir'd
A new and Masculine one, instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer; powerful Love,

That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing Thunder
 Rous'd sleeping Manhood in me, thy new Creature;
 Perfect thy work, so that I may make known
 Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

Lam. CAN it be possible, that in fix short hours,
 The Subject still the same, so many Habits
 Should be remov'd? Or this new *Lucio*, he
 That yesternight was baffel'd and disgrac'd,
 And thank'd the Man that did it; that then kneel'd
 And blubber'd like a Woman, should now dare
 On terms of Honour seek Reparation,
 For what he then appear'd not capable of?

Luc. Such Miracles, Men that dare do Injuries
 Live to their shames to see, and for punishment
 And scourge to their proud Follies.

Lam. Prethee leave me:
 Had I my Page or Foot-man here to flesh thee,
 I durst the better hear thee.

Luc. This Scorn needs not:
 And offer such no more.

Lam. Why, say I should,
 You'll not be angry?

Luc. Indeed I think I shall,
 Would you vouchsafe to shew your self a Captain,
 And lead a little farther, to some Place
 That's less frequented.

Lam. He looks pale.

Luc. If not,
 Make use of this.

Lam. There's Anger in his Eyes too:
 His Gesture, Voice, Behaviour, all new fashion'd;
 Well, if it does endure in Act the trial

Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses Cyclops, Io's Transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from Hell, with all the rest
 Of *Ovid's* Fables, I'll put in your Creed;
 And for proof, all incredible things may be,
 Write down that *Lucio*, the Coward *Lucio*,
 The womanish *Lucio* fought.

Luc. And *Lamoral*,
 The still imploy'd great Duelist *Lamoral*,
 Took his Life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure:
 Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
 Should fright that Confidence.

Luc. It confirms it rather.
 To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd
 By one that is your Rival, one that wishes
 Your Name and Title greater, to raise his;
 The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,
 But your Strength to defend it, more than ever
 It was when Justice friended it. The Lady
 For whom we now contend, *Genevora*,
 Of more desert, (if such incomparable Beauty
 Could suffer an Addition) your Love
 To Don *Vitelli* multiply'd, and your Hate
 Against my Father and his House increas'd;
 And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear
 To my Dishonour, (which I must force from you)
 Were dearer to you than your Life.

Lam. You'll find
 It is, and so I'll guard it.

Luc. All these must meet then
 With the black Infamy, to be foil'd by one
 That's not allow'd a Man; to help your Valour,
 That falling by your Hand, I may, or die,
 Or win in this one single Opposition
 My Mistress, and such Honour as I may
 Enrich my Father's Arms with.

Lam. 'Tis said nobly,
 My Life with them are at the stake.

Luc. At all then.

Lam. She's yours, this and my Life too follow your For-
And give not only back that part, the Loser
Scorns to accept of———

[*Fight.*
(tune,

Luc. What's that?

Lam. My poor Life,
Which do not leave me as a farther Torment,
Having despoil'd me of my Sword, mine Honour,
Hope of my Lady's Grace, Fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Luc. I take back
No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;
And with a worser Title; yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my Success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me; that new Courage,
Or call it Fortune if you please, that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only sight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes: Nor did her Command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her Favour from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This Courtesie
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

Luc. The barbarous *Turk* is satisfied with Spoil;
And shall I, being possessor of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?

Lam. You were better be so,
Than publish my Disgrace, as 'tis the Custom,
And which I must expect.

Luc. Judge better on me:
I have no Tongue to trumpet mine own Praise
To your Dishonour; 'tis a Bastard Courage
That seeks a Name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all Goodness,
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,
I never will discover on what terms

I came by these; which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a Friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of Manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine Honour)
Win them again, and wear them, so good Morrow. [*Exit.*]

Lam. I ne'er knew what true Valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this Disgrace, than all
The Honours I have won; they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my Fortune; a mere Beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no Reasons for my wilful Actions
But what I stuck on my Sword's point, presuming
It was the best Renewal. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with shame, teach us to know our selves.
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral.

Lam. My Lord?

Vit. I came to seek you.

Lam. And unwillingly,

You ne'er found me till now; your pleasure, Sir?

Vit. That which will please thee Friend, thy vow'd Love
Shall now be put in Action; means is offer'd (to me
To use thy good Sword for me, that which still
Thou wear'st, as if it were a part of that.
Where is it?

Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more Fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why, I ne'er thought
That there was Musick in't, but ascribe
The Fortune of it to the Arm.

Lam. Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your Friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom.

Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy Honour lost, if there be any such:

The King, by my long Suit, at length is pleas'd
 That *Alvarez* and my self, with either's Second,
 Shall end the difference between our Houses,
 Which he accepts of; I make choice of thee;
 And where you speak of a Disgrace, the Means
 To blot it out, by such a publick Trial
 Of thy approved Valour, will revive
 Thy antient Courage. If you embrace it, do;
 If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am,
 You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true Friend
 That loves not only for his private end.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Genevora with a Letter, and Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madona Clara*?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. *Alvarez* Daughter?

Bob. The same Lady.

Gen. She,
 That sav'd my Brother's Life?

Bob. You are still in the right,
 She will'd me wait your walking forth, and knowing
 How necessary a discret wise Man
 Was in a business of such weight, she pleas'd
 To think on me; it may be in my Face
 Your Ladyship, not acquainted with my Wisdom,
 Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;
 Thought's free, and think you what you please.

Gen. 'Tis strange.

Bob. That I should be wise, Madam?

Gen. No, thou art so;
 There's for thy Pains, and prethee tell thy Lady
 I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
 Thy Thanks and Duty in thy present Absence:
 Farewel, farewel, I say, now thou art wise. [*Exit Bob.*
 She writes here, she hath something to impart
 That may concern my Brother's Life; I know not,

But

But general Fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her; yet wish *Lucio*

Enter Lucio.

Were Master of her Mind; but fie upon't;
Why do I think on him? See, I am punish'd for it,
In his unlock'd-for Presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesie.

Luc. Gracious Madam,
The Sorrow paid for your just Anger towards me,
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your Presence, and despair not
An easie Pardon.

Gen. He speaks Sense: Oh strange.

Luc. And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the Power
For their Delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded, it being in your part
To lessen your great Rigour when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble Patience
What you'll impose upon it.

Gen. Courtly too.

Luc. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recover'd that with Violence, not Justice,
Was taken from him; and here at your Feet
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd Head
Of *Lamoral* ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a Relick
I ever would have worship'd, since 'twas yours.

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could
Wish in her Servant.

Luc. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the Opposite to base Lust,
Which would have all Men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your Beams of Beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own Creature.

Gen. I am gone
Too far now to dissemble: Rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too; let this one Kiss

H h 4

Speak

Speak the rest for me; 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.

Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown sad;
What is it, Madam? by ———
There's nothing that's within my Nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I should as much as Man)
But when you please, now or on all Occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your Pleasure.

Gen. If you break.
That Oath again, you lose me. Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: Rest satisfied
With that you have receiv'd now; there are Eyes
May be upon us, till the difference
Between our Friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.

Luc. I obey you.

Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am *Viuelli's* Sister.

Luc. What's that, Madam?

Gen. Nay nothing, fare you well; who feels Loves fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, Herald,
and Attendants.*

Assist. Are they come in?

Her. Yes.

Assist. Read the Proclamation,
That all the People here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the King's dear love,
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with Silence: Read aloud.

Herald Reads.

FOrasmuch as our high and mighty Master, Philip, the
Potent and most Catholick King of Spain, hath not only
in his own Royal Person, been long and often solicited, and
grieved,

grieved, with the deadly and honourable Hatred, sprung up betwixt the two antient and most uncurable descended Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de Vitelli; all which in vain his Majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualifie: But that also through the Debates, Quarrels, and Outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great Heads, his publick civil Government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry, (no less tender to his Royal Majesty, than the very Branches of his own sacred Blood) spoil'd, lost, and submerged, in the impious Inundation and Torrent of their still-growing Malice: It hath therefore pleased his Sacred Majesty, out of his infinite Affection to preserve his Common-wealth, and general Peace, from farther Violation, as sweet and heartily loving Father of his People, and on the earnest Petitions of these Arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved Friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday Morning betwixt eight and nine of the Clock, where (before the Combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) This to be read aloud for the publick Satisfaction of his Majesty's well beloved Subjects.

'Save the King.

[Drums within.

Sya. Hark, their Drums speak their insatiate thirst Of Blood, and stop their Ears 'gainst pious Peace, Who gently whispering, implores their Friendship.

Assist. Kings nor Authority can master Fate; Admit 'em then, and Blood extinguish Hate.

Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.

Sya. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring, Wherein Men now-a-days exceed even Beasts, And think themselves not Men else, so transport you Beyond the bounds of Christianity; Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, Gentlemen, No Town in Spain, from our Metropolis Unto the rudest Hovel, but is great With your assured Valours daily Proofs; Oh will you then, for a superfluous Fame,

A

A found of Honour, which in these times, all
Like Hereticks profess, with obstinacy,
But most erroneously venture your Souls,
'Tis a hark Task, through a Sea of Blood
To sail, and land at Heav'n?

Vit. I hope not,
If Justice be my Pilot; but my Lord,
You know, if Argument, or Time, or Love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook Hands;
I dare protest, your Breath cools not a Vein
In any one of us, but blows the Fire
Which nought but Blood reciprocal can quench.

Alv. *Vitelli*, thou say'st bravely, and say'st right,
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.

Vit. Ha, ha, old Man; upon thy Death I'll build
A story, with this Arm, for thy old Wife
To tell thy Daughter *Clara* seven Years hence,
As she sits weeping by a Winter's Fire,
How such a time *Vitelli* flew her Husband
With the same Sword his Daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet; come *Lamoral*,
Redeem thy self.

Lam. *Lucio*, *Genevora*
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding Heart,
For my presented Hat, laid at her Feet.

Luc. Thou talk'st well *Lamoral*, but 'tis thy Head
That I will carry to her to thy Hat:
Fie Father, I do cool too much.

Alv. Oh Boy;
Thy Father's true Son:
Beat Drums,---and so good Morrow to your Lordship.

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.

Sya. Brave Resolutions.

An. Brave, and Spanish, right.

Gen. *Lucio*.

Cla. *Vitelli*.

Eug. *Alvarez*.

Alv. How the Devil
Got these Cats intoth' gutter? my Puss too?
Eug. Hear us.

Gen.

Gen. We must be heard.

Cl. We will be heard.

Vitelli, look, see *Clara* on her Knees,
 Imploring thy Compassion; Heav'n, how sternly
 They dart their emulous Eyes, as if each scorn'd
 To be behind the other in a Look!
 Mother, Death needs no Sword here; oh my Sister,
 Fate fain would have it so, persuade, entreat,
 A Lady's Tears are silent Orators,
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond
 The honest-tongu'd Rhetorician;
 Why will you fight? Why do's an Uncle's Death,
 Twenty Year old, exceed your Love to me
 But twenty Days? Whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
 You could not understand, only have heard.
 Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature
 In me, that I forgot my Sex, and knew not
 Whether my Body Female were, or Male,
 You did unweave, and had the Power to charm
 A new Creation in me, made me fear
 To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,
 How little Power though you allow to me,
 That cannot with my Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers
 Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.

Vit. I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have
 Redeem'd my Uncle's Blood, that brands my Face
 Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind
 To what you do; deaf to your cries; and Marble
 To all impulsive Exorations.
 When in this Point I have perch'd thy Father's Soul,
 I'll tender thee this bloody reeking Hand,
 Drawn forth the Bowels of that Murtherer;
 If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
 And for thy Father lost, get thee a Son;
 On no Condition else.

Assist. Most barbarous.

Sya. Savage.

An. Irreligious.

Gen. Oh *Lucio*!

Be thou merciful; thou bear'st fewer Years,

Art

Art lately wean'd from soft Effeminacy,
 A Maiden's Manners, and a Maiden's Heart
 Are Neighbours still to thee; be then more mild,
 Proceed not to this Combat; be'st thou desperate
 Of thine own Life? yet, Dearest, pity mine:
 Thy Valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
 These Eyes begot it, this Tongue bred it up,
 This Breast would lodge it; do not use my Gifts
 To mine own ruin; I have made thee rich,
 Be not so thankless, to undo me for't.

Luc. Mistress, you know I do not wear a Vein
 I would not rip for you, to do you Service;
 Life's but a Word, a Shadow, a melting Dream,
 Compar'd to essential and eternal Honour.
 Why, would you have me value it beyond
 Your Brother; if I first cast down my Sword,
 May all my Body here be made one Wound,
 And yet my Soul not find Heav'n thorough it.

Alv. You would be Catter-walling too, but Peace,
 Go, get you home, and provide Dinner for
 Your Son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry;
 Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee Cock of all
 The proud *Vitellies* that do live in *Spain*;
 Fie, we shall take cold: Hunch:————I am hoarse
 Already.

Lam. How your Sister whets my Spleen!
 I could eat *Lucio* now.

Gen. Vitelli, Brother,
 Ev'n for your Father's Soul, your Uncle's Blood,
 As you do love my Life; but last, and most,
 As you respect your own Honour, and Fame,
 Throw down your Sword; he is most valiant
 That herein yields first.

Vit. Peace, you Fool.

Cla. Why *Lucio*,
 Do thou begin; 'tis no Disparagement;
 He's elder, and thy better, and thy Valour
 Is in his Infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,
 To whom thou ow'st it; Oh, that constant Time
 Would

Would but go back a Week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'st not dare to fight.

Eug. Lucio, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it; throw thy Sword down first.

Alv. I'll throw his Head down after then.

Gen. Lamoral,
You have often swore you'd be commanded by me.

Lam. Never to this; your Spight and Scorn, *Gene-*
Has lost all Power in me. (*Ugra*,

Gen. Your hearing for six Words.

Assist. Sya. An. Strange Obstinacy!

Al. Vit. Luc. Lam. We'll stay no longer.

Gla. Then by thy Oath *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadful Oath, thou would'st return that Sword
When I should ask it, give it to me now,
This instant I require it.

Gen. By thy Vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroak; now he
Of our two Brothers that loves Perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his Vow.

Sya. Excellent Ladies.

Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.

Luc. We did equivocate.

Alv. On.

Gla. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my Husband, for he is so,
Wanting but Ceremony, that I pray
His vengeful Sword may fall upon thy Head
Successfully for False-hood to his Sister.

Gen. I likewise pray, *Vitelli*, *Lucio's* Sword.
Who equally is my Husband as thou hers,
May find thy false Heart, that durst gage thy Faith,
And durst not keep it.

Assist. Are you Men, or Stone?

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our Swords.

Eug. Your hearing for six Words, and we have done.
Zancho, come forth—We'll fight our Challenge too;
Now speak your Resolutions.

Enter

Enter Bobadilla, with two Swords and a Pistol.

Gen. These they are,
The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these Swords
In one anothers Bosoms.

Eug. And Rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol
Into my Breast; if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a Pig.

Alv. ——— Hold, you are mad.

Gen. This we said; and by our hope of Bliss
This we will do; speak your intents.

Cla. Gen. Strike.

Eug. Shoot.

All. Vit. Lam. Luc. Hold, hold; all Friends.

Assist. Come down.

Alv. These devilish Women
Can make Men Friends and Enemies when they list.

Sya. A gallant Undertaking, and a happy;
Why this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer Present to our Master *Philip*,
Than the return from his *Indies*.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.

Cla. Father, your Blessing.

Alv. Take her; if ye bring not
Betwixt you, Boys that will find out new Worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a false Prophet.

Vit. Brother,
There is a Sister; long divided Streams
Mix now at length, by Fate.

Bob. I am not regarded; I was the careful Steward
that provided these Instruments of Peace, I put the longest
Weapon in your Sister's Hand, my Lord, because
she was the shortest Lady: For likely the shortest Ladies
love the longest ——— Men: And for mine own part,
I could have discharged it: my Pistol is no ordinary Pistol,
it has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why
should I shoot my two Bullets into my old Lady? If
they had gone, I would not have staid long after; I
would ev'n have died too, bravely i'faith, like a *Roman*
Steward; hung my self in mine own Chain, and there
had

had been a story of *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, for after Ages to lament. Hum ; I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

Alv. Prethee Peace ; 'shalt have a new Chain, next St. *Jaques* Day, or this new gilt.

Bob. I am satisfied ; let Virtue have her due : And yet I am melancholy upon this Atonement ; pray Heav'n the State rue it not : I would my Lord *Vitelli's* Steward, and I could meet ; they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us Friends. Well, I will forswear Wine and Women for a Year ; and then I will be drunk to Morrow, and run a whoring like a Dog with a broken Bottle at's Tail ; then will I repent next Day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently ; be forsworn next Day again, and repent my Repentance ; for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Assst. Nay, you shall dine with me ; and afterward I'll with ye to the King : But first, I will Dispatch the Castle's Business, that this Day May be compleat. Bring forth the Malefactors.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You *Alguazier*, the Ring-leader of these Poor Fellows, are degraded from your Office, You must return all stolen Goods you receiv'd, And watch a twelve Month without any Pay : This, if you fail of, all your Goods confiscate, You are to be Whipt, and sent into the Gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring ; that Catholick Doctrine I do dislike : learn all ye Officers By this to live uprightly, if you can. [Exit.

Assst. You Cobler, to translate your Manners new, Are doom'd to th' Cloisters of the Mendicants, With this your Brother, Botcher, there for nothing To cobble, and heel Hose for the poor Friars, Till they allow your Penance for sufficient, And your Amendment ; then you shall be freed, And may set up again,

Pach. Mendoza, come, Our Souls have have trode awry in all Men's fight, We'll

We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright.

[*Ex. Pach and Mend.*

Assist. Smith, in those Shackles you for your hard
Must lie by th' Heels a Year. (*Heart*

Met. I have shod your Horse, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Assist. Away : For you, my hungry white-loaf'd Face,
You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more Bits, than you shall have Blows.

Laz. Well, tho' Herrings want, I shall have Rows.

Assist. Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Your self severelier than we would have done.
You have married a Whore ; may she prove honest.

Pio. Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest
That may prove a Whore. (*Woman,*

Vit. 'Tis a handsome Wench ; and thou canst keep her
I'll send you what I promis'd. (*tame*

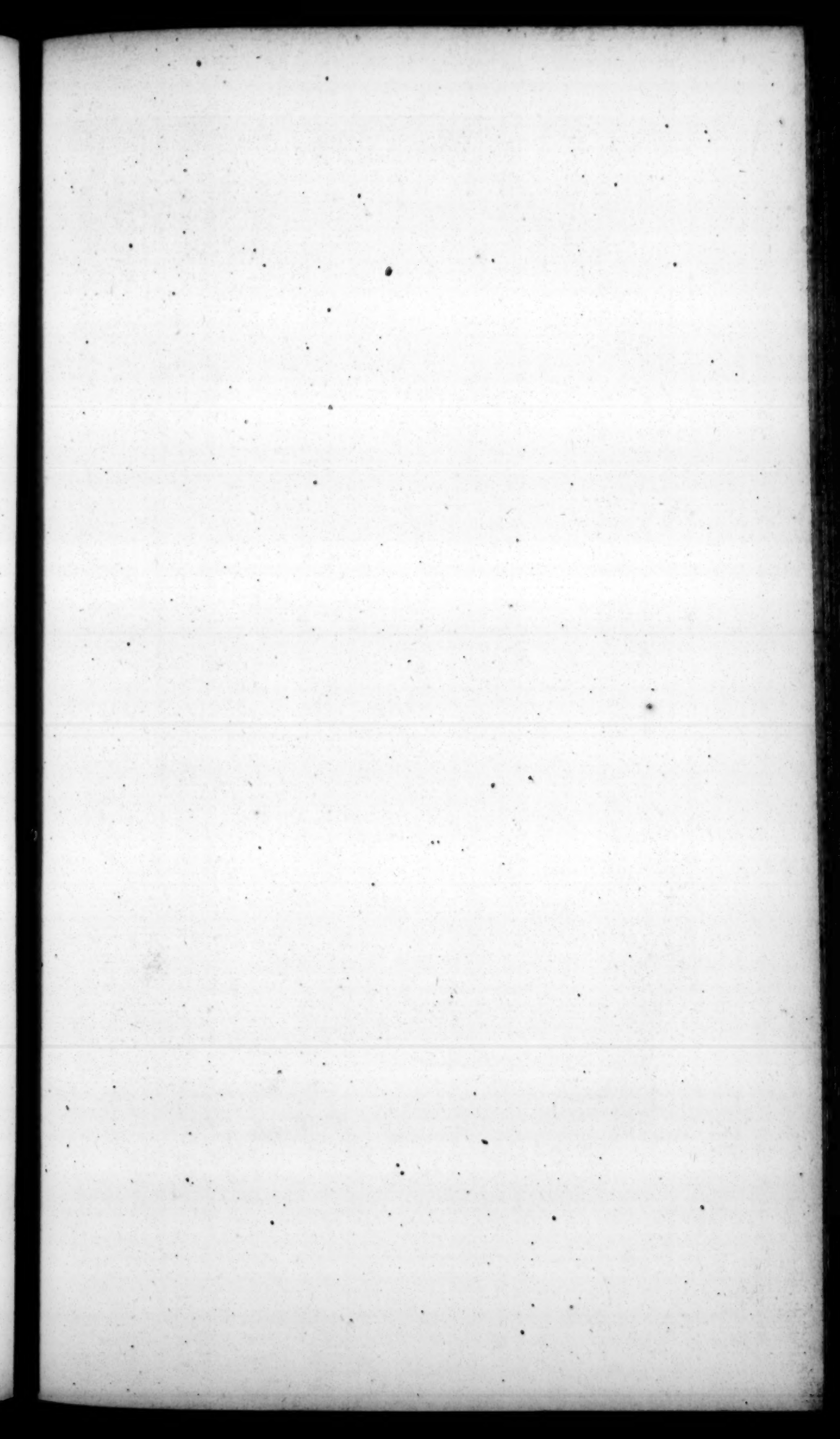
Pio. Joy to your Lordships.

Alv. Here may all Ladies learn, to make of Foes
The perfect'st Friends ; and not the perfect'st Foes
Of dearest Friends, as some do now a-days.

Vit. Behold the Power of Love, to Nature lost
By Custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of Friends restoring, Love hath here retriev'd
To her own Habit, made her Blush to see
Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses ;
May strange Affairs never have worse Success. [*Exeunt.*

E P I L O G U E.

OUR Author fears there are some Rebel Hearts,
Whose Dullness doth oppose Love's piercing Darts ;
Such will be apt to say there wanted Wit,
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ
With Spirit and Life ; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please ;
For if your selves, a Mistress or Love's Friends,
Are lik'd with this smooth Play, be bath his Ends.





Woman Pleas'd

Vol. 5, p. 2757.

W O M E N

P L E A S ' D .

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

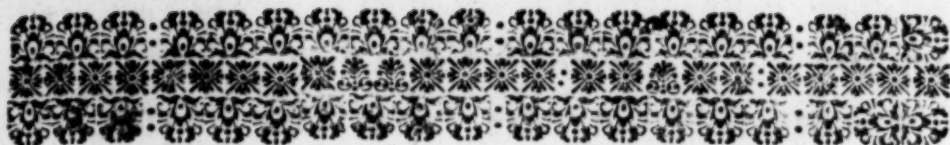
DUKE of Siena, *Suitor to Belvidere.*
Silvio, *A Gentleman of Quality, Servant to Belvidere.*
Claudio, *Silvio's Friend, Brother to Isabella.*
Bartello, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to Silvio.*
Lopez, *A sordid Usurer, the jealous Husband of Isabella.*
Lords of Florence.
Lords of Siena.
Councillors.
Courtiers.
Penurio, *A hungry Servant to Lopez.*
Soto, *A merry Servant to Claudio.*
A Farmer, Father to Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers of the Guard.
A Clark.
Bomby, *An Enemy to Watches and May-poles.*
Morrice-dancers.
Masquers.

W O M E N.

Dutchess of Florence.
Belvidere, *A virtuous Princess, Daughter to the Dutchess,*
in Love with Silvio.
Rodope, *Wife to Bartello.*
Isabella, *Wife to Lopez, and Sister to Claudio.*
Jaquenet, *Servant to Isabella.*
Two Gentlewomen.

The SCENE FLORENCE.

Women



Women Pleas'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bartello and Silvio.

SILVIO.



IS true, she is a right good Princess, and
a just one, (Planet,

And *Florence*, when she sets, has lost a

Bar. My Mistress? I tell thee, Gentle

Nephew, (ness,

There is not such another Friend to good-

To down-right dealing, to Faith and true Heart
Within the Christian Confines: Before she blest us,
Justice was a Cheese-monger, a meer Cheese-monger,
Weigh'd nothing to the World but Mites and Maggots,
And a main stink; Law, like a Horse-courser,
Her Rules and Precepts hung with Gaudes and Ribbons,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she her self was hackney, lame and founder'd.

Sil. But the sweet Lady,

Belvidere the bright one——

Bar. Ay, there's a Face indeed; Oh my dear Nephew,
Could a young Fellow of thy fiery Mettle
Freeze, and that Lady in his Arms?

Sil. I think not.

(pass,

Bar. Thou hast a parlous Judgment; but let that
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great Mother's good; and that's not ordinary.

Sil. But why (so many Princes, and so great ones
Being Suitors) should the Dutchess deny to match her?

VOL. V.

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Bar.

Bar. She is a Jewel, Man, hangs in her Bosome,
Her only Child; with her Eyes she sees all things,
Discourses with her Tongue, and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her Heart out too: Besides, of late Days,
The Duke of *Milan*, who could never win her
By Love, nor Treaty, laid a close Train for her
In her own private Walks; some forty Horse-men,
So to surprize her, which we found, and dealt with,
And sent 'em running home to the Duke their Master,
Like Dogs with Bottles at their Tails.

Sil. Since that, I heard, Sir,
She has sent her to your Cittadel to secure her,
My Cousin *Rodope*, your Wife, attending her.

Bar. You hear a Truth, and all convenient Pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.

Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one that owes a duteous service to her,
Sometimes, so please you—

Bar. Gentle Cousin pardon me,
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer,
The last Edict lies on his Life pursues it;
Your Friend, Sir, to command, abroad to love you,
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait upon ye,
But in the Cittadel where I stand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: No service, Sir,
No, good Sir, by no means; I kiss your Hands, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Sil. To your keeping only? None else to look upon her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her Attendance?
No Faith but his to serve her? Oh *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my Youth is sacrific'd,
Thou Point to which my Life turns, and my Fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? From all my Comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently? Thou hearest me not,
Nor canst thou see, fair Soul, thy Servant's Mournings,
Yet let thy gentle Heart feel what his Absence,
The great divorce of Minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one Affection
Even from our Infant Eyes, suck'd in and nourish'd:
Oh let it feel but that, and there stand constant,

And

And I am blest. My dear Aunt *Rodope*,
That is her Governess, did love me dearly,
There's one hope yet to see her; when he is absent
It may be ventur'd, and she may work it closely;
I know the Ladies will go equal with me,
And so the danger of the Edict avoided;
Let me think more, for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio and Soto.

Soto. Will ye go yonder, Sir?

Cla. Yes marry will I, Sir.

Soto. And by this Ladder?

Cla. By that Ladder, Coxcombe. (broken,

Soto. Have ye any more Necks at home when this is
For this will crack with the best Friend he has, Sir?
Or can you pitch of all four, like an Ape now?
Let me see you tumble.

Cla. You are very pleasant, Sir.

Soto. No, truly Sir, I should be loath to see ye
Come fluttering down like a young Rook; cry squab,
And take ye up with your Brains beaten into your Buttocks.

Cla. Hold your peace, Afs: Who's this stands musing
Silvio? (here?

Sil. Who calls me?

Cla. One most glad to see you, Sir.

Sil. My dearest *Claudio*? What make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this Nature? (Birds Nests.

Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb

Sil. Prethee what is it, Friend? Why start ye from me?
Is your old Mistress grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scal'd? It seems you are loath to tell me,
Since twenty Years continuance of our Friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a Secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again; save ye.

Cla. Nay stay, dear *Silvio*, if you love me take it;
For 'till you know it, never Woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll do my best to ease it.

Cla. You have heard, the Lady *Belvidere*—

Sil. What heard, Sir?

Cla. Heard, to the Cittadel, upon some fears
She is confin'd

li 3

Sil.

Sil. Why dreams he on this Beauty?
'Tis true, I have heard it.

Cla. And that no access,
No blessing from those Eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a Life.

Sil. He dares not love her;
I have heard that too, but whither points your purpose?

Cla. Oh *Silvio*, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth; I have lov'd this Lady long,
Long given away my Life to her Devotion,
Long dwelt upon that Beauty to my Ruin.

Sil. Do's she know this?

Cla. No, there begins my Misery,
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd Clouds,
And fed upon poor empty Dreams that starve me.

Sil. And what do you mean to do now?

Cla. Though I die for't,
Though all the Tortures in the World hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber; there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what Truth I love her.

Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, Sir.

Cla. Oh my *Silvio*,
The hardest things are sweetest in Possession.

Sil. Nor will shew much Discretion.

Cla. Love is blind, Man,
And he that looks for Reason there far blinder.

Sil. Have ye consider'd ripely?

Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.

Sil. Her Honour too?
What she may suffer in this rash Adventure
The beauty of her Name?

Cla. I'll do it closely,
And only at her Window, with that caution——

Sil. Are there no Guards?

Cla. Corruption chokes their Service.

Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a Woman,
To hold commerce with strange Tongues?

Cla.

Cl. Why this Service,
This only hazard of my Life must tell her,
Though she were *Vesta's* self, I must deserve her.

Sil. I would not have ye go, pray let it sink here,
And think a nobler way to raise your Service,
A safer and a wiser.

Cl. 'Tis too late, Sir.

Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.

Cl. I shall not?

Sil. You shall not go; that part bred with ye, Friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.

Cl. You stretch that Tye too far.

Sil. I'll stretch it farther:

The Honour that I bear that spotless Virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command ye stay; if not, thus force ye.

Soto. This will be worse than climbing.

Cl. Why do ye draw, Sir?

Sil. To kill thee, if thy base Will be thy Master.

Cl. I ever was your Friend.

Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,

And not a Night-thief of another's Honour;
I never call'd a Fool my Friend, a mad Man,
That durst expose his Fame to all Opinions,
His Life to dishonest Dangers: I never lov'd him,
Durst know his Name, that sought a Virgin's Ruin,
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With Men, that give as loose Reins to their Fancies
As the wild Ocean to his raging Fluxes:
A noble Soul I twin with, and my Love
Follows his Life, dares master his Affections,
Will ye give off, or fight?

Cl. I will not fight with ye:

The sacred Name of Friend ties up that Anger,
Rather I'll study.

Sil. Do, to be a Friend still.

Cl. If this way, I shall never hold.

Sil. I'll watch ye:

And if I catch ye false, by Heav'n ye die for't,
All Love forgot.

Cl. When I fear that, I am fit for't.

[*Exeunt*]
SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Lopez at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it, an Egg roasting by a Candle.

Lop. Whilst prodigal young gaudy Fools are banquet-
And launching out their States to catch the giddy, (ting,
Thus do I study to preserve my Fortune,
And hatch with care at home the Wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious ;
These Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,
Here vented at the price of Prince's Ransomes ;
How bright they shine like Constellations,
The South Seas Treasure here, Pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal *Cleopatra's* Banquet ;
Here Chains of lesser Stones for Ladies Lusts,
Ingotts of Gold, Rings, Brooches, bars of Silver,
These are my Studies to set off in sale well,
And not in Sensual surfeits to consume 'em.
How roasts mine Egg? he heats apace, I'll turn him :
Penurio, where you Knave do you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazy Knave.

Pen. Did you call, Sir?

Lop. Where's your Mistress?
What Vanity holds her from her Attendance?

Pen. The very sight of this Egg has made him cockish,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within, Sir.

Lop. Within, Sir, at what thrif ye Knave? What
getting? (to get Meat to it,

Pen. Getting a good Stomach, Sir, and she knew where
She is praying heartily upon her Knees, Sir,
That Heav'n would send her a good bearing Dinner.

Lop. Nothing but Gluttony and Surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind; had she not Yesternight, Sirrah,
Two Sprats to Supper, and the Oil allowable?

Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou,
(Thou most ungrateful Knave, that nothing satisfies)
The Water that I boil'd my other Egg in
To make thee hearty Broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, Sir ;

But

But I might as soon make the Philosophers Stone on't,
You gave it me in Water, and but for Manners sake,
I could give it you again, in Wind, it was so hearty (Sir.
I shall turn Pissing-conduit shortly; my Mistress comes,

Enter Isabella.

Lop. Welcome, my Dove.

Ifab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unless it carries more than Words to please me,
Is this the Joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,
Besides the Nobleness of Blood I spring from,
A full and able Portion to maintain me?
Is this the Happiness of Youth and Beauty,
The great content of being made a Mistress,
To live a Slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every Eye that wanders?
Unmanly jealousy.

Lop. Good Isabella.

Ifab. Too good for you; do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an Alms-woman in such rayment,
Such poor unhandsome Weeks? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your Misery
Will suffer wilful Blindness to abuse me,
My Patience shall be no Bawd to mine own Ruin.

Pen. Tickle him, Mistress; to him.

Ifab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any part of Man——

Pen. Follow that, Mistress.

Ifab. Or had Humanity but ever known ye,
You would shame to use a Woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely; you are strangely jealous of me,
If I should give ye cause.

Lop. How, Isabella?

Ifab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.

Pen. Excellent well, Mistress.

Lop. How's this, Isabella?

Ifab. 'Twill stir a Saint, and I am but a Woman,
And by that tenure may——

Lop. By no means Chicken,
You know I love ye; fie, take no example
By those young gadding Dames, (you are noted virtuous)
That

That stick their Husbands Wealth in trifles on 'em
 And point 'em but the way to their own Miseries:
 I am not jealous, kiss me, ——— I am not:
 And for your Diet, 'tis to keep you healthful,
 Surfeits destroy more than the Sword; that I am careful
 Your Meat should be both neat, and cleanly handled,
 See, Sweet, I am Cook my self, and mine own Cater.

Pen. A——of that Cook cannot lick his Fingers.

Lop. I'll add another Dish, you shall have Milk to it,
 'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With Butter in't, Sir?

Lop. This Knave would breed a Famine in a Kingdom:
 And Cloaths that shall content ye; you must be wise then,
 And live sequestred to your self and me,
 Not wandring after every Toy comes cross ye, (*Penurio.*
 Nor struck with every Spleen: What's the Knave doing?

Pen. Hunting, Sir, for a second course of Flies here,
 They are rare new Sallads.

Lop. For certain *Isabella*,
 This ravening Fellow has a Wolf in's Belly:
 Untemperate Knave, will nothing quench thy Appetite?
 I saw him eat two Apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had given me those 't had been more mon-

Lop. 'Tis a main Miracle to feed this Villain. (*strous.*
 Come *Isabella*, let us in to Supper,
 And think the *Roman* Dainties at our Table,
 'Tis all but Thought. [*Exeunt.*

Pen. Would all my Thoughts would do it:
 The Devil should think of purchasing that Egg-shell,
 To victual out a Witch for the *Burmoothes*:
 'Tis Treason to any good Stomach living now
 To hear a tedious Grace said, and no Meat to't;
 I have a Radish yet, but that's but transitory. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living Man, unless a Rascal
 That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd Gentleman,
 Take me for a worse Man than my Master now?
 I am naturally proud in these Cloaths: But if Pride now
 Should

Should catch a fall in what I am attempting,
 'Tis but a Proverb sound, and a Neck broken,
 That's the worst can come on't, a Gentleman's gone then,
 A Gentleman o'th' first House, there's the end on't:
 My Master lies most pitifully complaining,
 Wringing and kicking up to th'Ears in Love yonder,
 And such a lamentable Noise he keeps, it kills me:
 I have got his Cloaths, and if I can get to her
 By hook or crook here, such a Song I'll sing her——
 I think I shall be hang'd, but that's no matter, (Elephant,
 What's a hanging among Friends: I am valiant now as an
 I have consider'd what to say too; let me see now,
 This is the place, 'tis plaguy high; stay, at that lower Win-
 Let me aim finely now, like a good Gunner, (dow
 It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw some Body
 Pass by me now, and though it were dark, methought yet
 I knew the Cloaths: Ha, let me not be cozen'd,
 The Ladder too, ready to fling it? Monstrous!
 'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio*; most voluptuous Villain,
 Scandal to Womans Credit: Love, I forget thee, (there?
Soto. What will he do i'th' Name of Heav'n, what's that
Sil. And all the Friendship that I bore thee, bury here,
Soto. What has he in's Hand? I hope but a Cudgel.
Sil. Thy faults forgive, O Heav'n: Farewel thou Traitor.
Soto. I am slain, I am slain.
Sil. He's down and dead, dead certain,
 'Twas too rash, too full of Spleen, stark dead:
 This is no place now to repent in, only
 Would I had given this Hand that shot the Pistol
 I had miss'd thee, and thou wert once more *Claudio*. [*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Why should I love thus foolishly? Thus desperately?
 And give away my Heart where no hope's left me?
 Why should not the true counsel of a Friend restrain me?
 The Devil's Mouth I run in to affright me,
 The Honour of the Lady, charm my wildness;
 I have no Power, no Being of my self,
 No Reason strong enough now left within me

T.

To bind my Will; O Love, thou God, or Devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the Tyrant in me,

Soto. Oh.

Cla. What's that Cry?

Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.

Cla. 'Tis not far from me,
Some Murther o' my Life.

Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon?

Cla. 'Tis my Man sure,
His Voice, and here he lies; how is it with thee?

Soto. I am slain, Sir, I am slain.

Cla. Slain? Who has slain thee?

Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.

Cla. Where's thy hurt?

Soto. I know not,
But I am sure I am kill'd.

Cla. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?

Soto. I can sit up,
But ne'er the less I am slain.

Cla. 'Tis not o' this side?

Soto. No, Sir, I think it be not.

Cla. Nor o' this side,
Was it done with a Sword?

Soto. A Gun, a Gun, sweet Master. (Man.

Cla. The Devil a Bullet has been here; thou are well,

Soto. No sure I am kill'd.

Cla. Let me see thy Thighs, and Belly :
As whole as a Fish for any thing I see yet ;
Thou bleed'st no where.

Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet I am afraid I am slain.

Cla. Stand up Fool,
Thou hast as much hurt as my Nail; who shot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pint?

Soto. Signior *Silvio* shot me
In these Clothes; taking me for you, and seeing
The Ladder in my Hand here, which I stole from ye,
Thinkia

Thinking to have gone to the Lady my self, and have spoke for ye. (rah,

Cla. If he had hit ye home, he had serv'd ye right, Sir- You saucy Rogue; how poor my intent shews to me, How naked now, and foolish?

Soto. Are ye sure he has not hit me, I gave a monstrous Bounce?

Cla. You rose o' your right Side, And said your Prayers too, you had been payed else; But what need'st thou a Bullet, when thy Fear kills thee? Sirrah, keep your own Counsel for all this, you'll be If it be known. (hang'd else,

Soto. If it be by my means, let me; I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder My Gentleman-like Humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous, And to be a Gentleman, is to be kill'd twice a Week.

Cla. Keep your self close i'th' Country for a while, Sirrah. There's Mony, walk to your Friends.

Soto. They have no Pistols, Nor are no Gentlemen, that's my Comfort. [Exit.

Cla. I will retire too, and live private; for this *Silvio*, Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my Death else; And if I can forget this Love that loads me, At least the danger; and now I think on't better, I have some Conclusions else invites me to it. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Rodope, and Silvio, at several Doors.

Rod. Nephew.

Sil. My dear Aunt.

Rod. Would you go by thus flily, And never see me, not once send in to me, Your loving Aunt? she that above all those I call my Kindred, honour'd you, and placed you Nearest my Heart?

Sil. I thank you, worthy Aunt, But such at this time are my Occasions—

Rod.

Rod. You shall not go yet, by my Faith you shall not,
I will not be deny'd: Why look ye sad, Nephew?

Sil. I am seldom other; Oh, this Blood fits heavy;
As I walk'd this way late last Night,
In Meditation of some things concern'd me——

Rod. What, Nephew?

Sil. Why methought I heard a Piece, Lady,
A Piece shot off, much about this Place too,
But could not judge the cause, nor what it boaded,
Under the Castle-wall.

Rod. We heard it too,
And the Watch pursu'd it presently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.

Sil. I am right glad to hear it;
The Ruffians surely that command the Night
Have found him, stript him; and into the River
Convey'd the Body.

Rod. You look still sadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within these Walls to comfort ye?
Speak, and be Master of it.

Sil. Ye are a right Courtier,
A great Professor, but a poor Performer. (that way,

Rod. Do you doubt my Faith? you never found me
I dare well speak it boldly, but a true Friend.

Sil. Continue then.

Rod. Try me, and see who falters.

Sil. I will, and presently; 'tis in your Power
To make me the most bound Man to your Courtesie.

Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——

Sil. 'Tis thus then.

Get me access to the Lady *Belvidere*,
But for a Minute, but to see her; your Husband now
Is safe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.

Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my Power to
The Law lies on the danger; if I lov'd ye not (grant ye,
I would bid ye go, and there be found, and die for't.

Sil. I knew your Love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me; give me a true Friend,
That where occasion is to do a Benefit
Aims at the End, and not the Rubs before it;

I was

I was a Fool to ask ye this, a more Fool
To think a Woman had so much noble Nature
To entertain a Secret of this burthen ;
Ye had best to tell the Dutcheſs I perſwaded ye,
That's a fine courſe, and one will win ye Credit;
Forget the Name of Couſin, blot my Blood out,
And ſo you raiſe yourſelf, let me grow ſhorter.
A Woman Friend! He that believes that weakneſs,
Steers in a ſtormy Night without a Compaſs.

Rod. What is't I durſt not do might not impeach ye?

Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not think of.

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil. If it were not ſo,

I would not come to you to ſeek a favour.

Rod. You will loſe your ſelf.

Sil. The loſs ends with my ſelf then.

Rod. You will but ſee her ?

Sil. Only look upon her.

Rod. Not ſtay ?

Sil. Preſcribe your time.

Rod. Not traffick with her,

In any cloſe diſhonourable Action ?

Sil. Stand you your ſelf by.

Rod. I will venture for ye,

Beauſe ye ſhall be ſure I am a touch'd Friend,
I'll bring her to ye ; come walk, you know the Garden,
And take this Key to open the little Poſtern,
There ſtand no Guards.

Sil. I ſhall ſoon find it, Aunt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* Is the Captain come home ?

2 *Sol.* No, who commands the Guard to Night ?

1 *Sol.* I think *Petruchio*.

2 *Sol.* What's the Word ?

1 *Sol.* None knows yet.

(once,

2 *Sol.* I would this Lady were married out o'th' way
Or out of our Cuſtodies ; I wiſh they would take in
more Companies,

For

For I am sure we feel her in our Duties shrewdly.

1 Sol. 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye, she is ready for't,
And that's the Plague, when they grow ripe for Mar-
They must be flipt like Hawkes, (riage,

2 Sol. Give me a mean Wench,
No State doubt lies on her, she is always ready.

1 Sol. Come to the Guard, 'tis late, and sure the
Cannot be long away. (Captain

2 Sol. I have watch'd these three Nights,
To Morrow they may keep me tame for nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodope with a Light.

Sil. This is the Place, I think; what Light is that
The Lady and my Cousin? (there?

Bel. Is this the Garden?

Rod. Yes, Madam.

Sil. Oh my blessed Mistress,
Saint of my Soul.

Bel. Speak softly; take me to ye,
Oh *Silvio*, I am thine, thine ever, *Silvio*.

Rod. Is this your Promise, Sir? Lady, your Honour?
I am undone if this be seen, disgrac'd,
Fallen under all discredit.

Bel. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old Faith?

Sil. Ever, Lady;
And when that fails me, all that's good forsake me.

Rod. Do not you shame? Madam, I must not suffer
I will not suffer it; Men call you virtuous, (this,
What do you mean to lose your self thus? *Silvio*,
I charge thee get away, I charge you retire ye,
I'll call the Watch else.

Sil. Call all the World to see us,
We live in one another's Happiness,
And so will die.

Bel. Here will I hang for ever.

Rod. As ye respect me, as hereafter, Madam,

You

You would enjoy his Love——nothing prevail with ye?
I'll try my strength then; get thee gone, thou Villain,
Thou Promise-breaker.

Sil. I am ty'd, I cannot.

Rod. I'll ring the Bell then.

Sil. Ring it to death, I am fixt here.

Enter Bartello, and two Soldiers with Lights.

Bar. I saw a Light over the Garden Walk,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's some knavery,
As I live, I saw it twice.

Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.

Bar. Light up the Torch, I fear'd this, ha? Young *Silvio*?
How got he in?

1 Sold. The Devil brought him in sure,
He came not by us.

Bar. My Wife between 'em busling?
Guard, pull him off.

Rod. Now, now, ye feel the Misery.

Bar. You, Madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death, O my Soul! This is a foul fault in ye,
Your Mother's Care abus'd too, Light's to her Chamber,
I am sorry to see this.

Bel. Farewel my *Silvio*,
And let no Danger sink thee.

Sil. Nor Death, Lady. *[Exeunt Bel. and Rod.]*

Bar. Are ye so hot? I shall prepare ye Physick
Will purge ye finely, neatly, you are too fiery;
Think of your Prayers, Sir, an you have not forgot 'em;
Can ye fly i'th' Air, or creep ye in at Key-holes?
I have a Gin will catch ye though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to Night, to strong and sure Guard;
I'll back to th' Dutches presently: No less Sport serve ye,
Than the Heir to a Dukedom? Play at Push-pin there,
Sir?

It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your Game.

Sil. I know the loss then.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Claudio like a Merchant.

Cla. Now, in this Habit may I safely see
 How my incens'd Friend carries my Murther,
 Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
 To such a height of Rage, and much I grieve now
 Mine own blind Passion had so master'd me
 I could not see his Love, for sure he loves her,
 And on a nobler Ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so; what *Penurio*,
 My shotten Friend, what Wind blew you?

Pen. Faith 'tis true,
 Any strong Wind will blow me like a Feather,
 I am all Air, nothing of Earth within me,
 Nor have not had this Month, but that good Dinner
 Your Worship gave me yesterday, that stays by me,
 And gives me Ballast, else the Sun would draw me.

Cla. But does my Mistress speak still of me?

Pen. Yes, Sir,
 And in her sleep, that makes my Master mad too,
 And turn and fart for Anger.

Cla. Art sure she saw me?

Pen. She saw ye at a Window.

Cla. 'Tis most true,
 In such a place I saw a Gentlewoman,
 A young, sweet handsome Woman.

Pen. That's she, that's she, Sir.

Cla. And well she view'd me, I view'd her.

Pen. Still she, Sir.

Cla. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.

Pen. That Blush, Sir,
 If you can read it truly——

Cla. But didst thou tell her,
 Or didst thou fool me, thou knewest such a one?

Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet Tale----

Cla. But did she hear thee?

Pen. With a thousand Ears, Sir,
 And swallow'd what I said as greedily,

As great-belly'd Women do Cherries, Stones and all, Sir.

Cla. Methinks she should not love thy Master?

Pen. Hang him Pilcher,

There's nothing loves him, his own Cat cannot endure him.

She had better lye with a Bear, for he is so hairy,

That a tame Warren of Fleas frisk round about him.

Cla. And wilt thou work still?

Pen. Like a Miner for ye.

Cla. And get access?

Pen. Or conjure you together,

'Tis her desire to meet, she is poyson'd with him,

And till she take a sweet fresh Air, that's you, Sir.

Cla. There's Mony for thee, thou art a precious Varlet,
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Master backward.

Pen. Blow you my Mistrefs, Sir, as flat as a Flounder,
Then blow her up again, as Butchers blow their Veals;
If she die upon the same

Bury her, bury her in God's Name. (thee,

Cla. Thou art a merry Knave; by this Hand I'll feed
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this

Thou shalt eat no fantastical Porridge,

Nor lick the Dish where Oil was yesterday,

Dust, and dead Flies to day; Capons, fat Capons——

Pen. Oh hearty sound.

Cla. Cramb'd full of itching Oysters.

Pen. Will ye have the Dutchies?

Cla. And Lobsters big as Gauntlets,
Thou shalt despise base Beef.

Pen. I do despise it,

And now methinks I feel a Tart come sliding.

Cla. Leaping into thy Mouth; but first deal faithfully.

Pen. When will ye come?

Cla. To Morrow.

Pen. I'll attend ye,

For then my Master will be out in business.

Cla. What News abroad?

Pen. 'Mas, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good Meal I have eaten with him——

Cla. What of him?

Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the Dutcheſs,
But why, I could not hear.

Cla. *Silvio* arraign'd?

Go, get ye gone, and think of me.

Pen. I fly, Sir.

[*Exit Pen.*

Cla. Arraign'd? For what? For my ſuppoſed Death?
That cannot be ſure, there's no Rumour of it. (No,
Be it what it will, I will be there and ſee it,
And if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Dutcheſs, Lords, Silvio Prisoner, Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clark, Counſellors, and Attendants

Dutch. Read the Ediſt laſt made,
Keep ſilence there.

Clerk. *If any Man of what Condition ſoever, and a Subject, after the publiſhing of this Ediſt, ſhall without ſpecial Licence from the great Dutcheſs, attempt or buy, offer, or make an Attempt, to ſolicite the Love of the Princeſs Belvidere, the Perſon ſo offending ſhall forfeit his Life.*

Coun. The reaſon why my Royal Miſtreſs here,
In her laſt Treaty with *Sienna's* Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous Daughter there in Marriage,
The Duke of *Milan*, Rival in this Fortune,
Unnobly fought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and croſs'd, the Cittadel receiv'd her,
There to ſecure her Mother's word; the laſt cauſe,
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this moſt beauteous Princeſs, and not brooking
One more than other, to deſerve a Favour,
Blood has been ſpilt, many brave Spirits loſt, (lence,
And more, unleſs ſhe had been kept cloſe from their Vio-
Had like to have followed: Therefore for due prevention
Of all ſuch Hazards and unnoble Actions,
This laſt Ediſt was publiſh'd, which thou *Silvio*,
Like a falſe Man, a bad Man, and a Traitor
Haſt rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cauſe
Thou ſtandeſt a guilty Man here now.

Enter

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak *Silvio*,

What canst thou say to avoid the Hand of Justice? (it.

Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit and lay my Head to

Bel. Have ye no Eyes, my Lords, no Understandings?
The Gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully: Are you, or you Guilty?
No more is he, no more Taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him,
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me,
Poor gentle Soul, he's in no part Transgressing,
I wrote unto him.

Sil. Do not wrong that Honour,
Cast not upon that Purenese these Aspersions,
It was my Love, my Violence,
My Life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, solicited unjustly.

Bel. As there is Truth in Heav'n, I was the first cause:
How could this Man have come to me, left naked
Without my Counsel and Provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the Watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent Life lie
Upon your shaking Conscience; I did it,
My Love the main Wheel that set him a going:
His motion but compell'd.

Sil. Can ye believe this?
And know with what a Modesty and Whiteness
Her Life was ever rank'd? Can you believe this,
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
And where Law stops my way, apt to condemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In Loves Alarms, a Woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to Happiness:
But I, like Fire, kindled with that bright Beauty,
Catch hold of all Occasions, and run through 'em.

Bel. I charge ye, as your honest Souls will answer it.

Sil. I charge ye, as you are the Friends to Virtue,

That has no Pattern living but this Lady.

Bel. Let not his Blood ———

Sil. Let not her Wilfulness ———

For then you act a Scene Hell will rejoyce at.

Bel. He is clear.

Sil. She is as white in this as Infants.

Cl. The God of Love protect your Cause, and help ye,
Two nobler pieces of Affection

These Eyes ne'er look'd on; if such Goodness perish,

Let never true Hearts meet again, but break. *[Exit.]*

1 *Lord.* A strange example of strong Love, a rare one.

2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.

Dutch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
Searches my Mother's Heart: You found 'em there?

Bar. Yes certain, Madam.

Dutch. And so linked together?

Bar. As they had been one piece of Alabaster.

Dutch. Nothing dishonourable?

Sil. So let my Soul have Happiness,
As that Thought yet durst never seek this Bosom.

Dutch. What shall I do? 'Has broke my Law, abus'd me,
Fain would I know the Truth, either confess it,
And let me understand the main Offender,
Or both shall feel the Torture.

Sil. Are ye a Mother,
The Mother of so sweet a Rose as this is?
So pure a Flower? And dare ye lose that Nature?
Dare ye take to your self so great a Wickedness,
(Oh holy Heav'n) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly Building? This Temple, where the Gods
Give me a thousand Tortures, I deserve 'em, (dwell?)
And shew me Death in all the Shapes imagin'd.

Bel. No Death but I will answer it, meet it, seek it;
No Torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.

1 *Lord.* This is no way.

2 *Lord.* They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong Hearts will suffer.

Dutch. I have bethought me;
No Lords, although I have a Child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a Child still;

Till

Till now, I never look'd on Love imperious:
 I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
 To seperate, though not your Loves, your Bodies:
Silvio attend, I'll be your Judge my self now.
 The Sentence of your Death (because my Daughter
 Will be an equal part in your Afflictions)
 I take away, and pardon; this remains then
 An easie and a gentle Punishment,
 And this shall be fulfill'd: Because unnobly
 You have sought the Love and Marriage of a Princess,
 The absolute and sole Heir of this Dukedom,
 By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
 To plant your self into this Rule hereafter,
 We here pronounce ye a Man banish'd from us.

Sil. For ever banish'd, Lady?

Dutch. Yet more Mercy,
 But for a Year, and then again in this place
 To make your full appearance; yet more Pity,
 If in that time you can absolve a Question,
 Writ down within this Scrowl, absolve it rightly,
 This Lady is your Wife, and shall live with ye;
 If not, you lose your Head.

Sil. I take this Honour,
 And humbly kiss those Royal Hands.

Dutch. Receive it: *Bartello*, to your old Guard take
 And so the Court break up. (the Princess,

Sil. Farewel to all,
 And to that spotless Heart my endless Service. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* What will this prove?

2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a Year hence, Sir. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, and Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have not I wrought this
Non eben fatto Signieur. (wonder

Cla. Rarely, *Penurio*.

Pen. Close, close then, and work Wax.

Cla. I am studying for thee

A Dinner, that shall victual thee for ten Year.

Pen. Do you hear, Mistress?
 You know what a dunder Whelp my Master is,
 I need not preach to ye, how unfit and wanting
 To give a Woman satisfaction:
 How he stinks, and snores, a Bull's a better Bed-fellow;
 And for his Love, never let that deceive ye.

Ifab. Nay sure he loves me not.

Pen. If he could Coyn ye,
 Or turn ye into Mettal, much might be then;
 He loves not any thing but what is Traffick:
 I have heard him swear, he would sell ye to the *Grand*

Ifab. The *Turk*? (*Signior.*)

Pen. The very *Turk*, and how they would use ye.

Ifab. I'll fit him for't : The *Turk*?

Pen. I know the price too:

Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Mistress;
 Pay him o'th' Pate, clout him for all his Courtesies;
 Here's one that dances in your Eyes, young, delicate,
 To work this Vengeance; if ye let it slip now,
 There is no pitying of ye. Od's precious, Mistress,
 Were I his Wife, I would so mall his Mazard,
 'Tis Charity, meer Charity, pure Charity,
 Are you the first? Has it not been from *Eve's* time,
 Women would have their safe Revenges this way?
 And good and gracious Women, excellent Women;
 Is't not a handsome Gentleman, a sweet Gentleman?
 View him from Head to Foot, a compleat Gentleman;
 When can ye hope the like again? I leave ye,
 And my Revenge too, with ye; I know my Office,
 I'll not be far off, be not long a fumbling,
 When danger shall appear, I'll give the 'larme. [*Exit.*]

Ifab. You are welcome, Sir, and would it were my For-
 To afford a Gentleman of your fair seeming (tune)
 A freer Entertainment than this House has :
 You partly know, Sir. —

Gla. Know, and pity, Lady,
 Such sweetness in the Bud, should be so blasted;
 Dare you make me your Servant?

Ifab. Dare you make, Sir,
 That service worthy of a Woman's Favour

By

By Constancy and Goodness?

Cl. Here I swear to ye,
By the unvalued Love I bear this Beauty,
(And kiss the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and serve ye,
My Youth to wait upon ye, what my Wealth has.

Ifab. Oh make me not so poor to sell Affection,
Those bought Loves, Sir, wear faster than the Monies;
A handsome Gentleman.

Cl. A most delicate sweet one,
Let my Truth purchase then.

Ifab. I should first try it,
But you may happily——

Cl. You shall not doubt me.
I hope she loves me; when I prove false, shame take me;
Will ye believe a little?

Ifab. I fear, too much, Sir.

Cl. And will ye love a little?

Ifab. That should be your Part.

Cl. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.

Ifab. A good beginning,
We have a Proverb says, makes a good ending.

Cl. Say ye so? 'tis well inferr'd.

Ifab. Good Sir, your Patience;
Methinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak Bark,
Upon a broken Billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough Sea of Suspensions,
Stuck round with jealous Rocks.

Pen. within.] A hem, a hem there. (mc.)

Ifab. This is my Man; my Fears too soon have found

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the News?

Pen. A pox of yonder old Rigel,
The Captain, the old Captain.

Ifab. What old Captain?

Pen. Captain Courageous yonder of the Castle,
Captain, Don Diego, old Bartello.

Ifab. Where is he?

Pen. He's coming in;
'Twould vex the Devil, that such an old Potgun as this,
That

That can make no Sport, should hinder them that can do

Ifab. I would not have him see the Gentleman, (it.
For all the World, my Credit were undone then.

Pen. Shall I fling a Piss-pot on's Head as he comes in,
And take him into th' Kitchin, there to dry him.

Ifab. That will not do; and he is so humorous too
He will come in.

Cla. What is he?

Ifab. One much troubles me.

Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.

Ifab. Your fight now,
Out of a driveling Dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my Husband, and undo me.

Cla. What would ye have me do?

Ifab. But for a while, Sir,
Step here behind this Hanging, presently
I'll answer him, and then——

Cla. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I have Stones to sett.

Pen. He is abroad, and sure, Sir.

Bar. There's for your Service;
Where's the fair Lady? All alone, sweet Beauty?

Ifab. She's never much alone, Sir, that's acquainted
With such Companions as good honest Thoughts are.

Bar. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy Hand too,
And in thine Ear swear by my Life I love thee.

Ifab. Ye are a merry Captain.

Bar. And a mad one, Lady;
By th' mas thou hast goodly Eyes, excellent Eyes, Wench,
Ye twinkling Rogues, look what thy Captain brings
Thou must needs love me, love me heartily, (thee,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.

Ifab. Fie, Captain. (rah,

Bar. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain ye, Sir
And vault into my Seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chinn'd Boys in *Florence*.
I must needs commit a little folly with ye,
I'll not be long, a brideling cast, and away Wench;
The hob-nail thy Husband's as fitly out o'th' way now?

Ifab.

Ifab. Do you think he keeps a Bawdy-house?

Bar. That's all one.

Ifab. Or did you ever see that lightness in my Carriage,
That you might promise to your self——

Bar. Away Fool,

A good turn's a good turn; I am an honest Fellow;

Ifab. You have a handsome Wife, a virtuous Gentle-

Bar. They are not for this time o'th' Year. (woman,

Ifab. A Lady,

That ever bore that great Respect to you,

That noble Constancy.

Bar. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid, and Penurio.

Maid. Oh Mistress, ye are undone, my Master's coming.

Pen. Coming hard by here.

Bar. Plague consume the Rascal,

Shall I make Petty-patties of him?

Ifab. Now what Love, Sir?

Fear of your coming made him Jealous first;

Your finding here, will make him mad and desperate,

And what in that wild Mood he will execute——

Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no Wit left me,
Certain my Head's a Mustard-pot.

Ifab. I have thought, Sir,

And if you'll please to put in Execution

What I conceive——

Bar. I'll do it, tell it quickly.

Ifab. Draw your Sword quickly, and go down inrag'd,

As if you had pursu'd some Foe up hither,

And grumble to your self extreamly, terribly,

But not a word to him, and so pass by him.

Bar. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Ifab. Stand you still, good Sir.

Bar. Rascal, Slave, Villain, take a House so poorly,

After thou hast wrong'd a Gentleman, a Soldier,

Base Poltroon Boy, you will forsake your Nest, Sirrah.

Lop. The matter, good sweet-Captain?

Bar. Run-away Rogue,

And take a House to cover thy base Cowardize,

I'll

I'll whip ye, I'll so scourge ye.

Lop. Mercy upon me,

What's all this matter, Wife?

Ifab. Did you meet the mad Man?

Lop. I never saw the Captain so provok'd yet.

Ifab. Oh he's a Devil sure, a most bloody Devil,
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his Sword drawn,
With such a fury, how I shake to think on't,
And foin'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, sure had slain him;
A merciless old Man.

Cla. Most virtuous Lady,
Even as the giver of my Life, I thank ye. (some;

Lop. This Fellow must not stay here, he is too hand-
He is gone, Sir, and you may pass now with all Security,
I'll be your Guide my self, and such a way
I'll lead ye, none shall cross, nor none shall know ye.
The Doors left open, Sirrah, I'll starve you for this
I'll make thee fast o' *Sundays*; and for you Lady, (trick,
I'll have your Lodgings farther off, and closer,
I'll have no Street-lights to you; will you go, Sir?

Cla. I thank ye, Sir; the Devil take this Fortune;
And once more all my Service to your Goodness. [*Exit.*

Pen. Now could I eat my very Arms for Madnes,
Cross'd in the nick o'th' matter? Vengeance take it,
And that old Cavalier that spoil'd our Cock-fight;
I'll lay the next Plot surer.

Ifab. I am glad, and sorry;
Glad, that I got so fairly off Suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new lov'd Friend.

Pen. Not lost, Mistress;
I'll conjure once again to raise that Spirit;
In, and look soberly upon the matter,
We'll ring him one Peal more, and if that fall,
The Devil take the Clappers, Bells, and all. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, and Rodope.

Dutch. **N**OW *Rodope*, how do you find my Daughter?

Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,

What the State wishes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her Eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong Will into,
Made her start at her Folly, shake and tremble,
At the meer Memory of such an Ignorance,
She now contemns his Love, hates his Remembrance;
Cannot endure to hear the Name of *Silvio*;
His Person spits at.

Dutch. I am glad to hear this. (dam,

Rod. And humbly now to your Will, your Care, Ma-
Bends her Affections, bows her Obedience;
Syenna's Duke with new Eyes now she looks on,
And with a Princely Love, fit for his Person,
Returns that Happiness and Joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the Neighbour Dukedoms,
Not any private End, or rash Affection,
She aims at now; hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom she owes all Honour, and all Service,)
She charg'd me kneel thus at your Grace's Feet,
And not to rise without a general Pardon.

Dutch. She has it, and my Love again, my old Love,
And with more Tenderness I meet this Penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her Honour;
I thank ye *Rodope*, am bound to thank ye,
And daily to remember this great Service,
This honest faithful Service; go in Peace,
And by this Ring, delivered to *Barrello*,
Let her enjoy our Favour, and her Liberty,
And presently to this Place, with all Honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your Grace has made me happy.

[Exit.
Enter

*Enter a Lord.**Lord.* Syenna's noble Duke, craves his Admittance.*Enter Duke of Syenna with Attendants.**Dutch.* Go, wait upon his Grace; Fair Sir, you are Welcome to her ever admir'd your Virtues; (welcome, And now methinks my Court looks truly noble; You have taken too much Pains, Sir.*Syen.* Royal Lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my Service.*Dutch.* Keep that, Sir, for the Saint ye have vow'd it to.*Syen.* I keep a Life for her; since your Grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your Royal Promise,
The beauteous *Belvidere* in Marriage,
I come to tender her my Youth, my Fortune,
My everlasting Love.*Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, and Attendants.**Dutch.* You are like to win, Sir;
All is forgot, forgiven too; no sadness
My good Child, you have the same Heart still here,
The Duke of Syenna, Child, pray use him nobly.*Syen.* An Angel Beauty.*Bel.* Your Grace is fairly welcome,
And what in Modesty a blushing Maid may
Wish to a Gentleman of your great Goodness;
But Wishes are too poor a Pay for Princes. (tles,*Syen.* You have made me richer than all States and Ti-
One Kiss of this white Hand's above all Honours;
My Faith, dear Lady, and my fruitful Service,
My duteous Zeal——*Bel.* Your Grace is a great Master,
And speaks too powerfully to be resisted;
Once more you are welcome, Sir, to me you are welcome,
To her that honours ye; I could say more, Sir,
But in another's Tongue 'twere better spoken. (happy;*Syen.* As wise as fair, you have made your Servant
I never saw so rich a Mine of sweetness. (Journey,*Dutch.* Will your Grace please, after your painful
To take some rest? Are the Duke's Lodgings ready?*Lord.* All, Madam.*Dutch.*

Dutch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to Mor-
We'll shew ye in what high esteem we hold ye, (row, Sir,
'Till then a fair repose.

Syen. My fairest Service.

[Exit Duke, &c.]

Dutch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest Daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this Entertainment,
I mean your loving Carriage to *Syenna*,
That both for ever I forget all Trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full Favour,
Ask what you will within my Power to grant ye,
Ask freely; and if I forget my Promise——
Ask confidently.

Bel. You are too Royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
So like a Girl, so far forgot my Virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
Awak'd and saw the Devil; how was I wander'd?
With what Eyes could I look upon that poor, that
course thing, (thing?
That wretched thing call'd *Silvio*? that, now, despis'd
And lose an Object of that graceful Sweetness,
That God-like Presence, as *Syenna* is?
Darkness, and cheerful Day, had not such Difference;
But I must ever bless your Care, your Wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of Folly,
How had I sunk else? what Example given?

Dutch. Prethee no more, and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a Goodness.

Bel. Why did ye let him go so slightly from ye,
More like a Man in triumph, than condemn'd;
Why did ye make his Penance but a Question,
A Riddle, every idle Wit unlocks.

Dutch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it,
I have given that (unless my self discover it)
Will cost his Head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to Construction?

Dutch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then absolv'd,

And

And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
Beside the Promise you have ty'd upon it,
Which you must never keep.

Dutch. I never meant it.

Bel. For Heav'n sake let me know it, 'tis my Suit to ye,
The Boon you would have me ask; let me but see it,
That if there be a way to make't so strong,
No Wit nor powerful Reason can run through it,
For my Disgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it.

Dutch. Fear not, it has been put to sharper Judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at; my dear Father,
That was as fiery in his Understanding,
And ready in his Wit as any living,
Had it two Years, and studied it, yet lost it;
This Night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
Into your Bosom I'll commit this Secret,
And there we'll both take Counsel.

Bel. I shall find

Some trick I hope too strong yet for his Mind. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinks I scorn these poor Repasts,
Cheese-parings, and the stinking Tongues of Pilchers;
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in mine Eyes; the full fat Dish now,
The bearing Dish is that I reverence,
The Dish an able Serving-man sweats under,
And bends i'th' Hams, as if the House hung on him,
That Dish is the Dish; hang your bladder Banquets,
Or half a dozen of Turnips and two Mushrumps,
These when they breed their best, hatch but two Belches;
The state of a fat Turkey, the Decorum
He marches in with, all the Train and Circumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter,
And then his Sauce with Oranges and Onions,
And he displaid in all Parts, for such a Dish now,
And at my need I would betray my Father,
And for a roasted Conger, all my Country.

Enter

Enter Bartello.

Bar. What, my Friend *Lean-gut*, how does thy beautiful Mistress? (pipe?)

And where's your Master, Sirrah? Where's that Horn-

Pen. My Mistress, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd Gentlewoman. Too much, Heav'n knows, oppress'd with Injuries; (man,) May do and live.

Bar. Is the old Fool still jealous?

Pen. As old Fools are, and will be still the same, Sir.

Bar. He must have cause: He must have cause.

Pen. 'Tis true, Sir,
And would he had with all my Heart.

Bar. He shall have.

Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron Porridge.

Bar. Why do not I see thee sometime? Why, thou starv'd Rascal?

Why do not ye come to me, you precious Bow-case?
I keep good Meat at home, good store.

Pen. Yes, Sir, I will not fail ye all next Week.

Bar. Thou art welcome,
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee,
But thou art so thin, the Wind will blow it from thee,
Or Men will read it through thee.

Pen. Wrap'd up in Beef, Sir,
In good gross Beef, let all the World look on me,
The *English* have that trick to keep Intelligence.

Bar. A witty Knave; first there's to tie your Tongue

Pen. Dumb as a Dog, Sir. (up.)

Bar. Next, hark in your Ear, Sirrah.

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well; 'tis done, Sir,
Say no more to me.

Bar. Say and hold.

Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.

Bar. As thou lov'st butter'd Eggs, swear.

Pen. Let me kiss the Book first,
But here's my Hand, brave Captain.

Bar. Look ye hold, Sirrah. [Exit.]

Pen. Oh the most precious vanity of this World;
When such dry'd Neats-tongues must be soak'd and larded
With young fat supple Wenches? Oh the Devil,
What can he do, he cannot suck an Egg off

But his Back's loose i'th' Hilts: Gothy ways, Captain,
Well may thy warlike Name work Miracles,
But if e'er thy founder'd Courser win much more,
Or stand right but one train ———

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Now Signior Shadow,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Master?

Pen. Of his good Deeds? The Thief that undertakes
Must have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer: (that
Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpose?

2 *Gent.* Dined, two long hours ago.

Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.

3 *Gent.* To Supper, dost thou mean?

Pen. To any thing

That has the smell of Meat in't; tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three going to be sinful?
To iropard a Joint, or so? I have found your Faces,
And see Whore written in your Eyes.

1 *Gent.* A parlous Rascal,
Thou art much upon the matter.

Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,
'Tis a sore Age, very sore Age, lewd Age,
And Women now are like old Knights Adventures,
Full of enchanted Flames, and dangerous. (nour.

2 *Gent.* Where the most Danger is, there's the most Ho-

Pen. I grant ye, Honour most consists in Sufferance,
And by that rule you three should be most Honourable.

3 *Gent.* A subtle Rogue; but canst thou tell, *Penurio*,
Where we may light upon ———

Pen. A learned Surgeon? (Wenches.

3 *Gent.* Pox take ye Fool, I mean good wholesome

Pen. Faith wholesome Women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so us'd to snap-haunces: But take my Counsel,
Take fat old Women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Dog-days are come in.

2 *Gent.* Take fat old Women?

Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better,
You do not know the pleasure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They are like our Country Grots, as cool as *Christmas*,
And

And sure i' th' Keels.

1 *Gent.* Hang him starv'd Fool, he mocks us.

3 *Gent. Penurio*, thou know'st all the handsome Wenches?
What shall I give thee for a Merchant's Wife now?

Pen. I take no Mony, Gentlemen, that's base,
I trade in Meat; a Merchant's Wife will cost ye
A glorious Capon, a great Shoulder of Mutton,
And a Tart as big as a Conjuror's Circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.

1 *Gent.* And what a Haberdasher's?

Pen. Worse Meat will serve for her, a great Goose-Pie,
But you must send it out o' th' Country to me,
It will not do else; with a piece of Bacon,
And if you can a Pot of Butter with it.

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at Horse-flesh; what a Parson's?

Pen. A Tithe-Pig has no Fellow, if I fetch her,
If she be Puritane, Plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat Loin of Veal, well sauc'd and roasted,

2 *Gent.* We'll meet one Night, and thou shalt have all
O' that condition we may have the Wenches. (these;
A dainty Rascal.

Pen. When your Stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.

1 *Gent.* Farewel, and there's to fill thy Paunch.

Pen. Brave Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Hold Sirrah, there.

Pen. Any young Wench i' th' Town, Sir:

3 *Gent.* It shall go round. [Exit *Gent.*

Pen. Most honourable Gentlemen,
All these are Courtiers, but they are meer Coxcombs,
And only for a Wench, their Purfes open,
Nor have they so much Judgment left to chuse her;
If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em,
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd Mackrel Ladies,
Stink like a standing Ditch, and those dear Damsels;
But I forget my business, I thank ye Monfieurs,
I have a thousand whimsys in my Brain now. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter (to a Banquet) Dutcheſs, Syenna, Lords, and Attendants.

Dutch. Your Grace ſhall now perceive how much we Honour ye,

And in what dear regard we hold your Friendſhip:
Will you ſit, Sir, and grace this homely Banquet? (*cent.*

Sye. Madam, to your poor Friend, you are too magnifi-

Dutch. To the Duke's Health, and all the Joys I wiſh
Let no Man miſs this Cup; have we no Muſick? (*him,*

Sye. Your noble Favours ſtill you heap upon me,
But where's my virtuous Miſtreſs? Such a Feaſt,
And not her ſparkling Beauty here to bleſs it?
Methinks it ſhould not be, it ſhews not fully.

Dutch. Young Ladies, Sir, are long, and curious
In putting on their Trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good Morrow when they are ready:
Go ſome and call her, and wait upon her hither,
Tell her the Duke and I deſire her Company:
I warrant ye, a hundred dreſſings now
She has ſurvey'd, this and that Faſhion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; caſt this away, theſe Jewels
Suited to theſe, and theſe Knots: O' my life, Sir,
She fears your curious Eye will ſoon diſcover elle:
Why ſtand ye ſtill, why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my Daughter?
Are ye nailed here? Nor ſtir? Nor ſpeak? Who am I,
And who are you?

1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of,
Makes us all dumb; the Princeſs is gone, Madam. (*me.*

Dutch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiſer Fellow answer

2 *Lord.* We ſought the Court all over, and believe Lady,
No News of where ſhe is, nor how convey'd hence.

Dutch. It cannot be, it muſt not be.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, Madam,
No Room in all the Court, but we ſearch'd through it,
Her Women found her want'ſt firſt, and they cry'd to us.

Dutch. Gone? Stol'n away? I am abus'd, diſhonour'd.

Sye. Tis! that am abus'd, 'tis I diſhonour'd.
Is this your Welcome, this your Favour to me? To

To foist a Trick upon me, this Trick too,
To cheat me of my Love? Am I not worthy?
Or since I was your Guest, am I grown odious?

Dutch. Your Grace mistakes me, as I have a life, Sir.

Sye. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor.

Dutch. But hear me patiently.

Sye. Give me my Love.

Dutch. As soon as Care can find her,
And all Care shall be used.

Sye. And all my Care too,
To be reveng'd; I smell the Trick, 'tis too rank,
Fie, how it smells o'th' Mother.

Dutch. You wrong me, Duke.

Sye. For this Disgrace ten thousand *Florentines*
Shall pay their dearest Bloods, and dying curse ye,
And so I turn away your mortal Enemy. [Exit,

Dutch. Since ye are so high and hot Sir, ye have half
Be careful of the Town, of all the Castles, (arm'd us;
And see Supplies of Soldiers every where,
And Musters for the Field when he invites us,
For he shall know 'tis not high words can fright us.
My Daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for *Silvio's* sake sure, Oh cunning false one;
Publish a Proclamation through the Dukedom,
That whosoe'er can bring to th' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beside our Thanks and Favour,
Shall have two thousand Duckets for his Labour;
See it dispatch'd, and sent in haste: Oh base one. [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

Enter Isabella, and Penurio with a Light,

Isab. Wast thou with *Rugio*?

Pen. Yes marry was I closely.

Isab. And does he still remember his poor Mistress?
Does he desire to see me?

Pen. Yes, and presently;
Puts off all business else, lives in that Memory,
And will be here accordingly to directions.

Isab. But where's thy Master?

L13

Pen.

Pen. Where a Coxcombe should be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewels,
Safe for this Night I warrant ye.

Ifab. I am bound to thee.

Pen. I would ye were, as close as I could tie ye.

Ifab. Thou art my best, my truest Friend.

Pen. I labour,

Imoil and toil for ye: I am your Hackney.

Ifab. If ever I be able——

Pen. Steal the great Cheefe, Mistrefs,
Was sent him out o'th' Country.

Ifab. Any thing.

Pen. That's Meat, 'tis lawful Mistrefs, where's the Castle
He got at Court? (Custard,

Ifab. He has lock'd it in's Study.

Pen. Get a Warrant to search for counterfeit Gold.

Ifab. Give me thy Candle,

I'll find a time to be thy careful Cater.

Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his Cook,
And drefs his Calves-Head to the sweetest Sauce, Mistrefs.

Ifab. To Bed *Penurio*, go, the rest is my charge,
I'll keep the Watch out.

Pen. Now if you spare him——

[Exit.

Ifab. Peace Fool,

I hope my *Rugio* will not fail, 'twould vex me:
Now to my string; so, sure he cannot miss now,
And this end to my Finger: I'll lie down,
For on a sudden I am wondrous heavy,
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easy motion
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou secret Friend, how am I bound to love thee?
And how to hug thee for thy private Service?
Thou art the Star all my Suspitions sail by,
The fixed Point my wronged Honour turns to,
By thee I shall know all, find all the Subtilties
Of devilish Women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my Conjuror, my Spell, my Spirit,
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring,

No

No tread of living thing, the Light is in still,
 And there's my Wife, how prettily the Fool lies,
 How sweet, and handsomely, and in her Cloathes too,
 Waiting for me upon my Life; her fondness
 Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
 O careful Fool, why am I angry with thee?
 Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving Husband?
 I am an Ass, an over-doting Coxcombe;
 And this sweet Soul, the Mirror of Perfection:
 How admirable fair and delicate,
 And how it stirs me, I'll sing thy Sweets a Requiem,
 But will not waken thee.

S O N G.

O *H fair sweet Face, oh Eyes celestial bright,
 Twin Stars in Heav'n, that now adorn the Night;
 Oh fruitful Lips, where Cherries ever grow,
 And Damask Cheeks, where all sweet Beauties blow;
 Oh thou from Head to Foot divinely fair,
 Cupid's most cunning Net's made of that Hair,
 And as he weaves himself for curious Eyes;
 Oh me, Oh me, I am caught my self, he cries:
 Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden Sleep,
 Soft peaceful Thoughts, your hourly Watches keep,
 Whilst I in wonder sing this Sacrifice,
 To Beauty sacred, and those Angel-eyes.*

Now will I steal a Kiss, a dear Kiss from her,
 And suck the Rosie breath of this bright Beauty;
 What a Devil is this? Ty'd to her Finger too?
 A string, a damned string to give Intelligence.
 Oh my lov'd Key, how truly hast thou serv'd me;
 I'll follow this: Soft, soft, to th' Door it goes,
 And through to th' other side; a damn'd string 'tis,
 I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
 Ridden to death, to madness; stay, this helps not:
 Stay, stay, and now Invention help me,
 I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
 And thus upon mine own: Dog, I shall catch ye,
 With all your cunning, Sir: I shall light on ye.
 I felt it pull sure; yes, but wondrous softly,

Tis there again, and harder now, have at ye,
Now and thou scap'st, the Devil's thy ghostly Father.

[*Exit.*

Ifab. Sure 'twas my Husband's Voice, the string is gone
He has found the trick on't, I am undone, betray'd, (too,
And if he meet my Friend he perishes;
What Fortune follows me, what spiteful Fortune?
Hoa Jaquenet.

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here Mistress, do you call me?

Ifab. Didst thou hear no Noise?

Jaq. I hear my Master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes——

Ifab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine Honour, all is lost else?

Jaq. Name what you will.

Ifab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence so largely——

Jaq. Name it.

Ifab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.

Jaq. Is that all?

Ifab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word as thou lovest me.

Jaq. I'll run through it.

Ifab. I'll carry away the Candle.

[*Exit.*

Jaq. And I the Blows, Mistress.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your Light out? I shall stumble to ye,
You Whore, you cunning Whore, I shall catch your Rogue
H'as light Legs, else I had so Ferret-claw'd him: (too,
Oh have I found ye? Do ye play at Dog-sleep still, Whore?
Do you think that can protect ye? Yes, I will kill thee,
But first I'll bring thy Friends to view thy Villanies,
Thy whorish Villanies: And first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to Pin-dust, thou salt Whore, thou Varlet,
Scratch out thine Eyes; I'll spoil your tempting Visage;
Are ye so patient? I'll put my Nails in deeper,
Is it good Whoring? Whoring, ye base Rascal?
Is it good tempting Men with strings to ride ye?

So,

So, I'll fetch your Kindred, and your Friends, Whore,
And such a Justice I will act upon thee. [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, is he gone?

Jaqu. The Devil go with him, Mistress,
H'as harrowed me, plough'd Land was ne'er so harrow'd;
I had the most ado to save mine Eyes.

Isab. H'as paid thee,
But I'll heal all again with good Gold, Jaquenet;
H'as damned Nails.

Jaqu. They are ten-penny Nails I think, Mistress;
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch Board.

Isab. Go up, and wash thy self; take my Pomatum,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.

Jaqu. You had best beware.

Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him,
Reach me my Book, and see the Door made fast Wench,
And so good Night; now to the matter Politick.

[Lopez knocks within

Lop. within.] You shall see what she is, what a sweet
Jewel. (Hour,

Isab. Who's there, what Mad-man knocks? is this an
And in mine Husband's Absence?

Lop. within.] Will ye open?

You know my Voice, ye Whore, I am that Husband;
Do you mark her Subtilty? But I have paid her,
I have so ferk'd her Face; here's the Blood, Gentlemen,
Ecce signum; I have spoil'd her Goatish Beauty,
Observe her how she looks now, how she is painted,
Oh 'tis the most wicked'st Whore, and the most trea-
cherous——

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my Cousin full of Meditation,
Arm'd with religious Thoughts.

Bar. Is this the Monster?

1 Gentlew. Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty Woman you had pull'd a-pieces?

Bar. Here's no such thing.

1 Gentlew. How have ye wrong'd this Beauty?
Are not you mad my Friend? What time o'th' Moon is't?
Have not you Maggots in your Brains?

Lop. 'Tis she sure.

Gent.

Gent. Where's the scratch'd Face ye spoke of, the
And all the Hair pluck'd off her Head? (torn Garments,

Bar. Believe me,

'Twere better far you had lost your pair of Pibbles,
Than she the least Adornment of that Sweetness.

Lop. Is not this Blood?

1 Gentlew. This is a monstrous Folly,
A base abuse.

Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a Wonder, not a Woman,
Nothing I do, but's subject to Suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.

Bar. *Lopez*, you must not use this.

2 Gentlew. 'Twere not amiss, Sir,
To give ye sauce to your Meat, and suddenly. (ness,

1 Gentlew. You that dare wrong a Woman of her good-
Thou have a Wife, thou have a Bear ty'd to thee,
To scratch thy jealous Itch; were all o' my Mind,
I mean all Women, we would disburthen ye
Of that that breeds these Fits, these Dog-flaws in ye,
A Sow-gelder should trim ye.

Bar. A rare cure, Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a Halter,
You see this Youth; will yot not cry him quittance,
Body 'me, I would pine, but I would pepper him,
I'll come anon, he, hang him, poor Pompillion;
How like a Wench bepest he looks, I'll come Lady;
Lopez, the Law must teach ye what a Wife is,
A good, a virtuous Wife.

Isab. I'll ne'er live with him.
I crave your Loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair Divorce may pass between us,
I am weary of my Life; in danger hourly.

Bar. You see how rude you are, I will not miss ye,
Unfufferable rude: I'll pay him soundly,
You should be whipt in *Bedlam*; I'll reward him.

2 Gentlew. Whipping's too good.

Lop. I think I am alive still,
And in my Wits.

Bar. I'll put a trick upon him,

And

And get his Goods confiscate; you shall have 'em;
I will not fail at Nine.

Lop. I think I am here too,
And once I would have sworn I had taken her napping,
I think my Name is *Lopez*.

Gent. Fie for shame, Sir,
You see you have abus'd her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and course Opinions on her,
Which now you find but Children of Suspicion;
Ask her Forgiveness, shew a Penitence,
She is my Kinswoman, and what she suffers
Under so base and beastly Jealousies,
I will redress, else I'll seek Satisfaction.

Bar. Why, every Boy i'th' Town will piss upon thee.

Lop. I am sorry for't.

Gentlew. Down o' your Marrow-bones. (Wife.

Lop. Even sorry from my Heart; forgive me sweet
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd ye,
As freely here I beg a Pardon of ye,
From this hour no Debate, no cross Suspicion——

Isab. To shew ye, Sir, I understand a Wife's part,
Thus I assure my Love, and seal your Pardon. (firm it.

Gentlew. 'Tis well done, now to Bed, and there con-

Gent. And so good Night.

Bar. Aware Relapses, *Lopez*. [Exeunt.

Lop. Now, *Isabella*, tell me truth, and suddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
For as I have a Life ye diethen; I am not mad,
Nor does the Devil work upon my weakness,
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.

Isab. Will then that satisfy ye?

Lop. If ye deal ingeniously.

Isab. I'll tell ye all, and tell ye true and freely.

Bartello was the end of all this Jealousie,
His often Visitations brought by you, first
Bred all these fits, and these Suspensions;
I knew your false Key, and accordingly
I fram'd my Plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a Penance for the wrong his Wife bears,
His worthy virtuous Wife; I felt it sensibly

When

When ye took off the String, and was much pleas'd in't,
Because I wish'd his importunate Dotage paid well,
And had you staid two Minutes more, ye had had him.

Lop. This sounds like Truth.

Ifab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes, as long he cannot tarry,
Your self shall see, and hear, his lewd Temptations.

Lop. Till then I am satisfied, and if this prove true,
Hence-forward Mistress of your self I give ye,
And I to serve ye; For my lusty Captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the Devil
Claws at his Breech, and yet I will not hurt him;
Come now to Bed, and prove but constant this way,
I'll prove the Man you ever wished.

Ifab. You have blest me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. **W**HAT Labour and what Travel have I run
through,
And through what Cities to absolve this Riddle?
Diviners, Dreamers, School-men, deep Magicians,
All have I try'd, and all give several Meaning,
And from all hope of any future Happiness:
To this Place am I come at length, the Country,
The People simple, plain, and harmless witty,
Whose honest labours Heav'n rewards with Plenty
Of Corn, Wine, Oil, which they again as thankful,
To their new Crops, new Pastimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful Harvests with new Voices;
By a rich Farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his Servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have me;
Here may be so much Wit (tho' much I fear it)
To undo this knotty Question; and would to Heav'n

Enter

Enter Soto with a Proclamation.

My Fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as Innocent,
And never known a pitch above their Plainness.

Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this Word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is *r.e.a.* that it is, reason,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick,
There's a strange parlous *T.* before the reason, (Sir,
A very tall *T.* which makes the word *High Treason*.

Sil. What Treason's that? does this Fellow understand
himself? (Geer;

Soto. Pitch will infect, I'll meddle no more with this
What a Devil ails this Fellow? This foolish Fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the Masters of the Sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
Do you know me, Friend?

Sil. You are my Master's Son, Sir.

Soto. And do you know what Sports are now in Season?

Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.

Soto. Where are your Bells then?

Your Rings, your Ribbons, Friend? and your clean
Napkins?

Your Nosegay in your Hat, pinn'd up, am not I here?

My Father's eldest Son, and at this time, Sir,

I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his
Servant, (Sir,

A better Man than my Father far, Lord of this Harvest,
And shall a Man of my place want Attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of Knowledge, Sir, not Duty, bred
this,

I would have made Suit else for your Lordship's Service.

Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now, mend your manners,
But thou art a melancholy Fellow, vengeance Melancholy,
And that may breed an Insurrection amongst us;
Go too, I'll lay the best part of two Pots now
Thou art in Love, and I can guess with whom too,
I saw the Wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other Day; the Wench that's new come hither,
The young smug Wench.

Sil.

Sil. You know more than I feel, Sir. (for thee,

Soto. Go too, I'll be thy Friend, I'll speak a good word
And thou shalt have my Lordship's Countenance to her;
May be I have had a snap my self, may be ay, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir,
I humbly thank ye, you are too too tender of me,
But what, Sir, I beseech ye, was that Paper,
Your Lordship was so studiously imployed in,
When ye came out a-doors?

Soto. Thou meanest this Paper.

Sil. That Sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation, (Life,
A notable Piece of Villany, as ever thou heard'st in thy
By mine Honour it is.

Sil. How Sir? Or what concerns it? (man,

Soto. It comes ye from the Dutchess, a plaguy wife Wo-
To apprehend the Body of one *Silvio*,
As arrant a Rascal as ever pift against a Post,
And this same *Silvio*, or this foresaid Rascal, (vice
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good Ser-
The Man that brings him, has two thousand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?

Sil. 'Tis so indeed.

This Proclamation bears my bane about it;
Can no Rest find me? no private Place secure me?
But still my Miseries like Blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young Man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from Death? the Country's laid round for
Oh *Claudio*, now I feel thy Blood upon me, (thee,
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure against me,
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.

Soto. Hast thou read it?

Sil. Yes.

Soto. And dost thou know that *Silvio*?

Sil. I never saw him, Sir.

Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a Trick he plaid me once,

A certain kind of Dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him,
Two thousand Duckets, I'll so Pepper him,
And with that Mony I'll turn Gentleman,
Worth a brown Baker's dozen of such *Silvios*.

Sil. There is no staying here, this Rogue will know me,
And for the Mony sake betray me too;
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear Lady, have at thy Hony-comb,
Now, for the Honour of our Town, Boys, trace sweetly,
[*Cry within of, Arm, Arm.*
Who a Vengeance ails this Whobub; pox refuse 'em,
Cannot they let us dance in our own Defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest Friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient Resolutions follow me; (bours
Look how the Beacons show like Comets, your poor Neigh-
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;
Syenna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his Sword makes thousand Mothers childless.

Soto. What's this to our Morris-dancers?

Sil. This may serve my turn. (May-game.

Soto. There's ne'er a Duke in *Christendom* but loves a

Capt. At a Horse you were always ceaz'd, put your
Son on him,

And arm him well i'th' States Name, I command ye;
And they that dare go voluntary shall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, Sir, this is strange, Master
You cannot be content to spoil our sport here, (Captain,
Which I do not think your Worship's able to answer,
But you must set us together by the Ears with I know
We are for the bodily part o'th' Dance. (not who too?

Capt. Arm him suddenly,
This is no time to Fool, I shall return ye else,
A Rebel to the General, State, and Dutcheffs,
And how you'll answer then——

Far. I have no more Sons, Sir,
This is my only Boy; I beseech ye Master Captain.

Soto. I am a rank Coward too, to say the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at Buffets neither.

Far.

Far. Here's vorty Shillings, spare the Child.

Capt. I cannot.

Soto. Are ye a Man? Will ye cast away a *May-Lord*? Shall all the Wenches in the Country curse ye?

Sil. An't please you Captain, I'll supply his Person, 'Tis Pity their old Custom should be frighted, Let me have Horse, and good Arms, I'll serve willingly, And if I shrink a foot of Ground, Hell take me.

Capt. A promising Aspect, Face full of Courage, I'll take this Man, and thank ye too.

Far. There's for thee, 'Tis in a Clout, but good old Gold.

Sil. I thank ye, Sir.

Far. Go saddle my Fore-horse, put his Feather on too, He'll prounce it bravely, Friend, he fears no Colours, And take the Armor down, and see him dizin'd.

Soto. Farewel, and if thou carry'st thyself well in this matter,

I say no more, but this, there must be more *May-Lords*, And I know who are fit.

Sil. Dance you, I'll fight, Sir.

Capt. Away, away.

Sil. Farewel, I am for the Captain. [Exit.

Far. Now to this matter again my honest Fellows, For if this go not forward, I foresee Friends, This War will fright our Neighbours out o'th' Villages; Cheer up your Hearts, we shall hear better News, Boys.

Hob. Surely I will dance no more, 'tis most ridiculous, I find my Wife's Instructions now mere Verities, My learned Wife's, she often hath pronounc'd to me My safety; *Bomby*, desie these Sports, thou art damn'd This Beast of *Babylon* I will never back again, (else, His Pace is sure prophane, and his lewd Wi-hees, The Sons of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, in the Wilderness.

Far. Fie Neighbour *Bomby*, in your fits again, Your Zeal sweats, this is not careful, Neighbour, The Hobby-horse, is a seemly Hobby-horse.

Soto. And as pretty a Beast on's Inches, tho' I say it.

Hob. The Beast is an unseemly, and a lewd Beast.

And

And got at *Rome* by the Pope's Coach-Horses;
His Mother was the Mare of Ignorance.

Soto. Cobler thou ly'st, and thou wert a thousand Coblers;
His Mother was an honest Mare, and a Mare of good
Credit,

I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring Witness;
And in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-Horse the Pope had; thou art foolish;
And thy blind Zeal makes thee abuse the Beast.

Hob. I do defie thee, and thy Foot-cloth too;
And tell thee to thy Face, this prophane riding;
I feel it in my Conscience, and I dare speak it,
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a scourge upon us;
This Hobby-horse Sincerity we liv'd in,
War, and the Sword of Slaught'ring: I renounce it,
And put the Beast off, thus, the Beast polluted,
And now no more shall hop on high *Bomby*,
Follow the painted Pipes of high Pleasures,
And with the wicked, dance the Devil's Measures;
Away thou pamper'd Jade of Vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd Delights now,
And eat the Provinder of prick-ear'd Folly,
My Dance shall be to the Pipe of Persecution.

Far. Will you dance no more, Neighbour?

Hob. Surely no,
Carry the Beast to his Crib: I have renounc'd him
And all his Works.

Soto. Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then?
The hopeful Hobby-horse, shall he lye founder'd?
If thou do'st this, thou art but a cast-away Cobler:
My Anger's up, think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* Beast of Pleasure,
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious Sowter)
Thou Bench-whistler of the old tribe of Toe-pieces,
If thou dost this, there shall be no more Shoe-mending;
Every Man shall have a special care of his own Soul:
And in his Pocket carry his two Confessors,
His Yugel, and his Nawl; if thou dost this —

Far. He will dance again for certain.

Hob. I cry out on't,
'Twas the fore-running Sin brought in those Tilt-staves,
They brandish 'gainst the Church, the Devil calls *May-*
Poles.

Soto. Take up your Horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good Neighbour *Bomby*.

Hob. I spit at him.

Soto. Spit in the Horse face, Cobler?
Thou out of tune, *Psalm*-singing Slave; spit in his Vis-
nomy?

Hob. I spit again, and thus I rise against him:
Against this Beast, that-signify'd Destruction,
Fore-shew'd i'th' falls of Monarchies.

Soto. I th' Face of him?

Spit such another Spit, by this Hand Cöbler
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your Nose there,
Take't up I say, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art still, but for this new Nicety,
And your Wife's learned Lectures; take up the Hobby-
Horse,

Come, 'tis a thing thou hast lov'd with all thy Heart,
Bomby, (thers:

And would'st do still but for the round-breech'd Bro-
You were not thus in the Morning; tak't up I say,
Do not delay but do it: You know I am Officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good Fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous Porridge;
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your Neck i'th' Stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole Day, and dance with these at Night too.
You mend old Shoes well, mend your old Manners better,
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness,
This new hot Batch, borrowed from some brown Baker,
Some learned Brother, or I'll so bait ye for't,
Take it quickly up.

Hob. I take my Persecution,
And thus I am forc'd a by-word to my Brethren.

Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily.

Far.

Far. To it roundly,
Now to the harvest Feast, then sport again Boys. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Silvio, arm'd.

Sil. What shall I do? Live thus unknown, and base
still?

Or thrust thy self into the head o'th' Battel?
And there like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger,
(So in her angry Eyes she carried Honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

Song within.

*Silvio go on, and raise thy noble Mind
To noble Ends; fling course base Thoughts behind:*

*Silvio, thou Son of everlasting Fame,
Now aim at Virtue, and a noble Name.*

*Silvio consider, Honour is not won,
Nor Virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done:*

*Thy Country calls thee now; she burns, and bleeds,
Now raise thy self, young Man, to noble Deeds.*

*Into the Battel Silvio, there seek forth
Danger, and Blood, by them stands sacred Worth.*

What Heav'nly Voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the Battel;
It names me often, steels my Heart with Courage,

Enter Belvidere deformed.

And in a thousand sweet Notes comforts me;
What Beldam's this? How old she is, and ugly,
Why does she follow me?

Bel. Be not dismay'd, Son,

I wait upon thee for thy Good, and Honour,
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy Mind up,
And rais'd thy Spirits to the pitch of Nobleness.

Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked Carcase,

M m z

Her

Her Voice is like the harmony of Angels.

Bel. Thou art my Darling, all my Love dwells on thee
 The Son of Virtue, therefore I attend thee;
 Enquire not what I am, I come to serve thee,
 For if thou beest inquisitive, thou hast lost me:
 A thousand long Miles hence my dwelling is,
 Deep in a Cave, where but mine own, no Foot treads,
 There by mine Art, I found what danger, *Silvio*,
 And deep distress of Heart, thou wert grown into;
 A thousand Leagues I have cut through empty Air,
 Far swifter than the sailing Rack that gallops
 Upon the Wings of angry Winds, to seek thee.
 Sometimes o'er a swelling Tide, on a Dolphin's back I ride,
 Sometimes pass the Earth below, and through the un-
 mov'd Center go;
 Sometimes in a flame of Fire, like a Meteor I aspire,
 Sometimes in mine own Shape, thus, when I help the
 virtuous,
 Men of honourable Minds, command my Art in all his
 kinds;
 Pursue the noble thought of War, from thy Guard I'll
 not be far,
 Get thee worship on thy Foe, lasting Fame is gotten so.
 Single *Syenna's* Duke alone, hear thy Friends, thy Coun-
 try groan,
 And with thy manly Arm strike sure, then thou hast
 wrought thine own free Cure.

Sil. Some *Sybel* sure, some Soul Heav'n loves, and fa-
 vours. (ders?)

And lends her their free Powers, to work their Won-
 How she incites my Courage?

Bel. Silvio,

I knew thee many days ago,
 Foresaw thy Love to *Belvidere*, the Dutchess Daughter,
 and her Heir;
 Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past, when you
 were found i' th' Castle fast (Law,
 In one another's Arms; foresaw the taking of ye, and the
 And so thy innocence I lov'd, the deepest of my skill I
 prov'd;

Be rul'd by me, for to this hour, I have dwelt about thee with my Power.

Sil. I will. and in the course of all observe thee,
For thou art sure an Angel sent to me.

Bel Get thee gone then to the Fight, longer stay
but robs thy right;
When thou grow'st weary I'll be near, then think on
beauteous *Belvidere*,
For every precious Thought of her, I'll lend thine Honour a new Spur;

When all is done, meet here at Night; go and be happy
in the Fight. [*Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly,
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Claudio, and Penurio.

Cla. Is she so loving still?

Pen. She is mad with Love,
As mad as ever unworm'd Dog was, Signior,
And does so weep, and curse, for your Prevention,
Your crosses in your Love; it frets me too,
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a Spindle,
Grown a meer Man of Mat, no Soul within me,
Pox o' my Master, Sir, will that content ye?

Cla This Rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me,
Upon my Life there are some other Gamesters,
Nearer the Wind than I, and that prevents me.
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
Prethee be true, be honest, do not mock me,
Thou knowest her Heart, no former Interest
She has vow'd a favour to? And cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a Friendship?
There are a thousand handsome Men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a Prize; nor can I blame her,
If where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly,

I am a Stranger yet.

Pen. Ye are all she looks for,
And if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly Lamentations.

Cla. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth,
Look here, look well, the best Meat in the Dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all Diets,
Will I give thee, but to satisfy me;
That is, not to dissemble; this rare Lobster,
This Pheasant of the Sea, this dish for Princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thy self,
Have good *Greek* Wine, or any thing belongs to it,
A Wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, Signior?

Cla. All, and a greater far than this.

Pen. A greater?

Cla. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A Wench too?

Cla. Or any thing; but if you play the Knave now,
The cozening Knave, besides the loss of this,
In which thou hast parted with a Paradise,
I ne'er will give thee Meat more, not a Morsel,
No smell of Meat by my means shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing,
But to thy old part *Tantalus* again,
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a Shadow.

Pen. Upon this Point, had I intended Treason,
Or any thing might call my Life in Question,
Follow'd with all the Tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobster,
This Alderman o'th' Sea, and give me Wine to him,
I would reveal all, and if that all were too little,
More than I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadel, but you need not fear him,
His Tongue's the stiffest Weapon that he carries.
He is old, and out of use; there are some other,
Men, young enough, handsome, and bold enough,

Could

Could they come but to make their Game once, but
they want, Sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the Man shall knock the Nail in——

Bar. How now, *Penurio*?

Pen. Your Worship's fairly met, Sir.

You shall hear further from me, steal aside, Sir.

Cl. Remember your Master for those Chains.

Pen. They are ready, Sir.

Bar. What young thing's this? By his Habit he's a
Merchant;

I fear he trades my way too, you dried Dog-fish
What bait was that?

Pen. Who, Sir, the thing went hence now?

A notable young Whelp.

Bar. To what end, Sirrah?

Pen. Came to buy Chains and Rings, is to be married,
An Ass, a Coxcombe, h'as nothing in's House, Sir;
I warrant you think he came to see my Mistress?

Bar. I doubt it shrewdly.

Pen. Away, away, 'tis foolish;
He has not the Face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poor skim'd thing, his Mother's Maids are fain, Sir,
To teach him how to Kifs, and against he is married,
To shew him on which side the Stirrop stands.

Bar. That's a fine Youth.

Pen. Thou wouldst hang thy self, that thou hadst
half his Power,
Thou empty Potgun.

Bar. Am I come fit, *Penurio*?

Pen. As fit as a Fiddle,

My Master's now abroad about his business.

Bar. When thou cam'st to me home to Day, I half
suspected

My Wife was Jealous, that she whispered to thee.

Pen. You deserve well the whilst, there's no such matter,
She talk'd about some Toys my Master must bring to her,

You must not know of.

Bar. I'll take no Note, *Penurio*.

Pen. No, nor you shall not, till you have it soundly.
This is the bravest *Capitano Pompo*.

Enter Isabella.

But I shall pump ye anon, Sir.

Isab. Oh my *Bartello*.

Bar. Ye pretty Rogue, you little Rogue, you sweet
Rogue,

Away *Penuria*, go and walk i'th' Horse-Fair.

Isab. You do not love me?

Bar. Thou liest, thou little Rascal;
There Sirrah, to your Centry.

Pen. How the Colt itches?

I'll help ye to a Curry-comb shall claw ye. [Exit.

Isab. And how much dost thou love me?

Bar. Let's go in quickly,
I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure it to thee.

Isab. No buss's first? Sit o' my Knee, my brave Boy,
My valiant Boy; do not look so fiercely on me,
Thou wilt fright me with thy Face; come buss again Chick,
Smile in my Face you mad thing.

Bar. I am mad indeed Wench,
Precious, I am all o' Fire.

Isab. I'll warm thee better.

Bar. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my Bellows;
Ha, ye sweet Rogue, you loving Rogue, a Boy now,
A Soldier I will get shall prove a Fellow.

Enter Jaquenet and Penurio.

Jaq. Mistress, look to your self, my Master's coming.

Bar. The Devil come, and go with him.

Pen. The Devil's come indeed, he brings your Wife, Sir.

Isab. We are undone, undone then.

Bar. My Wife with him?

Why this is a dismal Day.

Pen. They are hard by too, Sir.

Bar. I must not, dare not see her.

Isab. Nor my Husband,

For

For twenty thousand Pound.

Bar. That I were a Cat now,
Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole,
Saint *Antonies* Fire upon the Rogue has brought her;
Where shall I be? just i'th' nick o'th' matter?
When I had her at my Mercy? think, for Heav'n sake,
My Wife, all the wild Furies Hell has.

Pen. Up the Chimney.

Bar. They'll smoke me out there presently.

Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else; it must be up the Chimney.

Bar. Give me a Ladder.

Isab. You must use your Art, Sir.
Alas, we have no Ladders.

Bar. Pox o'thy Husband,
Does he never mend his House?

Pen. No, nor himself neither;
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly.

Bar. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean Rogue.

Pen. Will ye be kill'd?
For if he take ye——

Bar. Lend me thy Shoulder.

Pen. Soft, Sir,
You'll tread my Shoulder-bones into my sides else,
Have ye fast hold o'th' Bars?

Bar. A Vengeance bar 'em.

Isab. Patience good Captain, Patience; quickly,
quickly.

Bar. Do you think I am made of Smoke?

Pen. Now he talks of Smoke,
What if my Master should call for Fire?

Bar. Will ye Martyr me?

Isab. He must needs have it.

Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?

Isab. We'll do the best we can; are all things ready?

Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.

Bar. Go let 'em in then,

Not

Not a Word now on your Life.

Pen. I hang like a Meteor.

Enter Lopez and Rodope.

Lop. You are Welcome, Lady.

Rod. You are too too courteous,
But I shall make amends, fair *Isabella*.

Isab. Welcome my worthy Friend, most kindly Welcome.

Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his Foolery.

Lop. Some Sweet-meats Wife; some Sweet-meats presently.

Bar. Oh my sowre Sauce.

Lop. Away, quick *Isabella*.

[*Exit Isab.*

Did you hear him?

Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, Sir.

Lop. Speak loud enough; dare ye at length but pity me?

Rod. 'Faith, Sir, you have us'd so many Reasons to me,
And those so powerfully——

Lop. Keep this Kifs for me.

Bar. And do I stand and hear this?

Rod. This for me, Sir,

This is some Comfort now: Alas my Husband——
But why do I think of so poor a Fellow,
So wretched, so debauch'd?

Bar. That's I, I am bound to hear it.

Rod. I dare not lie with him, he is so rank a Whoremaster.

Lop. And that's a dangerous Point.

Rod. Upon my Conscience, Sir,
He would stick a thousand base Diseases on me.

Bar. And now must I say nothing.

Lop. I am sound, Lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love ye.

Lop. Let's kifs again then.

Rod. Do, do.

Bar. Do, the Devil

And the grand Pox do with ye.

Lop. Do ye hear him? well——

Enter

Enter Penurio and Isabella.

Now, what's the News with you?

Pen. The sound of War, Sir,
Comes still along; the Duke will charge the City,
We have lost, they say.

Lop. What shall become of me then,
And my poor Wealth?

Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your Jewels presently,
And what you have of Wealth into the Cittadel,
There all's secure.

Lop. I humbly thank ye Lady;
Penurio, get me some can climb the Chimney,
For there my Jewels are, my best, my richest,
I hid 'em, fearing such a Blow.

Pen. Most happily;
I have two Boys that use to sweep foul Chimneys,
Truly I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your Worship,
For the great Fires ye keep, and the full Diet.

Lop. I forgive thee Knave, where are they?

Pen. Here, Sir, here;
Monsieur *Black*, will your small Worship mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam è be com to creep up into your
Chimney, and make you *[Boy Sings.*
Cleane, as any Lady in de World: Ma litla, litla frera,
and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Come Monsieur, mountè, mountè, mount Monsieur
Mustard-pot. *[Boy Sings.*

1 *Boy.* Monsieur è have dis for votra barba, plc ta vou
Monsieur.

Pen. Mountè Monsieur, mountè dere be some fine
tings.

1 *Boy.* He will creep like de Ferret Monsieur.

Pen. Dere in the Chimney. *[The Boy above singing.*

1 *Boy.* He be de sheilde due shauson, Madam.

[Boy goes in behind the Arras.
Pen.

Pen. There's a Birds-nest, I wou'd have ye climb it,
Monfieur,

Up my fine finging, *Monfieur*; that's a fine *Monfieur*.

Lop. Watch him, he do not steal.

Pen. I warrant ye, Sir.

Lop. These Boys are Knavish.

[*Boy within, Madam, here be de Rat, de Rat, Madam.*

Pen. I'll look to him tightly.

Lop. Lord, what comes here,

A walking Apparition?

[*Boy Sings upon Bartello's Shoulder.*

Ifab. Saint Christopher.

Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?

How like my Husband it looks?

Bar. Get ye down Devil,

I'll break your Neck else; was ever Man thus chimnied?

Lop. Go pay the Boys well; see them satisfied.

Pen. Come, *Monfieur Devils*, come my Black-Ber-
 ries

I'll Butter ye o' both sides.

[*Boy Exit.*

Ifab. Nay, ev'n look, Sir, are you cooled now,
 Captain?

Bar. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too;

Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.

Lop. You are welcome, Sir.

I am glad I have any thing within these Doors, Sir,
 To make ye merry; you love my Wife, I thank ye.
 You have shew'd your Love.

Bar. Wife, am I this? This odd matter,
 This monstrous thing?

Rod. You ought, but yet you are not;

I have been bold with you, Sir, but yet not basely,
 As I have Faith I have not.

Lop. Sir, believe it,

'Twas all meant but to make you feel your Trespas;
 We knew your Hour, and all this fashion'd for it.

Bar. Were you o'th' Plot too?

Ifab. Yes by my troth, sweet Captain.

Bar. You will forgive me, Wife?

Rod. You will deserve it?

Bar.

Bar. Put that to th' venture.

Rod. Thus am I Friends again then,
And as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss ye.

Bar. And I'll kiss you, and you too ask Forgiveness,
Kiss my Wife *Lopez*, 'tis but in jest remember;
And now all Friends together to my Castle,
Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these Stories,
And let him be Chimney-swept in's Lust that glories.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Silvio and Belvidere severally.

Sil. Hail reverend Dame, Heav'n wait upon thy Stup-
tities. (ended?)

Bel. You are all well met Son; what, is the Battel

Sil. Mother, 'tis done.

Bel. How has thy Honour prosper'd?

Sil. The Dutchess has the Day, *Syenna's* Prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful Art, this Arm dismounted him,
Receiv'd him then on Foot, and fair Valour
Forc'd him mine own, this Jewel I took from him,
It hung upon his Cask, the Victor's Triumph;
And to the Dutchess now a Prisoner
I have render'd him; Come off again unknown, Mo-
ther.

Bel. 'Tis well done, let me see the Jewel, Son;
'Tis a rich one, curious set, fit for a Princess Burgonet;
This rich Token late was sent by the Dutchess, with
intent,

The Marriage next Day to begin; dost thou know what's
hid within?

Wipe thine Eyes, and then come near, see the beaute-
ous *Belvidere*;

Now behold it.

Sil. Oh my Saint.

Bel. Wear it nobly, do not faint.

Sil. How blest am I in this rich Spoil, this Picture,
For ever will I keep it here, here Mother.
For ever honour it; how oft, how chastly

Have

Have I embrac'd the Life of this, and kist it?

Bel. The Day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy Answer to the Dutchess Question,
I know it troubles thee, for if thou fail in't:

Sil. Oh, I must die.

Bel. Fear not, fear not, I'll be nigh,
Cast thy trouble on my Back, Art nor Cunning shall not
lack,

To preserve thee, still to keep, what thy envious foe-
men seek;

Go boldly home, and let thy Mind no distrustful crosses
find;

All shall happen for the best; Souls walk through sor-
rows that are blest.

Sil. Then I go confident.

Bel. But first my Son, a thankful Service must be
done,

The good old Woman for her pain, when every thing
stands fair again,

Must ask a poor Boon, that granting, there's nothing
to thy Journey wanting.

Sil. Except the Trial of my Soul to Mischief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine Honour,
I grant it whatsoever.

Bel. Thy pure Soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.

Sil. Then any thing.

Bel. When I shall ask, remember.

Sil. If I forget, Heav'ns Goodness forget me.

Bel. On thy Journey then awhile, to the next cross
way and Stile

I'll conduct thee, keep thee true, to thy Mistress and
thy Vow,

And let all their Envies fall, I'll be with thee, and
quench all. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, and Lords.

Syen. **L**ADY, the stubborn War's more mild than
you are,

That allows Ransom, and the Prisoner taken——

Dutch. We must not be too hasty: Remember Sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us,
Burnt up our frontier Towns, made prey before ye
Both of our Beasts, and Corn; slain our dear Subjects,
Open'd the fountain Eyes of thousand Widows,
That daily fling their Curses on your Fury;
What ordinary Satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty thought on Ransome give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet, we'll take more Counsel;
In the mean time, not as a Prisoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertain ye.

Syen. I am at your Mercy, Lady, 'tis my Fortune,
My stubborn Fate; the Day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one single Man has cross'd me,
Croft me and all my hope; for when the Battels
Were at the hottest game of all their Furies,
And Conquest ready then to crown me Victor,
One single Man broke in, one Sword, one Virtue,
And by his great example thousands followed,
Oh how I shame to think on't, how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongest Head then stop his Fury,
But like a Tempest bore the Field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me, with me he buck'led,
A while I held him play; at length his Violence
Beat me from my Saddle, then on Foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me Prisoner;
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my People.

Dutch. One single Arm, in a just cause, Heav'n pro-
Is not this stranger Knight as yet discover'd, (spers.
That we may give his Virtue a due Honour?

Lord.

Lord. Not yet that we hear, Madam, but to that purpose
Two Days ago we publish'd Proclamations.

Enter Soto with a Trumpet, and Silvio.

Soto. Oh dainty Dutchess, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant Face, that warlike Wight,
He that *Syenna's* Duke, and all his Louts
Beat, as the Proverb seemly says, to Clouts;
He that unhors'd the Man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his Grace to walk afoot;
He that your Writings, pack'd to every Pillar,
Promis'd Promotion to, and store of Siller,
That very Man I set before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this Man it was.

Dutch. A pretty foolish Squire, what must the Knight be?

Syen. Some Jugler or some Mad-man.

Sil. I was not so,

When thy faint Troops in Flocks I beat before me,
When, through the thickest of thy warlike Horse,
I shot my self even to thy Standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee

The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st me,
And like a noble Soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, more Honour in that Arm
I found and tryed, than all thy Army carried;
What follows, thy Imprisonment can tell thee.

Syen. His fair Relation carries Truth and Virtue,
And by those Arms I see, for such were his,
(So old, so rusty) this may be he that forc'd me.

Sil. Do you know this Jewel, from your Cask I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forced ye from your Saddle;
Do you now remember me?

Syen. This is the Valour,
Madam, for certain he, it must be he,
That Day I wore this Jewel, you remember it.

Dutch. Yes, very well; not long before I sent it.

Syen.

Syen. That Day I lost this Jewel, in fight I lost it,
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my Cask: Take it again, Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of Honour.

Soto. My Father and my self are made for ever.

Dutch. Kneel down, brave Sir; thus my Knight first I
raise ye,

Gird on a Sword; next, General of my Army,
Give him a Staff; last, one in Counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your fight. How! *Silvio!*

[*Discovers himself.*]

Have I on thee bestow'd this Love, this Honour?
The Treasons thou hast wrought set off with Favours?
Unarm him presently: Oh thou foul Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine Honour, and my Country,
Thou kindler of these Wars.

Sil. Mistake not, Madam.

Dutch. Away with him to Prison,
See him safe kept; the Law shall shortly, Sirrah,
Find better Titles for ye, than I gave ye,

Soto. This is the Youth that kill'd me, I'll be quit with
him,

What a blind Rogue was I, I could never know him?
And't please your Grace, I claim the Benefit
Of the Proclamation that proclaim'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.

Dutch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.

Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.

Dutch. Away with him.

Sil. Madam, I crave your Promise first, you are tyed
to it,

You have pass'd your Princely Word.

Dutch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil. This is the Day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my Appearance,
To answer to the Question.

Dutch. I remember it.

Sil. I claim it then.

Dutch. If you perform it not,

The Penalty you claim too.

Sil. I not repent it;
If I absolve the Words?

Dutch. Your Life is free then,
You have drawn a speedy Course above my Wishes,
To my Revenge, be sure ye hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.

Sil. My rest is up now, Madam.

Dutch. Then play it cunningly.

Sil. Now, where's the Hag? Where now are all her
Promises,

She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont still to be near, to feel my Miseries,
And with her Art, I see her no where now;
What have I undertaken? Now she fails me,
No comfort now I find, how my Soul staggers?
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess me:
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me;
Sure, she is the Devil, has drawn me on to Ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.

Sye. He stands distracted, and his Colour changes,

Dutch. I have given him that will make his Blood
forsake him;
Shortly his Life.

Sye. His Hands and Contemplation
Have motion still, the rest is Earth already.

Dutch. Come, will ye speak or pray? Your time grows
out, Sir;

How every where he looks? He's at last cast.

Enter Belvidere, and secretly gives him a Paper, and Exit.

Sye. His Colour comes again fresh.

Dutch. 'Tis a flash, Sir,
Before the flame burns out; can ye yet answer?

Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.

Dutch. I fear you'll fail in't.

Sil. And do not think my Silence a Presage,

Or

Or *Omen* to my end, you shall not find it;
I am bred a Soldier, not an Orator:
Madam, peruse this Scrowl, let that speak for me,
And as you are Royal, wrong not the Construction.

Dutch. By Heav'n you shall have fair play.

Sil. I shall look for't.

Question.

TELL me what is that only thing,
For which all Women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Answer.

'TIS not to be chaste, nor fair,
Such Gifts Malice may impair;
Richly trim'd to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unesp'y'd;
To preserve an honest Name,
And so to give it up to Fame;
These are Toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their Will;
Yet when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Dutch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your Life,
I give it.

Sil. Oh happy Hag! But my most gracious Madam,
Your Promise ty'd a nobler Favour to me.

Dutch. 'Tis true, my Daughter too.

Sil. I hope you will keep it.

Dutch. 'Tis not in my power now, she is long since
wander'd,

Stol'n from Court, and me; and what I have not
I cannot give: No Man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not *Silvia*,
Which strongly I believe——

Sil. Mock me not Lady,
For as I am a Servant to her Virtue,
Since my first Hour of Exile, I ne'er saw her.

Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too too true, and lamentable,
Our last hope was in you.

Sil. What do I hear then,
And wherefore have I Life bestow'd and Honour?
To what end do I walk? For Men to wonder at.
And fight, and fool? pray ye take your Honours from me,

(My sorrows are not fit Companions for 'em)
And when ye please, my Life. Art thou gone Mistress,
And wander'st Heav'n knows where? this Vow I make thee,

That till I find thee out, and see those fair Eyes,
Those Eyes that shed their Lights, and Life into me,
Never to know a Friend, to seek a Kindred,
To rest where Pleasure dwells, and painted Glory.
But through the World, the wide World, thus to wander,

The wretched World alone, no Comfort with me,
But the meer Meditations of thy Goodness;
Honour and Greatness, thus Adieu.

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay *Silvio*,
And Lady sit again, I come for Justice.

Sil. What would she now?

Bel. To claim thy Promise, *Silvio*,
The Bcon thou swor'st to give me.

Syen. What may this be,
A Woman or a Devil?

Dutch. 'Tis a Witch sure,
And by her means he came to untwist this Riddle.

Sil. That I am bound to her for my Life, mine Honour,
And many other thousand ways for Comfort,

I here confefs; confefs a Promise too,
That what she would ask me to requite these Favours,
Within the endeavour of my Life to grant,
I would, and here I stand my words full Master.

Bel. I wish no more; great Lady, witness with me,
The Boon I crave for all my Service to thee,
Is now to be thy Wife, to grant me Marriage.

Sil. How? For to marry thee? Ask again Woman,
Thou wilful Woman, ask again.

Bel. No more, Sir.

Sil. Ask Land, and Life.

Bel. I ask thee for a Husband.

Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,
She would make rare Crackers.

Sil. Ask a better Fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I a Soldier,
And always married to my Sword.

Bel. Thy word Fool,
Break that, and I'll break all thy Fortunes yet.

Dutch. He shall not,
I am witness to his Faith, and I'll compel it.

Sye. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.

Sil. Oh most wretched.

Dutch. This was a Fortune now beyond my Wishes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e'er I find her.

Sye. But not from me.

Dutch. You are sharer in this Happiness,
My self will wait upon this Marriage,
And do the old Woman all the honour possible.

Sye. I'll lead the Knight, and what there wants in
Dalliance,

We'll take it out in Drink.

Sil. Oh wretched *Silvio*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Lopez and Isabella.**Lop.* Hast thou sent for him?*Ifab.* Yes.*Lop.* A young Man, say'st thou?*Ifab.* Yes, very young, and very amorous.*Lop.* And handsome?*Ifab.* As the Town affords.*Lop.* And dar'st thouBe so far good, and Mistress of thine Honour,
To slight these?*Ifab.* For my Husband's sake to curse 'em,
And since you have made me Mistress of my Fortune,
Never to point at any Joy, but Husband;
I could have cozen'd ye, but so much I love ye,
And now so much I weigh the Estimation
Of an unspotted Wife——*Lop.* I dare believe thee,
And never more shall Doubt torment my Spirit.*Enter Penurio.**Ifab.* How now *Penurio*?*Pen.* The thing is coming, Mistress.*Lop.* I'll take my standing.*Pen.* Do, and I'll take mine.[*Exit Lopez.*]*Ifab.* Where didst thou leave him?*Pen.* I left him in a Cellar,Where he has paid me titely, paid me home Mistress,
We had an hundred and fifty Healths to you, sweet Mi-
stress,And threescore and ten Damnations to my Master;
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to ye?*Ifab.* What's that, *Penurio*?

The Fellow's Drunk.

Pen. I would fain know your Body.*Ifab.* How's that? How's that prethee?*Pen.*

Pen. I would know it carnally,
I would conglutinate.

Ifab. The Reason, Sirrah?

Pen. Lobster, sweet Mistress, Lobster.

Ifab. Thy Master hears.

Pen. Lobster, sweet Master, Lobster.

Ifab. Thou art the most precious Rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most precious Lobster.

Ifab. Do you see who's here? Go sleep, ye drunken
Rascal.

Pen. Remember you refuse me arm'd in Lobster.

[*Exit.*

Ifab. Oh my lost *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, wel-
come,

A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.

Cla. Pray ye stay, Lady,

Do you love me ever at this rate? Or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your Husband,
More fervent on ye?

Ifab. Can I chuse but love thee?

Thou art my Martyr, thou hast suffered for me.

Cla. Do you do this seriously?

'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.

Ifab. These are nothing,

No Kisses, no Embraces, no Endearments,
To those——

Cla. Do what you will.

Ifab. Those that shall follow,

Those I will crown our Love withal; why sigh ye?
Why look ye sad, my dear one?

Cla. Nay, faith nothing,

But methinks so sweet a Beauty, as yours shews to me,
And such an Innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.

Ifab. Ha, you speak Truth, Sir.

Cla. I would not have it so.

Ifab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My Reason blinded.

Cla. Nay, I did but jest with ye.

Ifab. I'll take ye at your word, and thank ye for't,
Sir ;

And now I see no Sweetness in that Person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a Husband,
To ruin my fair Fame.

Cla. Good *Isabella*.

Ifab. No handsome Man, nor any thing to doat on,
No Face, no Tongue to catch me, poor at all Points,
And I an Ass.

Cla. Why do ye wrong me, Lady ?
If I were thus, and had no Youth upon me,
My Service of so mean a way to win ye,
(Which you your self are conscious must deserve ye,
If you had thrice the Beauty you possess, must reach
ye)

If in my Tongue your Fame lay wrack'd, and ruin'd
With every Cup I drink ; if in Opinion
I were a lost, defam'd Man ; but this is common
Where we love most, where most we stake our For-
tunes,

There least and basest we are rewarded ; fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemn ye,
And weigh my Credit at as high a value.

Ifab. May be I did but jest.

Cla. Ye are a Woman,
And now I see your Wants, and mine own Follies,
And task my self with Indiscretion,
For doating on a Face so poor.

Ifab. Say ye so, Sir ?

(I must not lose my end) I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your Faith ; my *Rugio*,
Do you think I could forget ?

Cla. Nay, 'tis no matter.

Ifab. Is't possible I should forsake a Constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet ?

Cla.

Cla. A subtle Woman.

Ifab. You shall forgive me, 'twas a Trick to try ye,
And were I sure ye lov'd me ———

Cla. Do you doubt now?

Ifab. I do not doubt, but he that would profess this,
And bear that full Affection you make shew of,
Should do——

Cla. What should I do?

Ifab. I cannot shew ye.

Cla. I'll try thee, damned'st Devil; hark ye, Lady.
No Man shall dare do more, no Service top me,
I'll marry ye.

Ifab. How, Sir?

Cla. Your Husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall die.

Ifab. Die?

Cla. Die for ever to ye,
The Danger is mine own.

Ifab. Die, did ye tell me?

Cla. He shall die, I have cast the way.

Ifab. Oh foul Man,
Malicious bloody Man.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. When shall he die, Sir,
By whom, and how?

Cla. Hast thou betraid me, Woman?

Ifab. Base Man, thou would'st have ruin'd me, my
Name too,
And like a Toad, poison'd my virtuous Memory;
Further than all this, dost thou see this Friend here,
This only Friend, shame take thy Lust and thee,
And shake thy Soul, his Life, the Life I love thus,
My Life in him, my only Life thou aim'st at.

Cla. Am I catcht thus?

Lop. The Law shall catch ye better.

Ifab. You make a Trade of betraying Womens
Honours,

And

And think it noble in to be lustful,
Report of me hereafter——

Cla. Fool'd thus finely?

Lop. I must intreat, ye walk, Sir, to the Justice,
Where if he'll bid ye kill me——

Cla. Pray stay awhile, Sir,
I must use a Players shift; do you know me now, Lady?

Lop. Your Brother *Claudio* sure.

Isab. Oh me, 'tis he, Sir,
Oh my best Brother.

Cla. My best Sister now too,
I have tryed ye, found ye so, and now I love ye,
Love ye so truly, nobly.

Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You have made me a most happy Man.

Cla. Thank her, Sir,
And from this Hour preserve that Happiness,
Be no more fool'd with Jealousie.

Lop. I have lost it,
And take me now new born again, new natur'd.

Isab. I do, and to that Promise tye this Faith,
Never to have a false Thought tempt my Virtue.

Lop. Enough, enough, I must desire your Presence,
My Cousin *Rodolph* has sent in all haste for us,
I am sure you will be welcome.

Cla. I'll wait on ye.

Lop. What the Project is——

Isab. We shall know when we are there, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, Lords, and Silvio.

Dutch. Joy to you *Silvio*, and your young fair Bride,
You have stolen a Day upon us; you cannot wooe, Sir.

Sil. The joys of Hell hang over me, oh Mischief,
To what a Fortune has the Devil driven me?
Am I reserv'd for this?

Syenna.

Syen. Beshrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair Bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuse.

Sil. I beseech your Grace,
'Tis Misery enough to have met the Devil,
Not Mens Reproaches too.

Syen. How old is she?

Dutch. A very Girl, her Eye delivers it.

Syen. Her Teeth are scarce come yet.

Lord. What goodly Children
Will they two have now; she is rarely made to breed
on,

What a sweet timber'd Body?

Dutch. Knotty i'th' Back,
But will hold out the stronger; what a Nose?

Syen. Ay marry, such a Nose, so rarely mounted,
Upon my Conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.

Dutch. And that fine little Eye to it, like an Ele-
phant's.

Lord. Yes, if her Feet were round, and her Ears
Sachels.

Syen. For any thing we know.

Sil. Have ye no Mercy?

No Pity in your Bloods, to use a Wretch thus?
You Princes in whose Hearts the best Compassions,
Nearest to those in Heav'n, should find fit Places,
Why do you mock at Misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken Back, that sinks with Sorrows?
Heav'n may reward you too, and an Hour come,
When all her great Designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your Hearts pinch'd like mine.

[Musick in divers Places.

Dutch. Fie Sir, so angry
Upon your Wedding-day? go smug your self,
The Maid will come anon; what Musick's this?

Syen. I warrant you some noble Preparation.

Dutch. Let's take our Places then.

Sil. More of these Devils dumps?

Must I be ever haunted with these Witchcrafts?

Enter

Enter a Masquerado of several Shapes, and Dances, after which, enter Belvidere and disperses them; before the Maskers, Enter two Presenters, among which are Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Isabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, and Jaquenet.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry Spirits, room,
Hither on command we come,
From the good old Beldam sent,
Cares and Sorrows to prevent.

2 *Pre.* Look up *Silvio*, smile, and sing,
After Winter comes a Spring.

1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint Fool, what may follow,
Eyes that now are sunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick return
To their Flames again, and burn.

2 *Pre.* Art commands all Youth and Blood,
Strength and Beauty it makes good

1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing
Round about as we do Spring;
Cares and Sorrows cast away,
This is the old Wives Holy-day.

[Dance here, then enter Belvidere.

Dutch. Who is this?

Syen. The shape of *Belvidere*.

Bel. Now *Silvio*,

How dost thou like me now?

Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.

Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well
too,

For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly;
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever.
Dost thou love me thus?

Sil. Most dearly.

Bel. Take heed Fool, it concerns thee nearly.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine Eye and Sight,

Courtly,

Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed lest thy Fame do fall,
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, beware the Horn,
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All consuming, nothing getting,
Thus thy fair Name comes to letting.
But if old, and free from these,
Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please;
I shall then maintain thee still,
With my Virtue and my Skill,
Still increase and build thy Name,
Chuse now *Silvio*, here I am,

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me,
Into thy soveraign Will I put my Answer.

Bel. I thank ye, Sir, and my Will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your best, your dearest, *Silvio*;
No more Spells now, nor further Shapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Dear Mother,
There is no altering this; Heav'n's Hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me, he has fairly won me

Sil. But why that Hag?

Bel. In that Shape most secure still,
I follow'd all your Fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd ye.
I met ye at the Farmers first, a Country-wench,
Where fearing to be known, I took that Habit,
And to make ye laughing sport at this mad Marriage,
By secret aid of my Friend *Rodope*
We got this Mask.

Sil. And I am sure I have ye.

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Dutch. You see it must be,
The Wheel of Destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Syen. It must, it is, and curs'd be he that breaks it.

Dutch. I'll put a Choice to you, Sir; ye are my
Prisoner.

Syen. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you—
Dutch.

Dutch. Chuse one of these, either to pay a Ransom,
At what a rate I shall set it, which shall be high enough,
And so return a Free-man, and a Batchelor,
Or give me leave to give you a fit Wife,
In honour every way your Grace's Equal,
And so your Ransom's paid.

Syen. You say most nobly,
Silvio's Example's mine, pray chuse you for me.

Dutch. I thank ye, Sir, I have got the mastery too,
And here I give your Grace a Husband's freedom:
Give me your Hand, my Husband.

Syen. You much honour me,
And I shall ever serve you for this Favour.

Bar. Come, *Lopez*, let us give our Wives the Breeches
too,

For they will have 'em.

Lop. Whilst they rule with Virtue
I'll give 'em Skin and all.

Isab. We'll scratch it off else.

Sil. I am glad ye live, more glad ye live to honour,
And from this Hour a stronger Love dwell with us;
Pray you take your Man again.

Cl. He knows my House, Sir.

Dutch. 'Tis Sin to keep you longer from your Loves,
We'll lead the way; and you young Men that know not
How to preserve a Wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their Sovereign Wills, and pleas'd they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fifth Volume.



